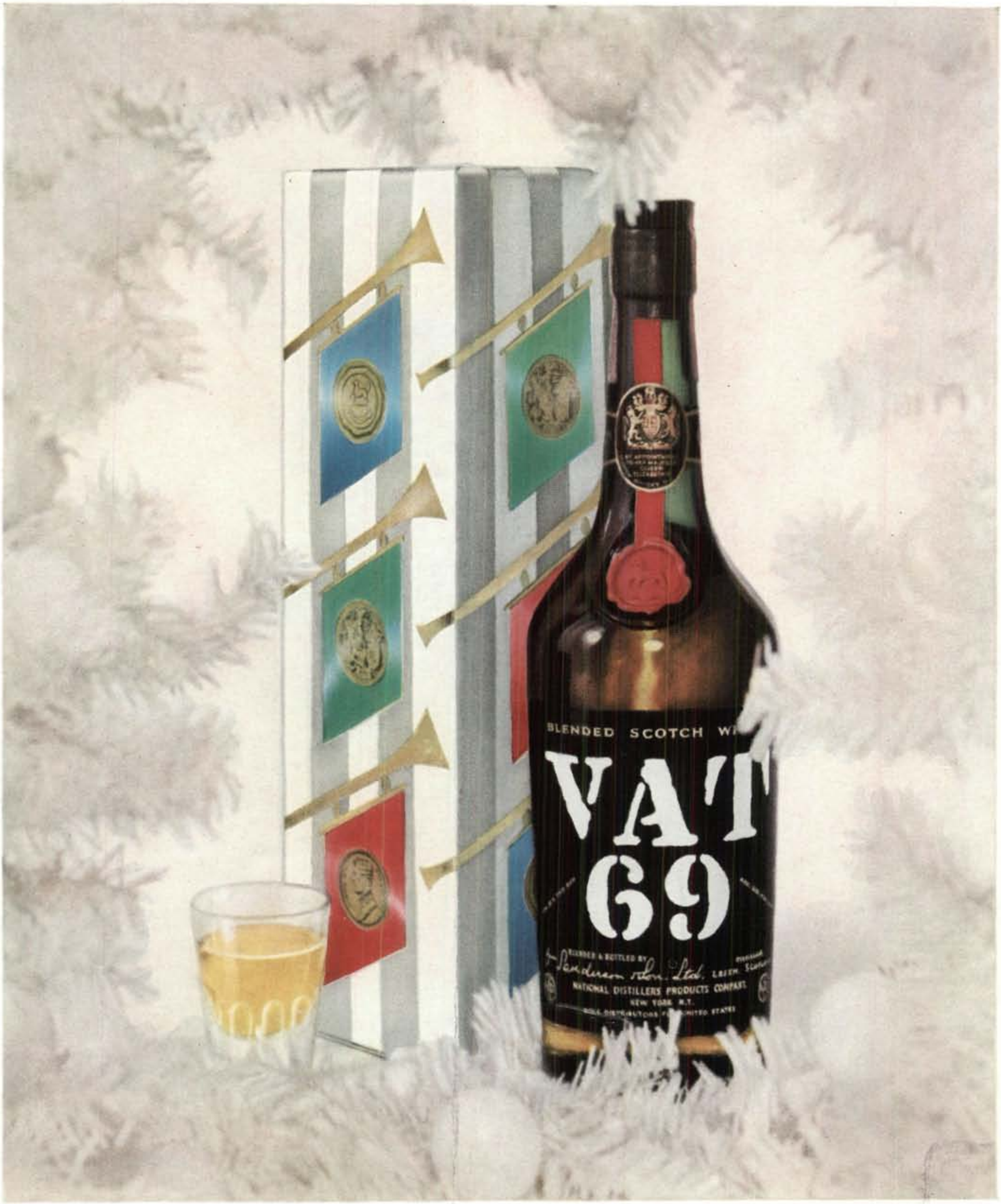
Dec. 10, 1960

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

HOWARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.


BLENDED SCOTCH WH
VAT
69
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY
NEW YORK N.Y.

On giving Vat 69... If your friends and associates are among those who place value on the genuine, you should consider giving VAT 69...the lighter, drier, smoother Scotch with genuine Highland Character. They will appreciate your recognition of their taste and discrimination. Your gift of VAT 69, in its truly handsome holiday gift wrap, will be successful. **One Scotch Stands Out...Vat 69**

Lord & Taylor

This little dazzler,

a one-button capelet of Saga®
natural ranch mink—
imported elegance from Denmark,
Finland, Norway, Sweden.
525.00 plus tax—Lord & Taylor,
New York, Manhasset, Westchester,
Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd,
Garden City and Washington-Chevy Chase

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should have the right to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the Left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is limp ideologically, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Jean Anouilh's lengthy and loosely woven dramatization of the twelfth-century struggle between the Primate of England and his Plantagenet king. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn represent Church and State, respectively, in the drama, but their styles of acting don't blend very well. Peter Glenville is responsible for the direction. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best Man—Gore Vidal's lively and provocative view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. Melvyn Douglas (upstanding) and Frank Lovejoy (amoral) are the rivals for the nomination, and they do well, as does Lee Tracy, cast as a former President who doesn't mind principles as long as they don't hurt the Party. Leon Ames will fill in for Mr. Douglas for two weeks starting Monday, Dec. 12. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik struggles sturdily to establish himself as a domestic tyrant in this gentle comedy about a Jewish family in Syracuse. He never proves his point, but he is reasonably amusing. And so are Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff, who assist him in his endeavors. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Hostage—Brendan Behan's diverting vaudeville, which shoots off uproariously in all directions. The plot (if it can be called that) centers on a British soldier who has been taken captive by the I.R.A. and imprisoned in a Dublin brothel. The play has been skillfully directed by Joan Littlewood, and the performers, headed by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, are practically flawless. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Moves on Monday, Dec. 12, to the Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W., CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a March—The Sleeping Beauty legend superimposed on some awkward situations that assorted denizens of the South Shore of Long Island get themselves into when the summer sun is high. Arthur Laurents's comedy hasn't quite the necessary bounce to make fantasy on the dunes entirely entrancing, but it does have the services of such meritorious performers as Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Little Moon of Alban—That Irish trouble with England again, this time as dramatized by James Costigan. Mr. Costigan's wordy and desultory drama concerns the sad plight of an Irish girl whose sweetheart is shot down by the English and who subsequently falls in love with the lieutenant responsible for the shooting. Julie Harris and John Justin are starred. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Period of Adjustment—Tennessee Williams' views on how difficult it is for young people to adapt themselves to matrimony. Mr. Williams' advice isn't very original, and his play—half serious, half comic—isn't very original, either. However, there are solid performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Angela Lansbury and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Andrew Ray)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. All the actors are excellent, but highest honors must be reserved for Miss Plowright. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	198
BOOKS	234
THE CURRENT CINEMA	153
LETTER FROM PARIS	147
MUSICAL EVENTS	231
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: CHRISTMAS GIFTS	166
THE RACE TRACK	100
A REPORTER ON WHEELS	117
THE THEATRE	95

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A comedy by Lawrence Roman that would have us believe that there is something funny about a young virgin who wants to live with her fiancé on a Platonic basis just to see if she'd like to have him around for keeps. Sandra Church plays the girl, Dean Jones the boy, and Gig Young a lecher with designs on the addled maiden. Mr. Young is occasionally amusing. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—In this dramatization of the John Hersey novel, Millard Lampell is only fitfully successful in describing the awful plight of the Jews immured in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. The play was directed by Morton DaCosta and has a cast that includes George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—The Miracle Worker: Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Anne Bancroft is the teacher who rescues her. Their author is William Gibson. Karen Lee will substitute for Miss Duke for one week starting Monday, Dec. 12. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **The Tenth Man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Toys in the Attic:** A spinster sister is sensually attracted to her brother, and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family created by Lillian Hellman. With Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, and Irene Worth. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Love and Libel—Dennis King in a comedy by Robertson Davies. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie and produced by the Theatre Guild, in association with Don Herbert. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday and Saturday, both at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Send Me No Flowers—A comedy by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, starring David Wayne and Nancy Olson. Presented by Courtney Burr and Edward Specter Productions, and directed by James Dyas. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A delightful surprise: a musical comedy that is both comical and musical. Starring Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke, it has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart, plus dazzling direction by Gower Champion. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in the

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1401 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVI, No. 43, December 10, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1960, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

L'OR

THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN, MOST LUXURIOUS PERFUME

$60 THE OUNCE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
CRYSTAL BY BACCARAT

COTY

© COTY, INC., 1960

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

presentation. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce orginally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography, by Onna White, displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Under the direction of George Abbott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascension of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as stimulating as a summer band concert. The sets, by Oliver Smith, and the choreography, by Peter Gennaro, are fetching, and Dore Schary's direction is apt. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiorello!**: The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **gypsy**: The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the music man**: Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady**: Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Pamela Charles now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **la plume de ma tante**: A mosaic of French farce and burlesque. Robert Dhéry and Colette Brosset are among the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 11. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.) ... **the sound of music**: A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **take me along**: William Bendix, Eileen Herlie, Sidney Blackmer and Robert Morse in a musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **west side story**: *"Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown* and set to music. Carol Taylor and Allyn Ann McLerie lead the cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 10.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Critic's Choice—Henry Fonda in a comedy by Ira Levin, produced and directed by Otto Preminger. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 14. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wildcat—A musical with a book by N. Richard Nash, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, music by Cy Coleman, and a cast headed by Lucille Ball and Keith Andes. Staged by Michael Kidd and presented by him and Mr. Nash. Opens Thursday, Dec. 15. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 10, at 7 and 10:30; Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2:40; and Saturday, Dec. 17, at 10:30.)

Dream Play—One of Strindberg's more violent Surrealistic seizures. The play, which calls for a Cecil B. deMille-size cast and trappings, has been stripped by its producer, adapter, and director, John Bowman, almost to the altogether in order to fit into its present showcase. The results are Basic Strindberg. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Drums Under the Windows—Paul Shyre's third attempt to compress a Sean O'Casey autobiographical novel (Volume III this time) into a play. The results are sometimes fleeting, sometimes indelible, and there is enough rich, round prose to fill the Irish Sea. The cast is first-rate. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Emmanuel—A nativity play by James Forsyth. Presented by the Gate Repertory Company and directed by Matt Conley. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. Jerry Orbach, Kenneth Nelson, and Rita Gardner do good work in the cast. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Greenwich Village, U.S.A.—Banalities shouted loud and clear, and jokes visible from afar, characterize this musical revue, which has, however, an altruistic cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and George Bartenieff. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

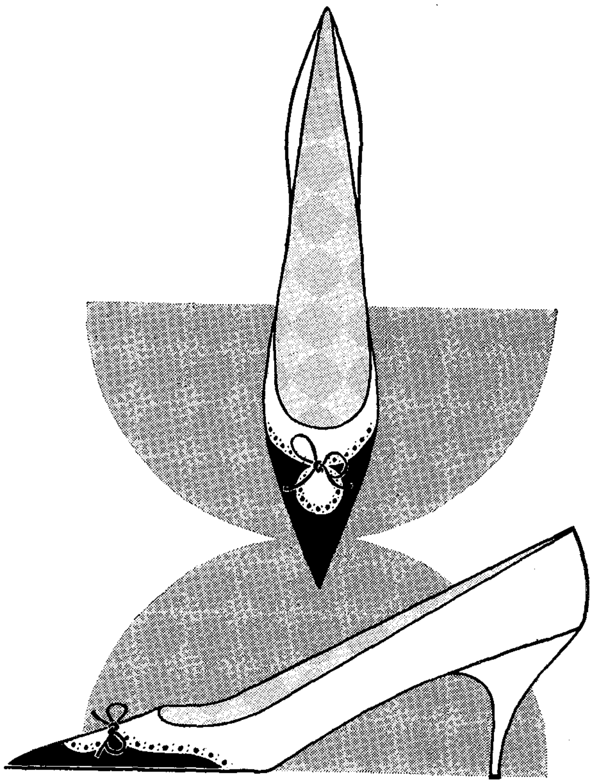
The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Plough and the Stars—Gerry Jedd in a revival of Sean O'Casey's play, directed by Stuart Vaughan. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays and Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's chronicle of ten consecutive seductions, neatly arranged to describe a complete circle. Some may take pleasure in the symmetry of the construction. Others may wish they had stayed home. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosemary and **The Alligators**—Two one-act plays—the first dealing with the troubles of a young married couple in vaudeville times, and the second with the troubles of a fiftyish gangster's moll in modern times—by Molly Kazan, who likes her clichés capon-size and done to a turn. Jo Van Fleet and Piper Laurie are more or less tirelessly on hand all evening. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living The-



gamins®

THE SHORT-HEEL FASHION $19.95

. . . at andrew geller stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

atre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—And where it will stop, nobody knows. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Dec. 8: "Tender Night," "Interplay," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 9: "La Sonnambula," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Deux," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 10: "Swan Lake," "Con Amore," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 10: "Apollo," "Interplay," "Medea," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 11: "Jazz Concert" and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 11: "Swan Lake," "Still Point," and "Jazz Concert." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 13: "Medea," "Jazz Concert," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 14: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Variations from Don Sebastian." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 15: "Variations from Don Sebastian," "Tender Night," "Pas de Trois," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 16: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 17: "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," or the Rover Boys and Girls in little old New Orleans, is being sung all over the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper by a cast whose leaders are Jimmy Carroll, an Irish thrush, and Wilbur Evans, a roly-poly Santa Claus. Between the dinner and supper showings, there's dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, there's a bouquet of songs by Pat Windsor, a girl new to Manhattan night life. She finishes her stint on Tuesday, Dec. 13; next evening's arrival is the Ballet Español of Roberto Iglesias, a troupe that is bound to put its foot down hard. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Maximillian Bergere's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing in the vasty Grill most of the evening. By far the best of it is afforded by a big band, run by Warren Covington's saxophone, that is the heir and assign of Tommy Dorsey. It ends its stay on Saturday, Dec. 10; on Monday, Dec. 12, Guy Lombardo's orchestra, a perennial witness of the New York scene, takes the stand once again. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening, a small festival of music from America's templed hills is put on by the pair of young men known as Bud and Travis, who never become overweeningly serious about the songs and the guitars they play around with. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Gunnar Hansen's orchestra are exactly appropriate to the splendid Roman cityscape of the Columns; his dance music is exactly appropriate to the lifetime-in-New-York couples who take to the floor. Charles Holden's band does the rest of the work. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing) and the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin). Closed Sundays.

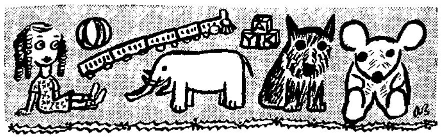
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room is Emil Coleman, a reminder of the days when all New York was a supper club until daybreak. His eloquent dance band alternates with Theo Fanidi's lively little group. Eight-thirty is kickoff time. At nine-thirty and again at midnight, there are energetic visitations by the Kim Sisters, a group of gypsies who give us American popular music (both voice and instrument) and its accompanying gymnastics as seen through the eyes of three pretty and impressionable young Koreans. The Kims wind up on Saturday, Dec. 10; on Monday, Dec. 12, Dick Haymes and Fran Jeffries, his lively young bride, start singing cheerful-little-earful songs about love and all that. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from six to eight-thirty, music for footwork until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small armies of Ray Bari and Michael Zarin do the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is contemplation from six to eight, footwork until one, and the Baris do the whole job.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Play hour for people who don't mind visiting the rest of the United States but wouldn't want to live there if, etc. Their reasons for this attitude are accompanied by the piano of Jack Banan, a reliable old jazzhound. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The college-entrance exams here are lightly conducted. Some of the old grads hang around, but they leave elbowroom for a good many undergraduates of this definitely coeducational institution. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Underneath a spreading greenwood tree that is always in leaf, Cy Walter inserts many an unexpected maneuver in his pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman empire with modern conveniences. Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of mobile violins and a crew of mobile guitarists vie with the visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence *en famille* is the attitude. Italian, too, is the burden of the sound track, a large part of it (from Thursday through Saturday) being Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidekicks. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario of a toy opera company that worships at the shrines of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The château country in a slightly prankish state of mind. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish punctilio, which involves any amount of clicking of the heels. Along with this brand of ballet goes plenty of Andalusian tenor, baritone, and soprano. There is dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A royal enclosure, with bar. George Feyer, an old family retainer, does his Viennese chopsticks on the piano, beginning at eight-thirty and going through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely condition. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Operetta Hungary, direct from the long ago and far away. The long-ago zimbalon is king of instruments here, and the voices of Tibor Rakossy, who must have been an operetta hero himself, and Jeanine Poret, who is a French soubrette, are added to the orchestration now and again. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia, with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The décor may persuade visitors that they've veered off course into the Alhambra. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening, and Richard Wilson's violin chimes in now and again. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): It's just a short drive from Madrid to this hacienda, where the most noticeable noise all evening is Fernando Sirvent's well-spoken guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, where everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A considerable portion of the amusement could be rated as unmitigated Wiener schnitzel, but then there is also Yvonne Constant, who has had her moments in "La Plume de Ma Tante," to do an aria or two. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The minute bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for



The Beauty Machine! Special Formula Emollient, quick-acting lubricator, works miracles on the dry skin! Three fabulously rich oil groups, combined in synergistic rhythm, coddle, supple, silken, soften! Suddenly, your skin's in bloom . . . fresh, lively! Looks younger, finer-textured firmer! $5, $9, $15; plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz

Charles of the Ritz
SPECIAL
FORMULA
Emollient

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Renato Rossini's Mediterranean guitar. Nine-thirty to one is his orbit. No music Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At least during the winter, it's the one art gallery in town that has a band on deck. The leader of this trio is Danny Apolinar, who accomplishes a certain amount of wry merriment by warping his lyrics, his voice, and his face. Never mind the other amusement. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who should be seen and are rarely heard are heaped in every cranny of the tremendous gallimaufry that twice an evening overflows the banks here. The most picturesque are the Rudas Dancers, six Australians who use the stage as a mere launching pad. None of all these estimable ladies are given away as door prizes, more's the pity. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The horror of practically everything as viewed by Lenny Bruce, a D. H. Lawrence in wolf's clothing, though his conversation is more street urchin than gamekeeper. This exercise in scatology is supplemented by huge quantities of music—triphammer stuff from Georgie Auld's sextet, river-boat stuff (plus a surfeit of clowning) by Al Hirt's visitors from New Orleans, and Johnny One Note singing by Pat Morrissey, who's up from the minors for a brief tryout. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The passing throng. Visible, and audible, in the middle of it are Connie Francis, or how to have hit records, and Jackie Mason, or how to make jokes live a thousand years. Interwoven with them are the eight lilies of the valley who make up the chorus, in whose innocent dance routines it's every pretty girl for herself. On Thursday, Dec. 15, a new cast of characters impinges, led by Sammy Davis, Jr., who has the Alice in Wonderland ability to run faster and faster all the time and yet stay in one place. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

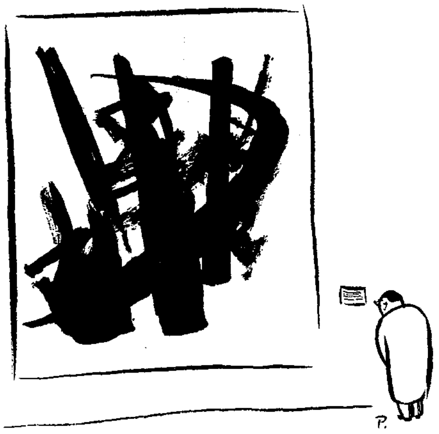
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A truly versatile pressure group—Kaye Ballard, a calliope with one tumultuous mad scene after another; Odetta, thoroughly at ease on a range of folk music that runs from faith-moving-mountains to jig time; Ted Markland, a young man who (if not wholly original) can talk until several sacred cows come home both bloody and bowed; and Reneaux, a magician who can haul anything, from a deck of cards to a covey of larks, out of thin air. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio and Otis Clements's piano calk the minute hiatuses between these proteans. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty does lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and the Lyonses often contribute a few stanzas early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," the incumbent annual revue devised by Julius Monk, is the perfect astringent curative for the badly swelled head of the world around us. The doctor's report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record. The cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. William Roy and Carl Norman are the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The launching times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): More than a mere working knowledge of who's who and what's what is needed for complete comprehension of Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, as expert a pair of *farceurs* as you'll hear all season. They set to no earlier than ten; Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston start testing the piano for sound at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): You're apt to get your ears boxed by the noise in here, especially when Tony and Eddie are at their ferociously rough-and-ready mimicry of performers who have been injudicious enough to commit their lifework to recordings, and when Sallie Blair is giving her ditties what-for. The spirit of the original Bon Soir is maintained by the rantipole music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, by the boulevardier ballads of Jimmie Daniels, prop., and by the intermission piano of Peter Daniels. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the neighborly alcove off the bar, around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata tells a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. In the refectory, which is to the rear, a revue couched in firecracker Spanish goes off like Old Faithful. It contains Tun Tun, a Mexican street urchin who gets into everybody's act. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. Señor Tun Tun's final evening, by the way, is Wednesday, Dec. 14. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Ralph Strain (to be succeeded on Friday, Dec. 9, by Don Evans) have the run of the piano, which consequently is in a very good mood. This eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Nothing whatever to do with the castle (or the musical) of the same name. But at one end of its long, narrow showroom, the completely engaging Matt Dennis plays piano and (floated along by two sidemen) sings songs of the people in that open-all-night voice of his. He signs off on Wednesday, Dec. 14; one night later, Bobby Short will be checking in. His songs, his piano, and his trio are all dedicated to the proposition that life begins in the small hours and then never stops. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): A strange little side street of life after dark that does offer, among a number of things onstage, the songs of the lyric Felicia Sanders, which range from lazy heat lightning to the real thing. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a minute Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, now occupies a place it can call its own—the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl go through with it at nine and twelve weekdays (except Tuesdays) and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays.

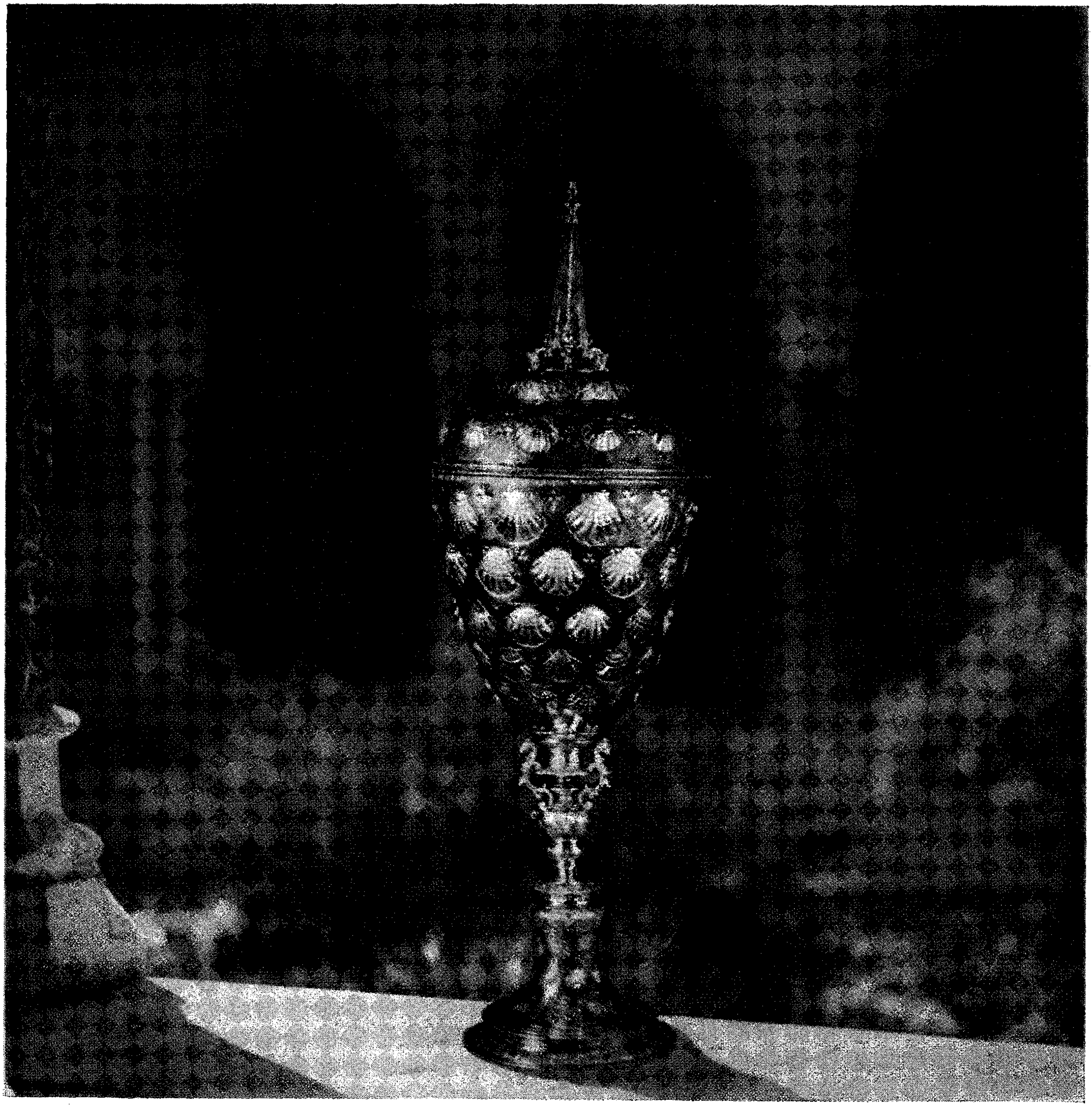
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cheery as the night is long are the fingers of Ralph Sutton as they cakewalk along the keyboard, and welcome, too, are other long-term absentees, such as Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin, both of them part of the Sutton tour party. Bob Corwin has fun on the piano whenever the band eases offstage. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): O.K. for sound, O.K. for color is the word for the symphonic roundelays of Gerry Mulligan's big assortment of musicians, who are always at their best in this wine cellar. Bernard Peiffer's hundred thousand figures of speech crowd the keys of his solo piano whenever the Mulligans knock off for stew. This pre-Christmas bonus ends on Sunday, Dec. 11; on Tuesday, Dec. 13, the triad comprised of Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross moves in with their jump-for-joy chanteys. Ray Bryant's introspective trio is the other newcomer. There's also an afternoon session every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Clambake time in midtown Manhattan. The instrumentation is accomplished by the quartet of Cootie Williams, who must be well along in his third or fourth reincarnation; the arias are accomplished by the Deep River Boys, who haven't bayed at our local moon in—well, many moons, and by Gloria Lynne, of this year's freshwoman squad. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Another worthy effort to preserve 52nd Street for posterity. Inside the circular bar sits a piano splendidly stroked by Marian McPartland in a semi-detached modern fashion. She and her trio, in which the resounding bass of Ben Tucker is involved, begin at ten. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Memory Lane, down which the Bourbon Street Six takes a stroll every so often. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening sessions; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman, the soirées by Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays) and Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays). The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The new Village blacksmith is Cannonball Adderley, and an almost too mighty man is he. His four sidemen also get in some telling blows. In addition, there's Nina Simone, who'd be reminiscent of Cleopatra if Cleopatra could sing and play jazz. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): One rally or another is generally in action here, and since Jonah Jones is required to keep his trumpet down among the lower decibels, a fair (or unfair) amount of room noise can creep into the heated sessions of his foursome. Sundays are ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A sparsely settled segment of town devoted to the production of hero sandwiches, strict attention to what's happening on the podium, and the flute-and-drum corps of Herbie Mann, which is definitely—and occasionally deafeningly—on the African beat. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): O Death, where is thy sting is the topic of several of Joe Williams' top-of-his-lungs blues, which are attached to the huge band of Count Basie, a group that often just coasts on its own tremendous momentum. John Handy, an alumnus of the Charlie Mingus school of profound thought, contributes a quartet to the proceedings. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The Ahmed Abdul-Malik quintet, which is off duty Tuesdays, is doing jazz scored by Omar the Tentmaker; the Gigi Gryce quintet, which is off duty Mondays, is doing jazz scored by Barricini. The scenery is extremely earth-bound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First



ONE IN A SERIES OF SEASHELL-INSPIRED ART TREASURES PRESENTED BY SHELL OIL COMPANY



Gilt-silver beaker, Victoria & Albert Museum, London; from St. Peter and St. Paul Church, Charing, Kent. Background: The Cloisters, The Metropolitan Museum

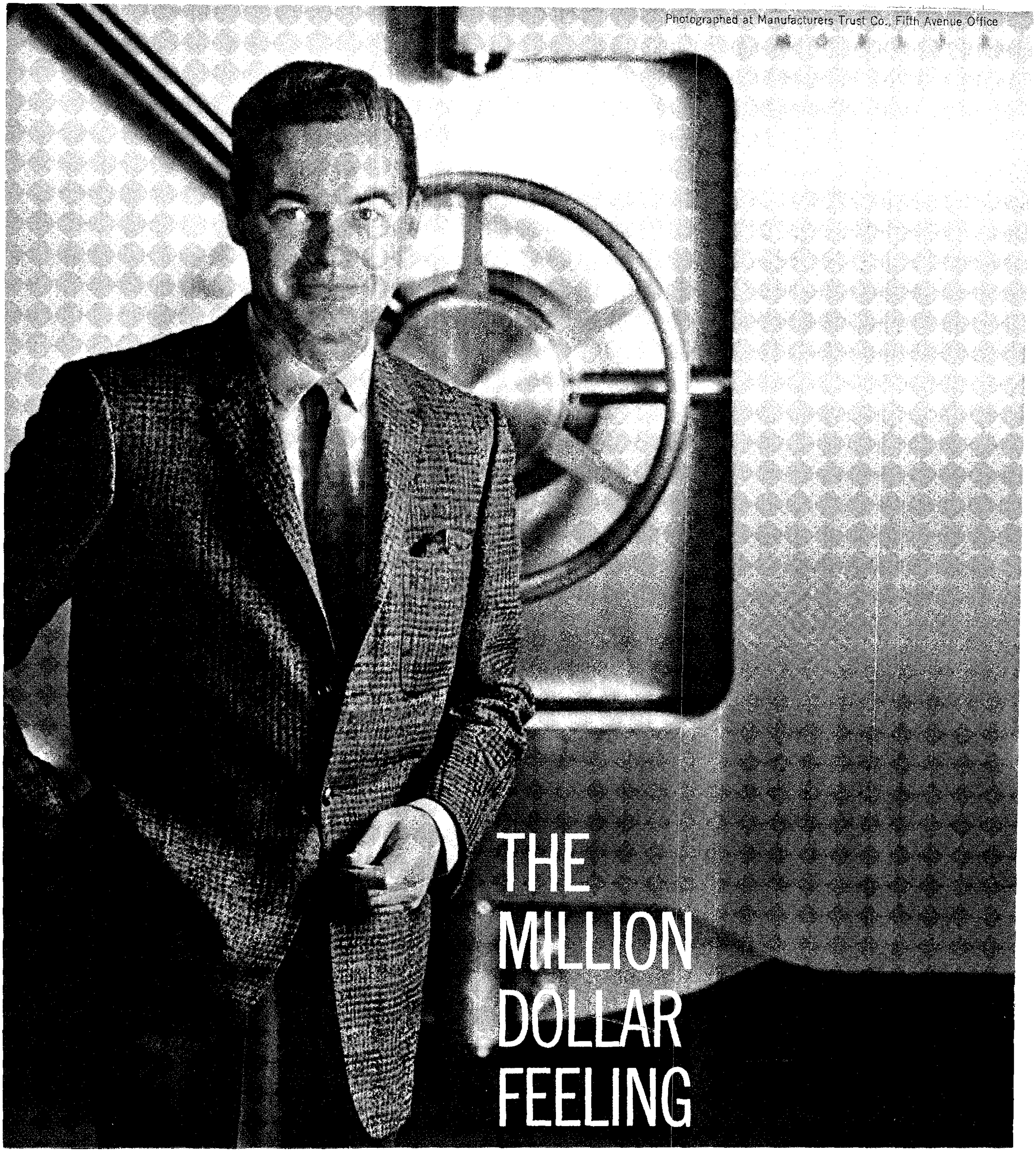
A goldsmith "inherits" the shell from Renaissance painters

By the middle of the sixteenth century the scallop shell—long a favorite symbol of such painters as Botticelli and Titian—was disappearing from canvas and fresco wall. But in architecture, sculpture and the goldsmith's art, the seashell flourished. The example you see here was made by an anonymous, superb craftsman in 1599. Like so many of his peers and forebears, he turned to nature and the graceful seashell for decorative inspiration.

Scientists, too, turn to nature for inspiration, for it is their task to equate the offerings of nature with the things man can use. At Shell, hundreds of scientists—inspired by one of nature's most versatile natural resources, petroleum—create, develop and perfect ideas that result in substances useful to man. This imaginative research yields petroleum and chemical products that perform better, last longer and cost less. Millions know these products by the sign of the familiar shell.

The Shell Companies

Shell Oil Company
Shell Chemical Company
Shell Pipe Line Corporation
Shell Development Company
Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.


Photographed at Manufacturers Trust Co., Fifth Avenue Office
THE
MILLION
DOLLAR
FEELING

by FORSTMANN

he happy result of wearing clothes fashioned from the finest woolens in the world -Forstmann®. Here, a Jackman sports jacket tailored of luxurious Mahrana™ ool worsted. Available at fine stores, including: Marshall Field and Co., Chicago · Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston · Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Washington · bout $100.

Stevens®
FORSTMANN
Fabrics

)RSTMANN MEN'S WEAR DIVISION, J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC., NEW YORK 36, NEW YORK

FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. (GR 7-9765): Dave Brubeck, though clearly awash with inner joy, imparts a *Missa Solemnis* touch to his piano, which is the mainspring of his celebrated quartet. The foursome run by Kenny Burrell, electronic guitarist and occasional offhand crooner, takes turns with the Brubecks. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A society for the preservation of American incunabula gathers here every weekend. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, should be Wild Bill Davison, Claude Hopkins, Cutty Cutshall, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, J. C. Higginbotham, and Panama Francis. . . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Nanook of the North lived here. Now it's the headquarters for Roy Haynes' quartet, a middle-of-the-road practitioner of progressiveness. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HOWARD BAER—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Dec. 23. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Paintings and water colors by one of the early American moderns; through Dec. 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI (1876-1957)—Abstract sculptures in wood, bronze, and marble, together with drawings and gouaches; through Dec. 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHEL CADORET—Paintings by a Paris modernist as yet little known in this country; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Norval, 53 E. 57th St.)

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Dec. 31. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings, many of them never shown here before, and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

ELAINE DE KOONING—Abstract paintings and drawings on the theme of bullfighting; through Dec. 31. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO DONATI—Dark, authoritative abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Constructions of copper, steel, iron, bronze, and glass fused to metal; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Paintings by a young British modern; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

SIDNEY GEIST—Small terra cottas; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

CHILDE HASSAM (1859-1935)—Paintings by this leading American Impressionist; through Dec. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PETER HAYWARD—Paintings, mainly New York street scenes; through Dec. 20. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

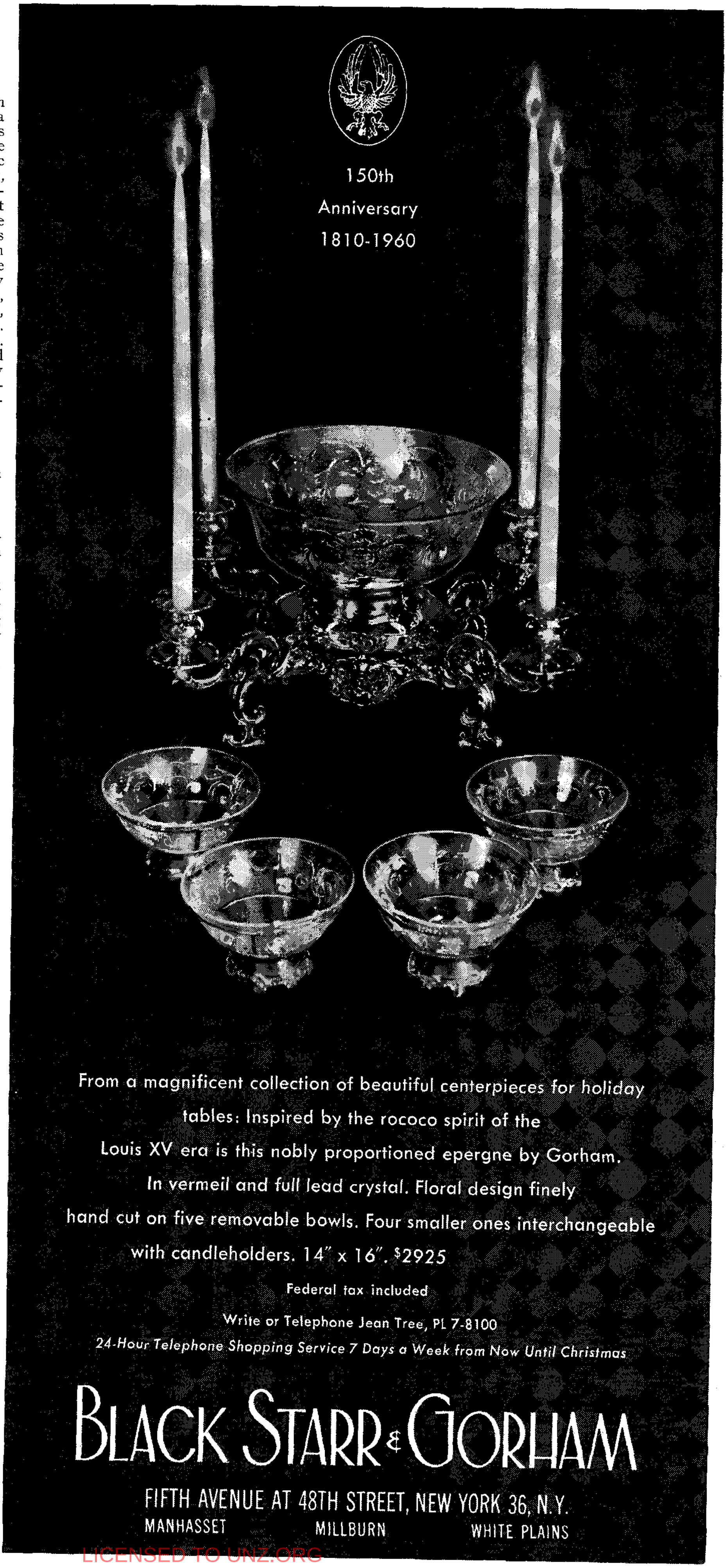
ALBERT HIRSCHFELD—Drawings and gouaches by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES KEARNS—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

KARL-HEINZ KRAUSE—Bronze figures; through Dec. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Paintings. Tachiste in style, by a school-of-Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

LAWRENCE LEBDUSKA—Primitive paintings (jungle



150th
Anniversary
1810-1960

From a magnificent collection of beautiful centerpieces for holiday tables: Inspired by the rococo spirit of the Louis XV era is this nobly proportioned epergne by Gorham. In vermeil and full lead crystal. Floral design finely hand cut on five removable bowls. Four smaller ones interchangeable with candleholders. 14" x 16". $2925

Federal tax included

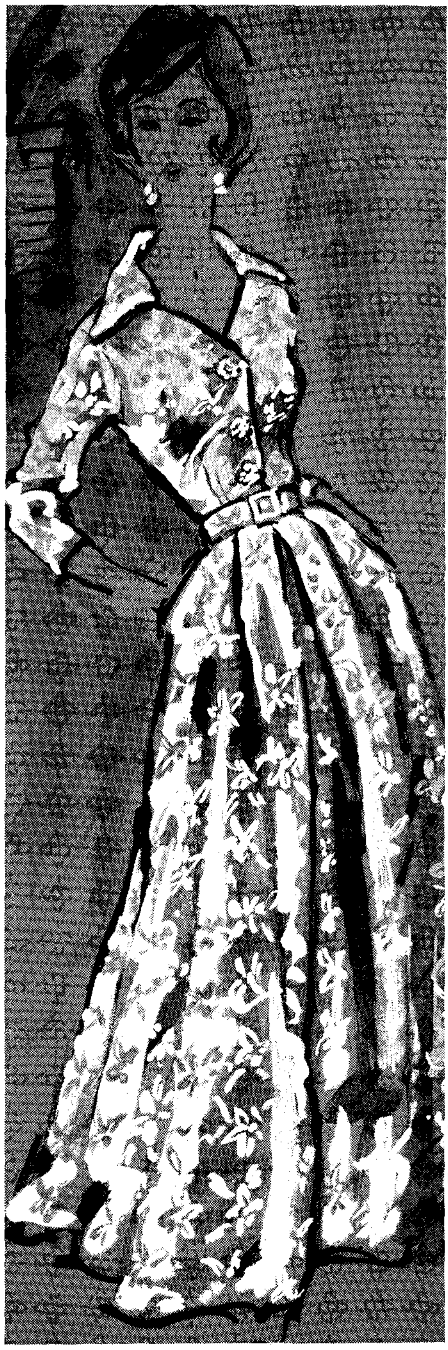
Write or Telephone Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

24-Hour Telephone Shopping Service 7 Days a Week from Now Until Christmas

BLACK STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



Regal brocade

is the elegant hostess robe your reigning beauty would like to find in her Christmas wrappings. Cotton and acetate with rhinestone jewel buttons. White only, by Flobert in sizes 10 to 18.

(N-15) **35.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—Plaza 9-2000

Also at our 18 Convenient Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scenes and still-lifes); through Dec. 31. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Abstract paintings and drawings in an exhibit that is running simultaneously with a showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GEORGES MATHIEU AND PHILIPPE HOSIASSON—Paintings by two contemporary French abstractionists; through Dec. 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORGIO MORANDI—Paintings, drawings, and etchings (1915-60) by an Italian artist; through Jan. 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BERTHE MORISOT (1841-95)—A comprehensive loan exhibit of about seventy paintings by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. Through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)... ¶ Another exhibition of her works, this one containing drawings, pastels, and water colors; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

BETTY PARSONS—Abstractions, 1957-60, varying in subject from Wyoming to the Orient; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St.)

PICASSO—Linoleum prints in color (1958-60); through Dec. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

REGINALD POLLACK—Paintings, mostly portraits; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Swift, vivacious semi-abstract oils; through Dec. 31. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Seventy-five paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionist make up the opening show at the Galerie St. Etienne's new location, 24 W. 57th St.; through Thursday, Dec. 15.

KURT SELIGMANN—*Thirty years of etchings,* lithographs, and book illustrations; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

HYDE SOLOMON—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—A new set of his oils, slightly sombre in mood, in his first exhibition here in eight years; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH STELLA—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER (1775-1851)—A smallish but stimulating loan showing of water colors and drawings, many of them *from seldom-tapped collections abroad;* through Saturday, Dec. 10. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE WARDLAW—Large, fluent Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN WILDE—Small still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

ULFERT WILKE—Water colors, drawings, and bronzes; through Saturday, Dec. 17. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Twenty-five tribes are represented in "Sculpture from the Congo," an exhibition containing masks, stools, statues, headdresses, and so *on, in wood, ivory, and stone;* through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The December show consists of paintings selected by Reuben Tam, Joseph Solman, and Walter Murch; through Dec. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) ... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A Christmas show of paintings and sculptures by Sam Middleton, Hollis Holbrook, and Sanford Goodman, to name a few; through Dec. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) ... **CRESPI**, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St.: Paintings by Pachita Crespi, Victor Correa, and others; through Tuesday, Dec. 13. (Daily, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) ... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A Christmas showing of paintings and sculptures ($100 to $1,000) by such artists as Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ben Shahn; through Dec. 23.... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Enormous Room III," a show made up of three huge works—Abstract Expressionist canvases by Sam Francis and Alfred Leslie and a construction by Louise Nevelson; through Jan. 14.... **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: "Paintings for the Home" by, among others, John Sloan, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni; through Dec. 30.... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The thirty-sixth annual of the New York Society of Women Artists, comprising works in a variety of mediums by residents of New York State (Sylvia Carewe, Clara Shainess, Helen Beling, and others); through Dec. 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings, 1910-60, by (for instance) Ben Benn, John Hultberg, and Bernard Karfiol; through Dec. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **D'ARCY**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition, directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including works by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 14. ... **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Two exhibitions—Old Master drawings by such painters as Jacopo Tintoretto, Gainsborough, and Géricault; and drawings by Walter Stein for the book "Natural History," by Jules Renard; through Dec. 23.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: John Marin, Degas, and Toulouse-Lautrec are three of the artists represented in a showing of drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) ... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century water colors by well-known painters and sculptors, among them Gauguin, Kandinsky, and Andrew Wyeth; through Dec. 31.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings by Darrel Austin, Modigliani, Picasso, and others; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Arp, Gris, Schwitters, and other modern masters, predominantly European; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: "Paysage de France"—Courbet to de Staël; through Saturday, Dec. 17.... **MARKS**, 21 E. 66th St.: Eight artists from seven European countries and Israel, who have recently worked in Paris, including Guy Harloff, Serge Monsouroff, and Antonio Lago; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2.... ¶ A small exhibition of abstract paintings and drawings by the French master Fernand Léger (1881-1955), also from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. A good complement to this showing is the Léger exhibit at the Janis Gallery, 15 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.), assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9.... ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including examples from his series on various themes—"Migration," "Harlem," "John Brown," and "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A

Civil War centennial exhibit of documents, books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; starting Sunday, Dec. 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Only in New York!," an exhibit of portraits and city scenes by René Bouché; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Feb. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A joint exhibition of paintings by the Japan Women Artists Institute and the National Association of Women Artists of the United States; through Dec. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, with works by, among others, Lee Bontecou, Chaim Gross, Jimmy Ernst, and Gabor Peterdi; through Jan. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

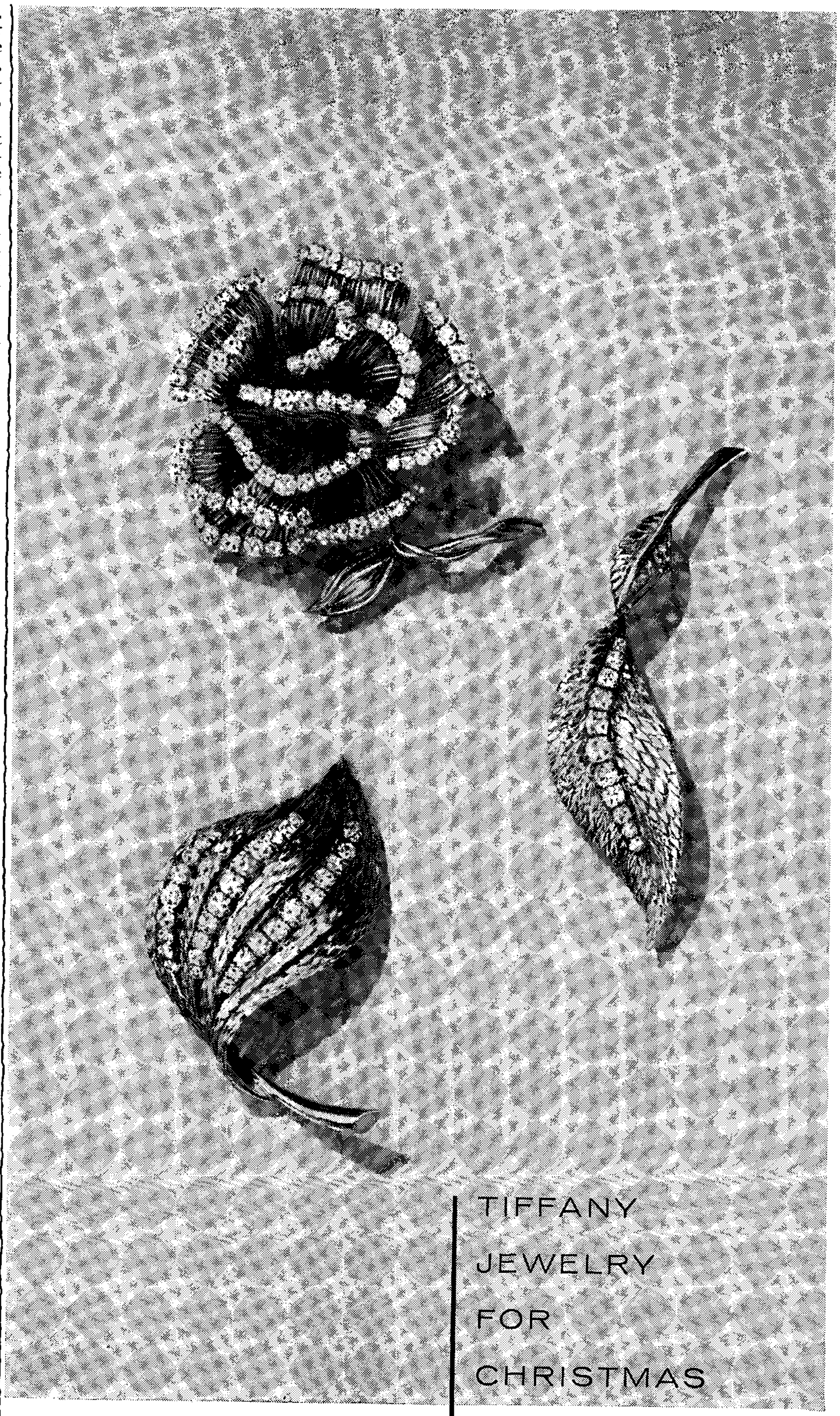
Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 9: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 10: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 10: "La Bohème," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Richard Tucker, and Lorenzo Testi. (A benefit for Hartman-Homecrest.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 12: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 13: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Laurel Hurley, George London, and Barry Morell. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 14: Act II of "Madame Butterfly" and the first scene from Act III of "Don Carlo," plus a concert of operatic excerpts. With Licia Albanese, Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, George London, Robert Merrill, Zinka Milanov, Jan Peerce, Lily Pons, Leonie Rysanek, Cesare Siepi, Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, and others. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild and the National Council for the Metropolitan Opera Employees' Welfare Fund; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.). . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Rosalind Elias, Carlo Bergonzi, and Lorenzo Testi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 16: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Laurel Hurley, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 17: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Hermann Prey, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 17: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Karl Boehm conducting—At **carnegie hall:** Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3 (no soloists); and an all-Strauss program on Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 16, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3 (all with Lisa Della Casa, soprano). . . . **brooklyn academy of music:** With Lisa Della Casa, soprano. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Gaby and Robert Casadesus, pianos. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin.



TIFFANY
JEWELRY
FOR
CHRISTMAS

Eighteen karat gold pins set with diamonds. From top, Carnation fringed with diamonds, 3,200. Leaf with single path of diamonds, 575. Leaf with three bands of diamonds, 1,275.

Prices include federal tax.

Designs copyrighted, T. & Co.

TIFFANY & Co.
NEW YORK

MY SIN
. . . a most
provocative perfume!
LANVIN
the best Paris has to offer

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide and Maurice Nobleman conducting, with Nancy Tatum, soprano, and Wiley Tatum, tenor. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 3 and 9.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabaeus," with Irene Jordan, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Lawrence Avery and John McCollum, tenors; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and the Choral Art Society. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with the Modern Jazz Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

All-Vivaldi Concert—Max Goberman conducting the New York Sinfonietta. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 3-5825.)

Contemporary Baroque Ensemble—Daniel Antoun conducting, with Marcel Grandjany, harp, and Claude Monteux, flute. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

Società Corelli—Italian string orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

New York University Glee Club—Alfred M. Greenfield directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing, with the American Brass Quintet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas concert. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Hamilton and Wells College Choirs—A joint concert, with John L. Baldwin, Jr., and Crawford Thoburn directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Joerg Demus—Piano, in a Schumann-Schubert recital. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 9, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of five all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30, the third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Rey de la Torre—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Hans Richter-Haaser—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Frank Glazer—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—In the last in a series of concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Joel Ryce—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Beveridge Webster and Joseph Fuchs—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Doda Conrad—Bass, in the American première of Henri Sauguet's song cycle "Le Cornette." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:45.)

Concert Artists of Pittsburgh—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 5:45.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The third concert in the series, this one by the Juilliard String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"Luisa Miller," the third in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 5:30.)

Jazz Concert—The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-7003, Ext. 31.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Syracuse vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Dec. 13, at 7.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 10: Benny (Kid) Paret vs. Federico Thompson, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17: Emile Griffith vs. Luis Rodriguez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—Oregon vs. Penn State. (Liberty Bowl, Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 17.)

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 11, at 7.)

Skating—Finals of the Silver Skates competitions. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with vocal soloists and a chorus. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Stage Shows—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "Dick Whittington," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **PAT DEANE PRODUCTIONS:** "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "It's So Nice to Be a Fish." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 11.)...¶"Rip van Winkle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 10, at 3.)... **THEATRE EAST:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...¶Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; starting Friday, Dec. 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 11 and 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5; and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MODEL-TRAIN EXHIBIT—Seven electric trains running simultaneously through miniature towns and countryside, over a trestle crossing a cascading river, and through tunnels to an underground passenger station. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Star of Wonder." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

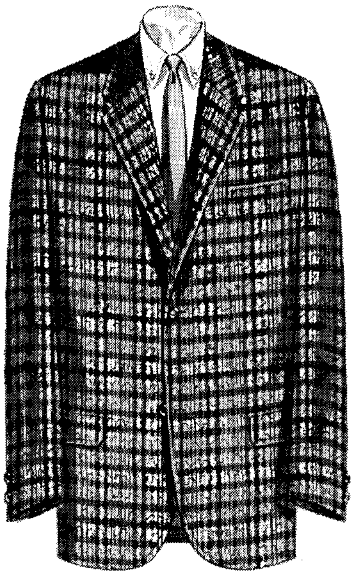
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Saturday, Dec. 17), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶Interviews with United Nations figures and films on General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30....¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

DRAMA READINGS—A group of actors, including Kenneth Whitlock and Jack Manning, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings of Shakespeare's "Othello." (Helen Hayes Equity Group Theatre, 145 Bleecker St. Sundays at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 3-2310.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 14, from 1 to 4:15.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 9-10, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, porcelains, silver, paintings and drawings, Gobelins and Brussels tapestries, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Mrs. John D. Ryan and from other sources....¶Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 1:45: Modern French and other graphic art, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 9.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Dec. 10: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland....¶Starting Dec. 11: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Edward Arnold. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



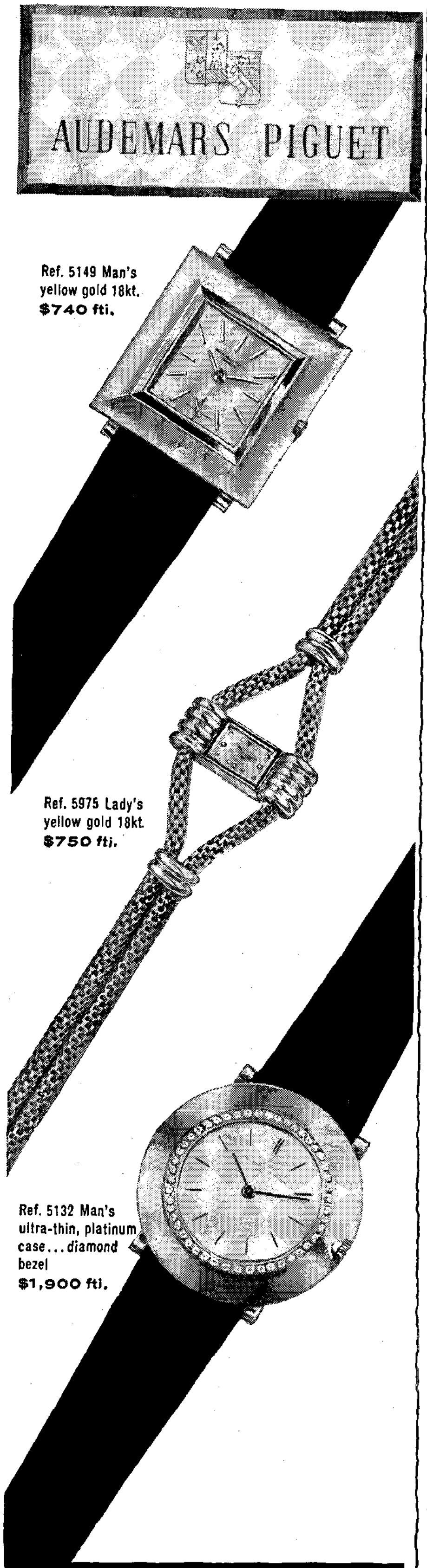
KALAMKARI
our unusual new gift idea
for men going South this Winter

Kalamkari is a unique process of mordant and resist painting on cotton cloth that originated in India over 2000 years ago. The finished product—handsome, muted colorings in subtle designs—is perfect for lightweight Odd Jackets that add a distinctive new touch to a man's Southern wardrobe.

Brooks Brothers is proud to be the first to introduce Odd Jackets of these unusual hand-made fabrics from India...just as the recipient of your thoughtful gift will be pleased to be the first to wear them.

Our Kalamkari Odd Jackets, $42.50

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES


AUDEMARS PIGUET
Ref. 5149 Man's yellow gold 18kt. $740 fti.
Ref. 5975 Lady's yellow gold 18kt. $750 fti.
Ref. 5132 Man's ultra-thin, platinum case... diamond bezel $1,900 fti.

Sold and serviced
by leading jewelers
the world over.
Write for brochure.

AUDEMARS PIGUET & CO., INC.
665 FIFTH AVE. • N. Y. 22, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

BEN-HUR—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE BIG DEAL—From Italy comes this wonderfully high-spirited takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. A gang of untalented petty thieves attempts a crime that fails at every turn, thanks in large part to their inveterate good nature. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and the clown called Totò. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

CHANCE MEETING—With their usual aplomb, the English have turned out yet another Scotland Yard thriller, in which an earnest young Dutch painter is accused of strangling a woman, presumably his mistress, and escapes indictment by the skin of his teeth. The plot is delightfully intricate and the cast superb. Hardy Kruger is the painter, Micheline Presle is the hard-bitten but attractive woman in his life, and Stanley Baker is the inspector who nearly lets the Yard down by guessing wrong. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; *starting Dec. 14, tentative.*)

THE ENTERTAINER—The reason for subjecting yourself to this ugly, powerful depiction of English lower-class decay is Laurence Olivier, who plays a corrupt and talentless little music-hall performer so stunningly that we believe even in the performer's lack of talent. Also in the picture, and also first-rate, are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through the afternoon of Dec. 11.)

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE—The brilliant director Roberto Rossellini here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is magnificent in the starring role, and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection the role of an honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR—An imaginative, lyrical, and absorbing French film that tells of a tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. The direction, by Alain Resnais, is fascinating, and in the principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are most satisfactory. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; *through Dec. 14, tentative.*)

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Peter Sellers doing a highly droll interpretation of a shop steward in an English plant where the workers—featherbedders one and all—have got the upper hand. The capitalists in this arrangement, among them Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough, are also a little short on ethics. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

PICNIC ON THE GRASS—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this delightful assault upon practically all the conventions there are, including the convention that a picture should make sense. M. Renoir takes a pagan pleasure in nature and in the human animal in nature, and gives civilization, such as it is, a good drubbing. The scene is Provence, and the chief characters are a stuffy professor and a sexy peasant girl. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

SONS AND LOVERS—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son is treated with a kind of static delicacy in this English-American film, and so is Lawrence's eminent dialogue, which has been lifted with gloved hands from the novel. However, Trevor Howard, as the black-faced, drunken miner, is remarkably good, and Wendy Hiller, as his misused wife, is not far behind. Dean Stockwell, who plays the son, is flippant, brooding, and restless, and sometimes suggests Elvis Presley trying to act. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 9, tentative. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 13.)

REVIVALS

ANATOMY OF A MURDER (1959)—An Army officer on trial for killing a man who raped his wife. With James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 14.)

GIGI (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Dec. 14.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 10.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 14.)

SEPARATE TABLES (1958)—Terence Rattigan's play about some sad and lonely people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. With David Niven and Deborah Kerr. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 14.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Sundowners," Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Dec. 10: "The Crowning Experience," Muriel Smith, Ann Buckles.
From Dec. 11: Theatre closed.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 14 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 13: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.
From Dec. 14: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 9 (tentative): **SONS AND LOVERS.**
Dec. 10-13 (tentative): "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.
From Dec. 14 (tentative): **CHANCE MEETING;** and "It Happened in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 11 (last showing at 3): **THE ENTERTAINER.**
From Dec. 12: "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 11: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.
Dec. 12-13: "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," revival, Doris Day, David Niven; and "For the First Time," revival, Mario Lanza, Zsa Zsa Gabor.
From Dec. 14: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), *Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.*

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
PICNIC ON THE GRASS (in French). No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Upstairs and Downstairs," Mylène Demongeot, Michael Craig.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 13: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.
From Dec. 14: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 13 (tentative): "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.
From Dec. 14 (tentative): "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 13: "Journey to the Lost City," *Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael* Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.
From Dec. 14: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 13: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.
From Dec. 14: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 14: "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin; and "The Respectful Prostitute," revival, Barbara Laage, Ivan Desny.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 11: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "These Thousand Hills," revival, Don Murray, Richard Egan.
Dec. 12-13: "But Not for Me," revival, Clark Gable, Carroll Baker; and "No Down Payment," revival, Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.
From Dec. 14: **SEPARATE TABLES,** revival; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 14 (tentative): "The Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 13: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.
From Dec. 14: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 10: **HENRY V,** revival.
Dec. 11-13: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.
From Dec. 14: "End of Innocence" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel; and "Port of Desire," Hildegarde Neff, Daniel Gelin.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Belles and Ballets," a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Etoile.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 14: **GIGI,** revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 13: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.
From Dec. 14: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 10: "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine; and "Our Man *in* Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
Dec. 11-13: "Alexander the Great," revival, Richard Burton, Fredric March; and "The Court Jester," revival, Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.
From Dec. 14: **ANATOMY OF A MURDER,** revival; and "Bell, Book and Candle," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

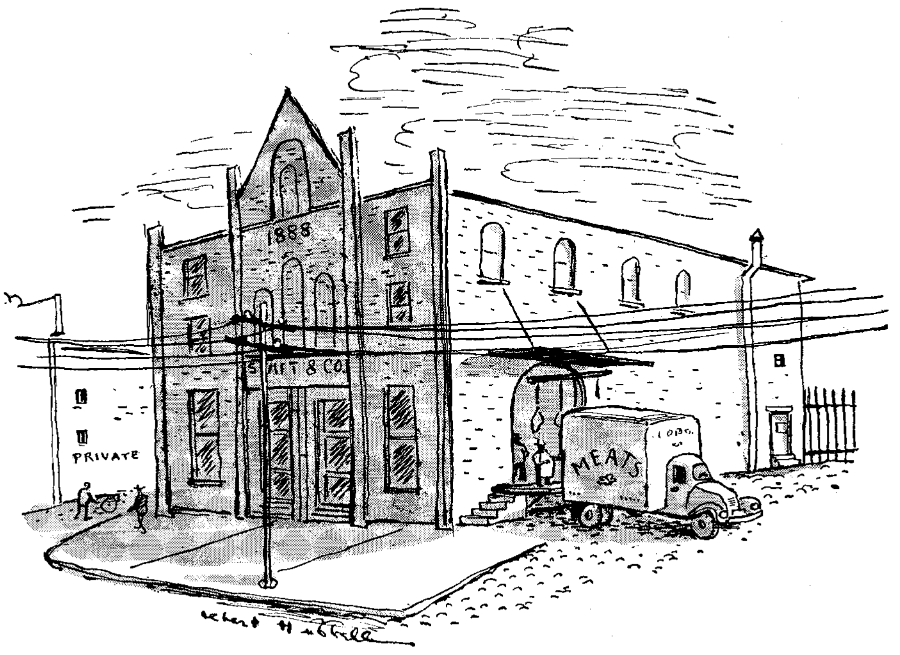
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 8: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.
From Dec. 9: "Monika" (in Swedish), revival, Harriett Andersson; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Dec. 8: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.
From Dec. 9: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 13: **SONS AND LOVERS;** and "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.
From Dec. 14: "End of Innocence" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel; and "Port of Desire," *Hildegarde Neff, Daniel Gelin.*

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 13: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.
From Dec. 14: "Studs Lonigan," Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson; and "The Night Fighters," Robert Mitchum, Anne Heywood.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 13: "Journey to the Lost City," Debra Paget, Paul Christian; and "Michael Strogoff," Curt Jurgens, Genevieve Page.
From Dec. 14: "Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr; and "The Wind Cannot Read," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Yoko Tani.



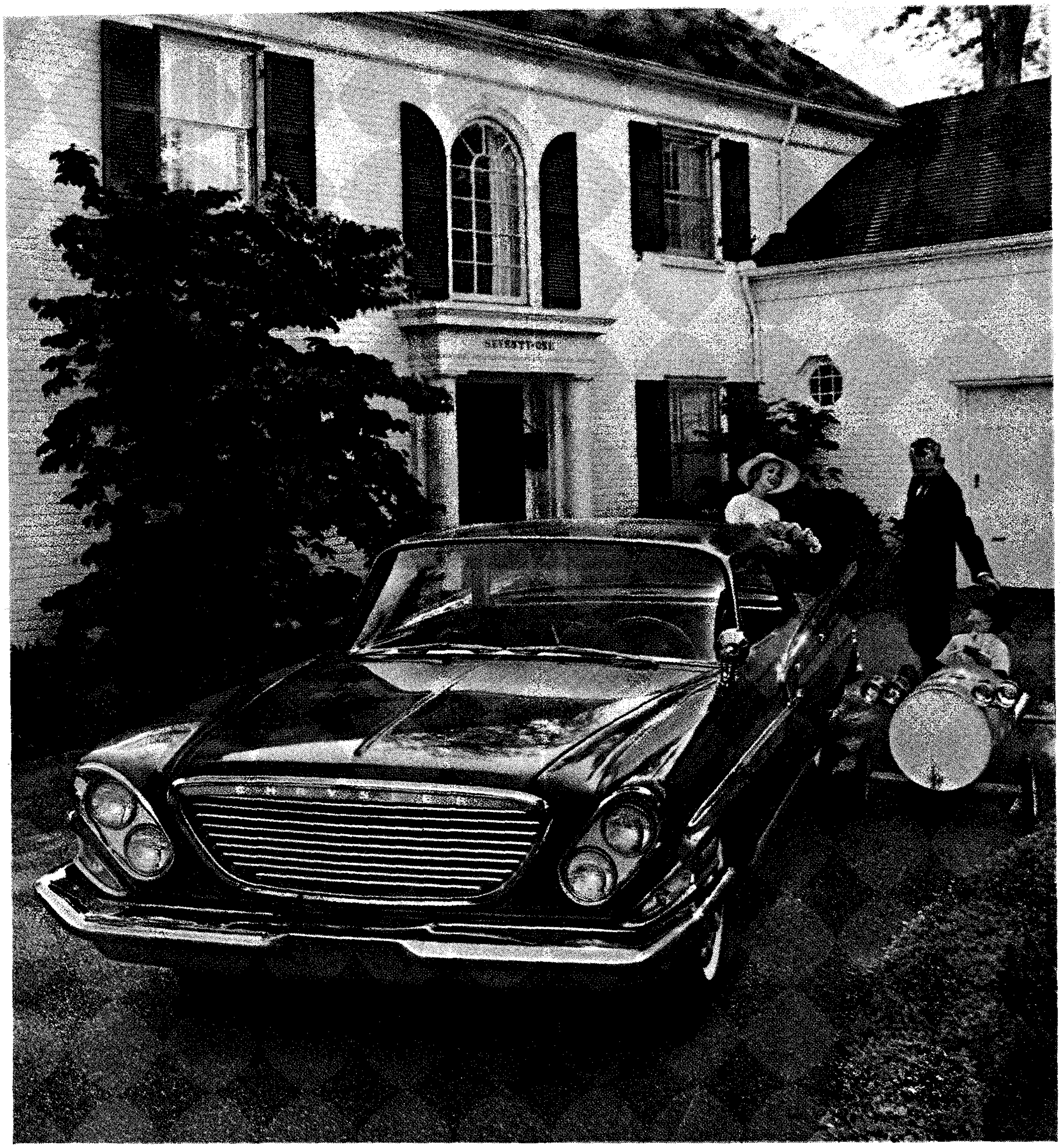
B
Jolie
Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS

Jolie Madame

Balmain's unabashedly gay bouquet of real flowers, dream flowers, flowers that never were! It's the most sophisticated floral in all Paris.

BALMAIN

Perfume from 4.00 to 85.00—Eau de Toilette 5.00 to 24.00—plus tax



positively... no jr. editions!

For proof, see the new Newport, Chrysler's lowest priced beauty. Enter with ease and settle into a special driver's seat that snugs up shoulder high for full support. Enjoy roomy five-foot-wide seats. Relax inside Unibody, the single-unit body that's twice as strong as old-type body-frame designs. Quiet as a den. Unibody's sprayed with over 90 lbs. of sound deadener, padded with enough material to make a 10′ x 10′ rug. And you'll like Newport economy with a brand-new Firebolt V-8 that can cover over 500 miles on a tankful of regular gas. Road-test the Newport. Then check the price label.

CHRYSLER '61: NEWPORT ▪ WINDSOR ▪ NEW YORKER ▪ 300/G

Chrysler '61

featuring the NEWPORT
—a full-size Chrysler in
a new lower price range!

A Christmas message from Valleyfield, Quebec to the U.S.A.

1932
O.F.C.
Schenley
8
EIGHT YEARS OLD
IMPORTED
O.F.C.
BY Schenley
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
1947
AGED 12 YEARS
IMPORTED
O.F.C.
Schenley

8 year old O.F.C. comes gift boxed.
12 year old O.F.C. is in a teardrop decanter, tissue-wrapped and boxed.

If, this Christmas, you could give a fine imported 8 year old Canadian whisky (O.F.C.) at the same price you pay for most 6 year olds: wouldn't you?

And isn't there someone special who would appreciate 12 year old Imported O.F.C., knowing it was the oldest, finest Canadian whisky available in America?

William F. Tigh, President, Canadian Schenley Ltd.

CANADIAN WHISKY, a blend. Distilled, aged, and blended under supervision of the Canadian Government by Canadian Schenley Ltd., Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada. 8 and 12 years old. 86.8 Proof. O.F.C. Distilling Co., New York, N.Y., Sole Agents in U.S.A.

voulez-vous
D'ORSAY
THE SPARK
THAT STARTS
THE FIRE
voulez-vous
A NEW PERFUME OF RARE DISTINCTION BY D'ORSAY

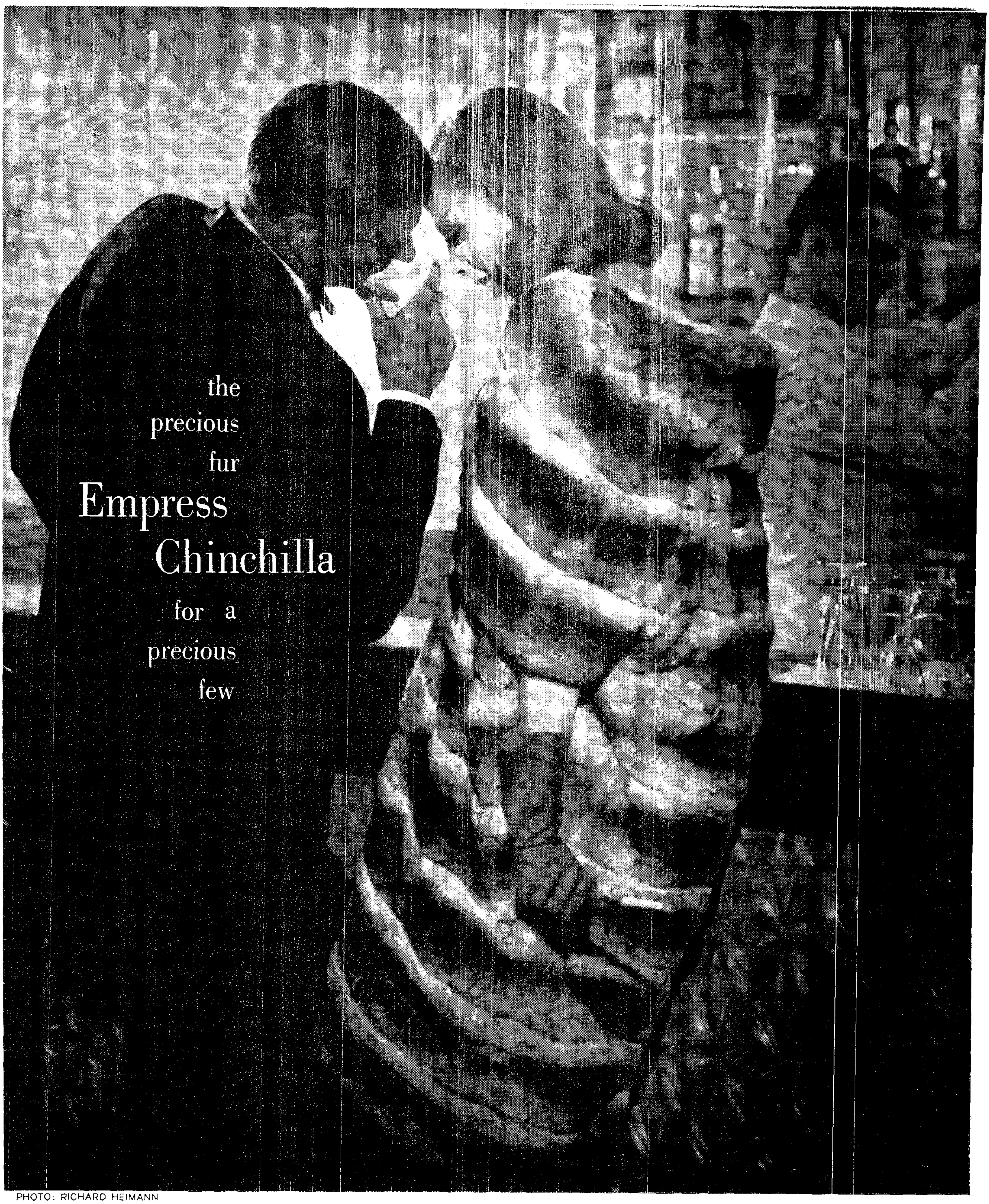

the
precious
fur
Empress
Chinchilla
for a
precious
few

PHOTO: RICHARD HEIMANN

11 West 57, New York **Revillon** *40 Rue La Boetie, Paris*

World renowned creators of couture in furs and perfumes, CARNET DE BAL and DETCHEMA

T. EATON, CANADA • GIDDING'S, CINCINNATI • I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA • NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND HOUSTON

that
faraway
look . . .
Saga
mink
imported
elegance
from
Denmark,
Finland,
Norway,
Sweden

PHOTO: GEORGE HAMILL

11 West 57, New York **Revillon** 40 Rue La Boetie, Paris

World renowned creators of couture in furs and perfumes, CARNET DE BAL and DETCHEMA

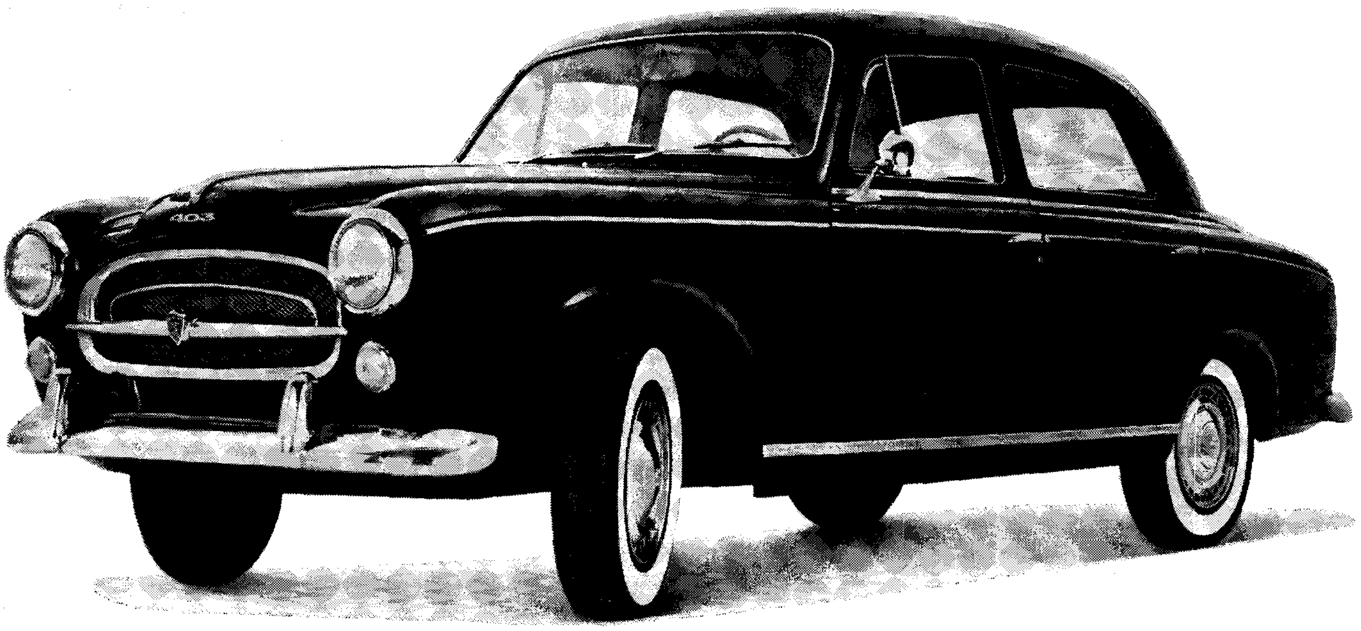
T. EATON, CANADA • GIDDING'S, CINCINNATI • I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA • NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND HOUSTON

$365 worth of standard equipment

There are no "optional extras" on a Peugeot 403. The following accessories—shown with their conservatively estimated values—are installed at the factory and *included* in the price: sliding metal sun-roof...$90; heater-defroster...$70; 4-speed synchromesh transmission...$50; whitewall tires...$30; leatherette upholstery...$25; reclining "sleep-on" seats...$25; deluxe wheel covers...$15; safety padded dashboard...$15; dual windshield washers...$15; electric clock...$15; trip mileage counter...$10; outside mirror...$5.

SEDAN $2250
STATION WAGON $2490
Suggested fully-equipped price at East and Gulf Coast ports of entry

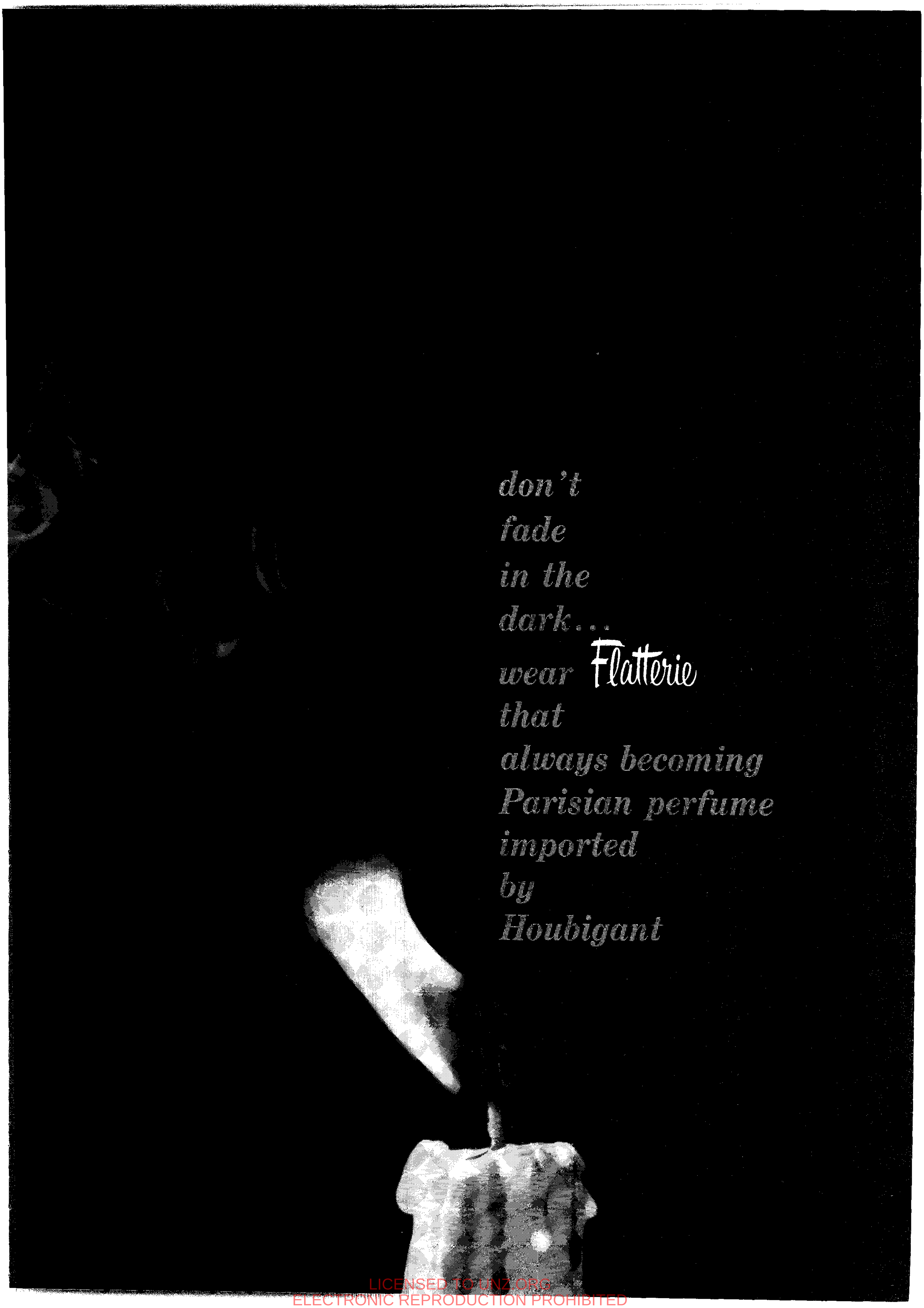
Note: if you prefer you can have Michelin X instead of whitewall tires or cloth instead of leatherette upholstery.

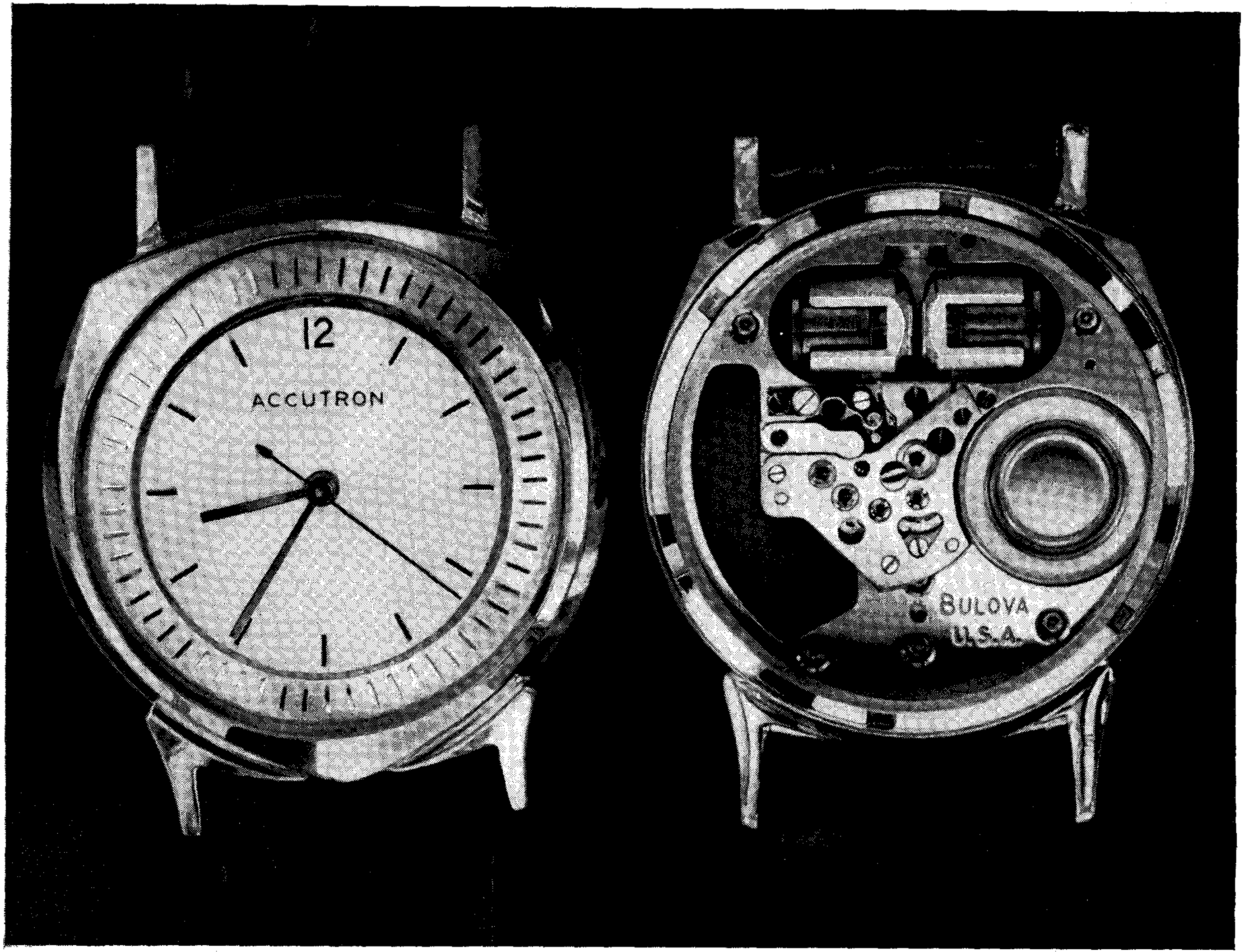


PEUGEOT

PRONOUNCED "POOJ-OH"

Sold and serviced by over 600 Peugeot dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico. For dealer list and illustrated brochure, write: Peugeot, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, New York. For overseas delivery, see your dealer or write: Peugeot, Box 158, Long Island City 4, New York.


don't
fade
in the
dark...
wear Flatterie
that
always becoming
Parisian perfume
imported
by
Houbigant



The face of ACCUTRON (left) and movement inside (right) — a wholly new timekeeping principle.

What is ACCUTRON[†]?

It is the first instrument of the space age you can wear and use!
It is the first microsonic timepiece... It doesn't even tick. *It hums!*
It is the first timepiece ever *guaranteed accurate on your wrist!*

This instrument—the heart of a timing mechanism in a U.S. satellite—is now available as a timepiece you wear on your wrist. It is so accurate it carries a guarantee never before possible in the history of timekeeping. ACCUTRON is *guaranteed* 99.9977% accurate . . . not under laboratory conditions . . . *but in actual use.*

Developed after 8 years of research, ACCUTRON is guaranteed for one full year not to gain or lose more than two seconds a day *on your wrist.* Based on expert opinion of conventional fine-watch performance, ACCUTRON *is 10 times more accurate.*

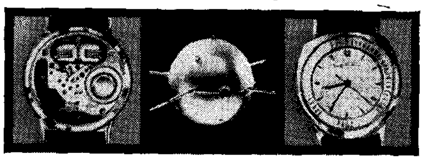
The new ACCUTRON timepiece is more dependable, too. Built to withstand the shock of a rocket launching, it has fewer moving parts (12 as compared to 29 in a self-winding watch), so it will require far less service than conventional watches, and it *never* needs winding.

The secret of its microsonic accuracy? A high-precision tuning fork takes the place of the springs, balance wheel, and many other moving parts. (No conventional or electric watch operates without a balance wheel.) Oscillating 360 times per second, this tuning fork produces a low hum, quieter and totally different from the tick-tock of the usual watch. This is the new sound of accuracy.

The single tiny power cell in ACCUTRON lasts over a year . . . costs only $1.50 and you replace it as easily as a lighter flint.

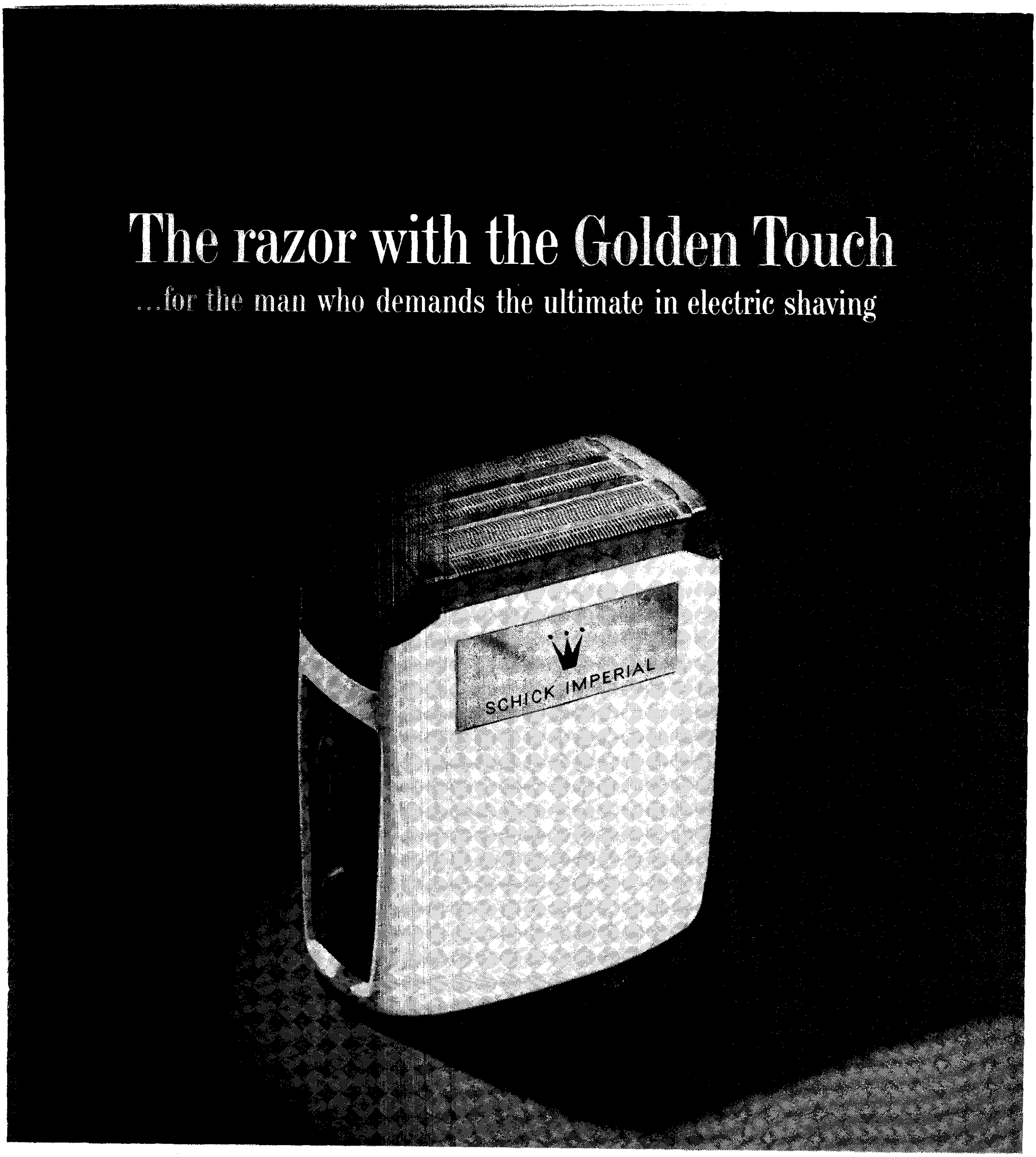
Each ACCUTRON timepiece is an exquisitely fashioned piece of jewelry. Priced from $175 to $2500*, they will be sold only at authorized Bulova jewelers. Remember—the same scientific knowledge and skill that have made ACCUTRON the world's most advanced personal timepiece . . . make every Bulova a finer watch.

Look for this symbol of your authorized Bulova ACCUTRON *jeweler.*



†Bulova Trademark. *Plus F.E.T.
©1960 Bulova Watch Co., Inc.,
New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan

ACCUTRON ...*world's new standard of accuracy*



The razor with the Golden Touch

...for the man who demands the ultimate in electric shaving

Crafted with the precision of a fine jeweled watch, the new Schick Imperial is the finest razor you can buy! 3 Speeds, of course...but that's just the beginning. World's largest head shaves so fast, so close, it's like shaving with a fresh blade every morning. Most powerful motor on any razor. Head and handsome name plate are richly plated in 22 k. gold—and your jeweler will monogram for you at no extra charge. A truly magnificent gift that's right for any man... because he shifts the speed, sets the head to fit the shave to *his* face! All this luxury for $33.75 at leading jewelers everywhere. Ask for a free home trial.

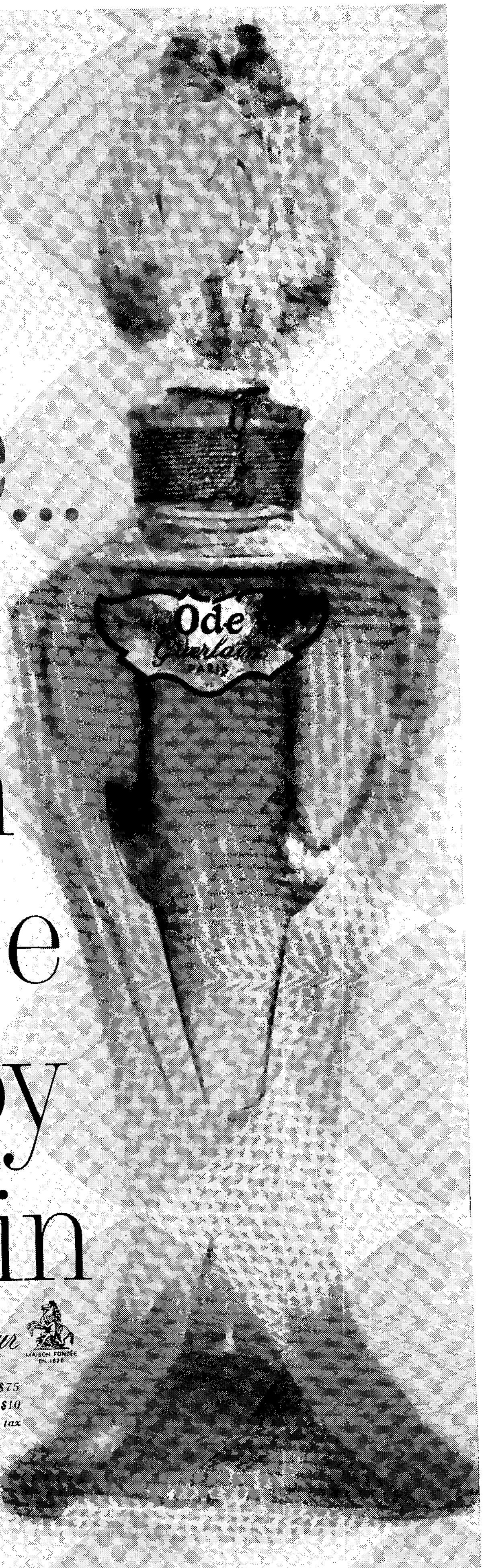
NEW SCHICK 3 SPEED [illegible]

Schick Incorporated—Inventors of Electric Shaving ©1960, Schick Incorporated

Ode...
lovely
poem
in fragrance
by
Guerlain

Parfumeur
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1828

ODE PERFUME $9, $22, $40, $75
ODE COLOGNE $6, $10
all prices plus tax


Ode
Guerlain
PARIS

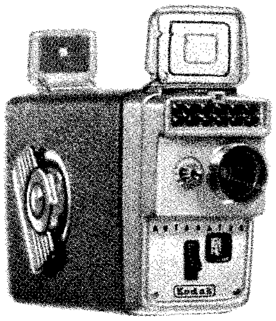
KODAK GIFTS SAY:

"Open me first!"

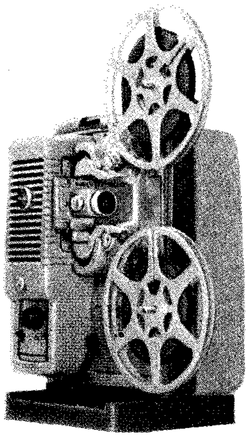
Open me first
Kodak

...because you can picture all the fun of Christmas in movies right from the very first moment!

New Kodak Zoom 8 Reflex Camera lets you zoom up close with push-button ease. You view the zoom effect through the lens. Automatic exposure . . . less than $190.

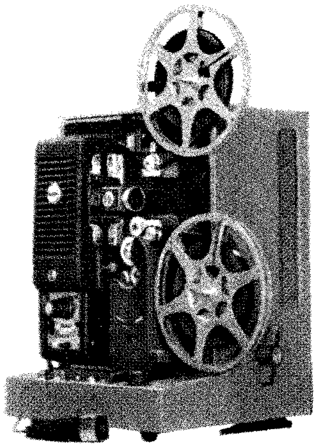


Automatic movie camera*—budget price!* Brownie Automatic Movie Camera, *f*/2.3, has electric eye. Sets lens opening automatically for crisp 8mm movies . . . less than $78.



Fully automatic 8mm movie projector! Kodak Cine Showtime Projector threads itself—right onto the take-up reel, starts the show *automatically* . . . less than $125. Variable-speed model with Presstape Splicer . . . less than $150. Models with Zoom Lens are also available.

See your dealer for exact retail prices.



Add quality sound to your movies! New Kodak Sound 8 Projector lets you add commentary, music and sound effects to all your 8mm movies. Sound is recorded on the film . . . less than $350.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak
TRADEMARK

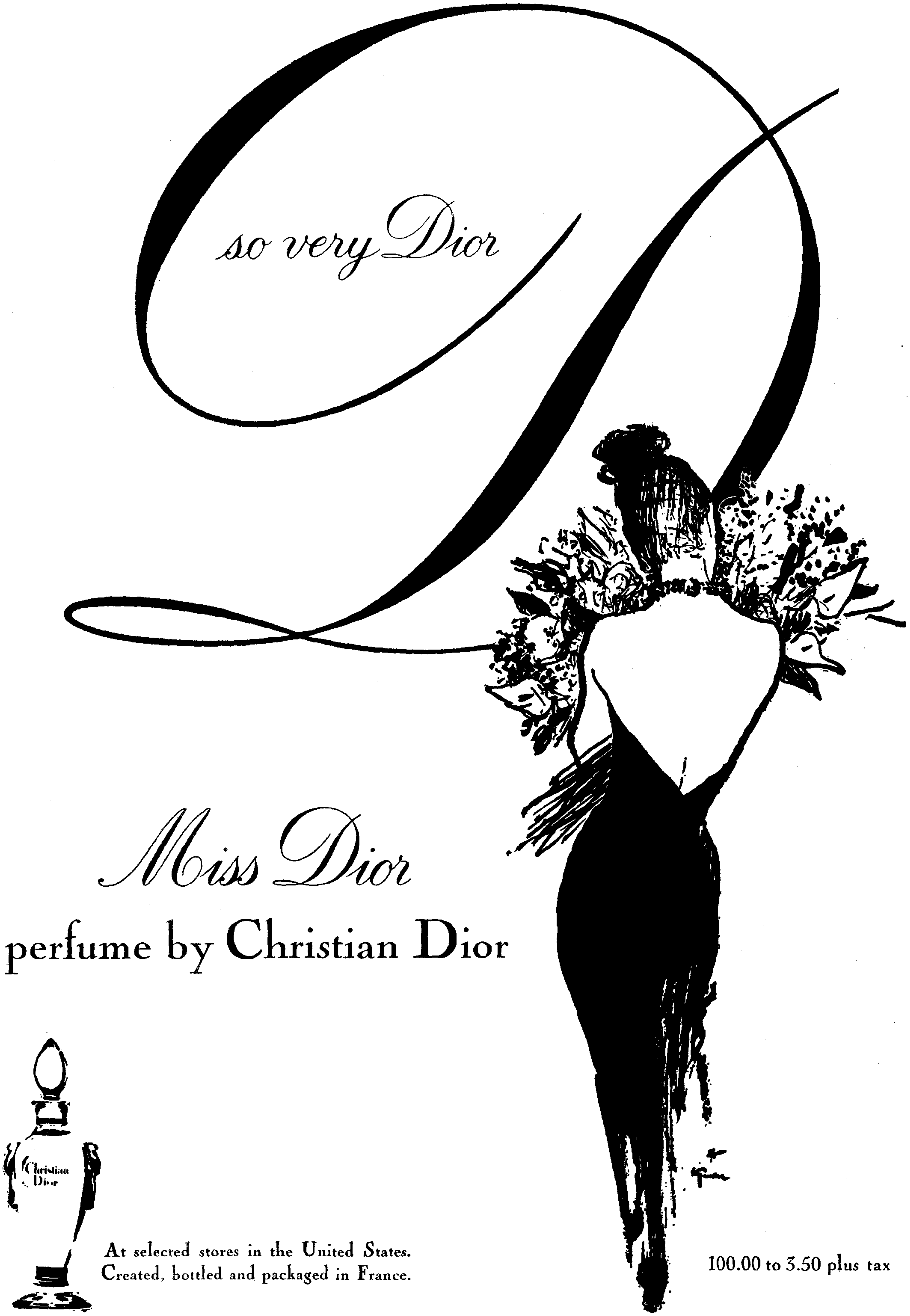
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

WAKE HER UP TO SOMETHING LOVELY...*Day Dream*...iridescent excitement in mello touch leather accessories. Bronze accentuated with Gold. Glancing from left to right: Single Frame French Purse, $6.50. Key Case, $3.50. Eyeglass Case, $4. Flip Top Cigarette Case, $4. Lighter, $3. At fine stores or write to St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, New York.

FASHION ACCESSORIES...UNIQUELY ST. THOMAS

DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA BY STRAND TRADERS, LTD., TORONTO, ONT. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

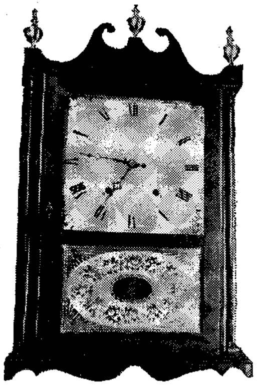

so very Dior
Christian Dior

Miss Dior

perfume by Christian Dior

At selected stores in the United States.
Created, bottled and packaged in France.

100.00 to 3.50 plus tax

of  time

RAND McNALLY BOOK OF NATIONS. Hundreds of full-color maps, illus., portray important facts on every country. Economic, animal, physical and political maps of continents. 10½ x 13¾". Rand McNally. $3.95

THE HURRICANE STORY. *Paul Gallico.* The sensational account of the plane that scored more successes in World War II than any other fighter before or since . . . the Hawker Hurricane. Illus. Doubleday. $3.95

WITH LOVE. *Maurice Chevalier.* Intimate memoirs of the irresistible ambassador of song, gaiety, *joi de vivre* . . . early struggles, marriage, personal philosophy. 16 pps. photos. Little, Brown. $5.00

PORTRAIT OF MAX. *S. N. Behrman.* An intimate memoir of the incomparable Sir Max Beerbohm which originally appeared in *The New Yorker* as a series of articles. By a lifelong friend. Stresses reminiscences of Shaw, Kipling, others. Beerbohm caricatures. Random House. $6.00

EZRA POUND. *Charles Norman.* Biography of one of the most enigmatic *and controversial figures of our time, and a gallery of its greatest* writers, artists. Much previously unpublished material, letters. illus., index. Macmillan. $6.95

CORA CRANE. *Lillian Gilkes.* First biography of the gifted, unconventional woman who shared the last years of his life with author Stephen Crane. Based on data, photos hitherto inaccessible. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.75

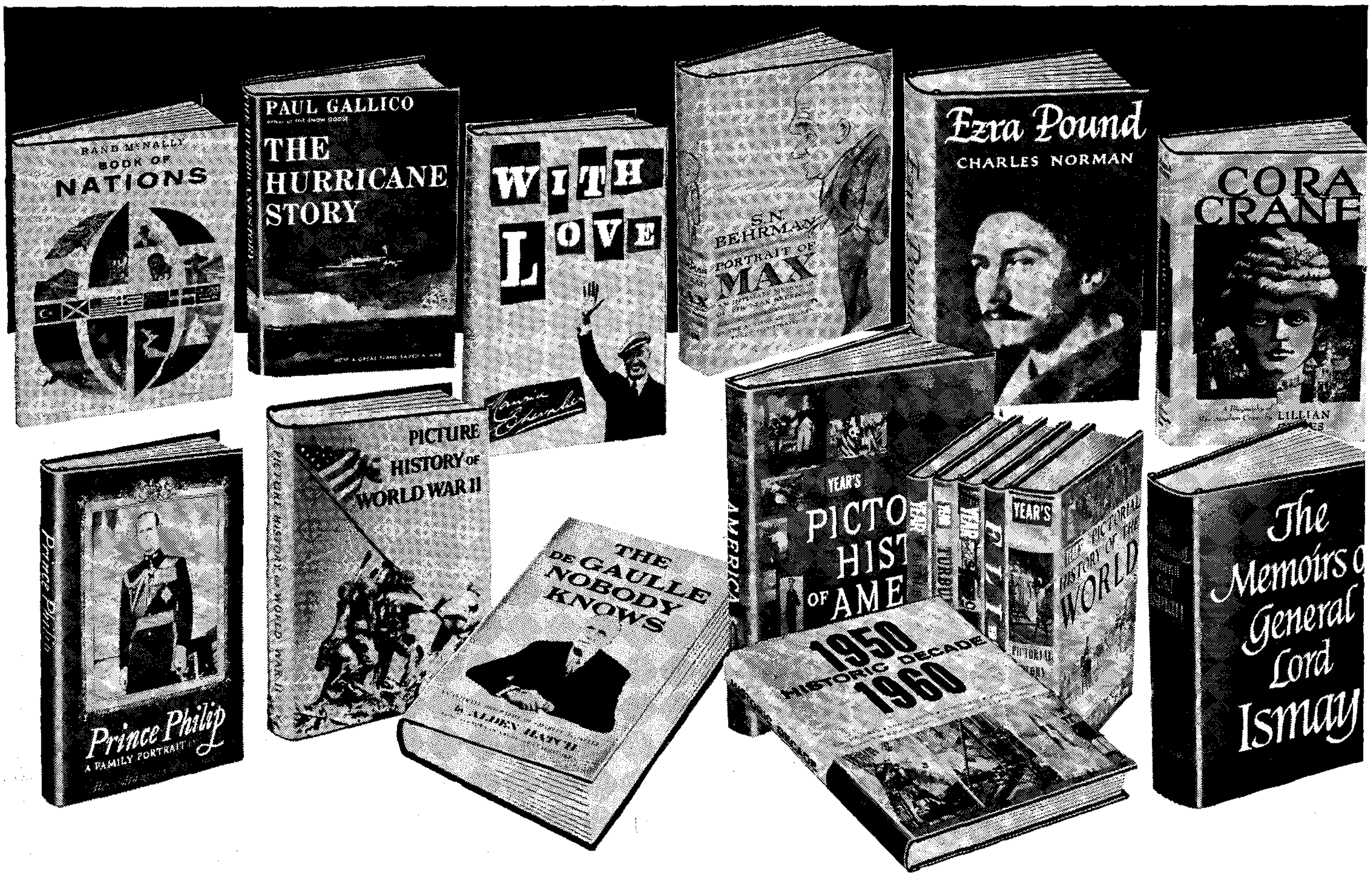
PRINCE PHILIP: A FAMILY PORTRAIT. *Alexandra, Queen of Yugoslavi* Personal portrait of the husband of Queen Elizabeth II, revealed, last, by an inside member of his family. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00

THE PICTURE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II. Over 900 photos form unforgettable record of the entire war from the rise of Hitler a Mussolini to Japan's surrender. Concise Chronological History; subj index. 11¼ x 14½". Grosset & Dunlap. $7.95

THE DE GAULLE NOBODY KNOWS. *Alden Hatch.* The fascinating unt *story of the human side of this controversial figure — de Gaulle the m* Hawthorn. $5.00

HISTORIC DECADE (1950-1960). A dramatic pictorial book of more th 800 exciting pictures covering the turbulent years of the last deca $7.95. Published by the editors of YEAR Pictorial News and Hist Books; other titles include **Pictorial History of the World,** $12. **America,** $9.95; **Flight,** $7.95; **Science and Engineering,** $7.95; **Tur lent 20th Century,** $7.95; **Bible and Christianity,** $7.95

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL LORD ISMAY. The man who served as ch of staff to Sir Winston Churchill recalls the great events of the war ye 1940-1945. Closeups of allied leaders. Illus., maps. Viking. $6.75


RAND McNALLY BOOK OF NATIONS
PAUL GALLICO
THE HURRICANE STORY
WITH LOVE
S. N. BEHRMAN
PORTRAIT OF MAX
Ezra Pound
CHARLES NORMAN
CORA CRANE
LILLIAN
Prince Philip
Prince Philip
A FAMILY PORTRAIT
PICTURE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II
THE DE GAULLE NOBODY KNOWS
ALDEN HATCH
YEAR'S
PICTO
HIST
OF AME
AMERICA
YEAR'S
WORLD
1950
HISTORIC DECADE
1960
The Memoirs of General Lord Ismay

NEW YORK • MANHASSET • GARDEN CITY • WESTCHESTER • WEST HARTFORD • BALA-CYNWYD • HANOVER, PA. • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • GROSSE POINTE•

Doubleday

Doubleday Book Shops

and man...

LAND, WOOD & WATER. *U.S. Sen. Robert S. Kerr. Intro.: Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson.* Dramatic story of our natural resources . . . problems . . . programs . . . struggle for preservation. By a fighting conservationist. Illus. Fleet. $4.95

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH. *William L. Shirer.* An unmistakable classic. Drawn from the mountains of captured German documents and the author's own eyewitness observations. 1,280 pps. Simon & Schuster. $10.00

THE PUBLIC YEARS. *Bernard Baruch.* America's elder statesman recalls nearly 50 years of national, international affairs, in this second and final volume of his memoirs. Photos. Holt, Rinehart, Winston. $6.00

ROSES IN DECEMBER. *Frances Parkinson Keyes.* Revealing autobiography by the outstanding novelist . . . and a rich recreation of life at the turn of the century. 32 pages illus.; map endsheets. Doubleday. $4.95

WINDSOR REVISITED. *H. R. H. The Duke of Windsor.* Candid observations, remembrance of things past, recollections of changing manners, customs, styles of the royal family. Houghton Mifflin. $6.00

THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL. *Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.* 3rd vol. of *The Age of Roosevelt* covers turbulent 1935-1936: demagogues' glory, Communist threat, Supreme Court opposition to New Deal. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95

THE YEARS AND HOURS OF EMILY DICKINSON. *Jay Leyda.* Intimate, factual portrait of the enigmatic poet and life in a New England village. A wealth of new material. 16 pps. illus. Yale Univ. Press. 2 vols. boxed $25.00

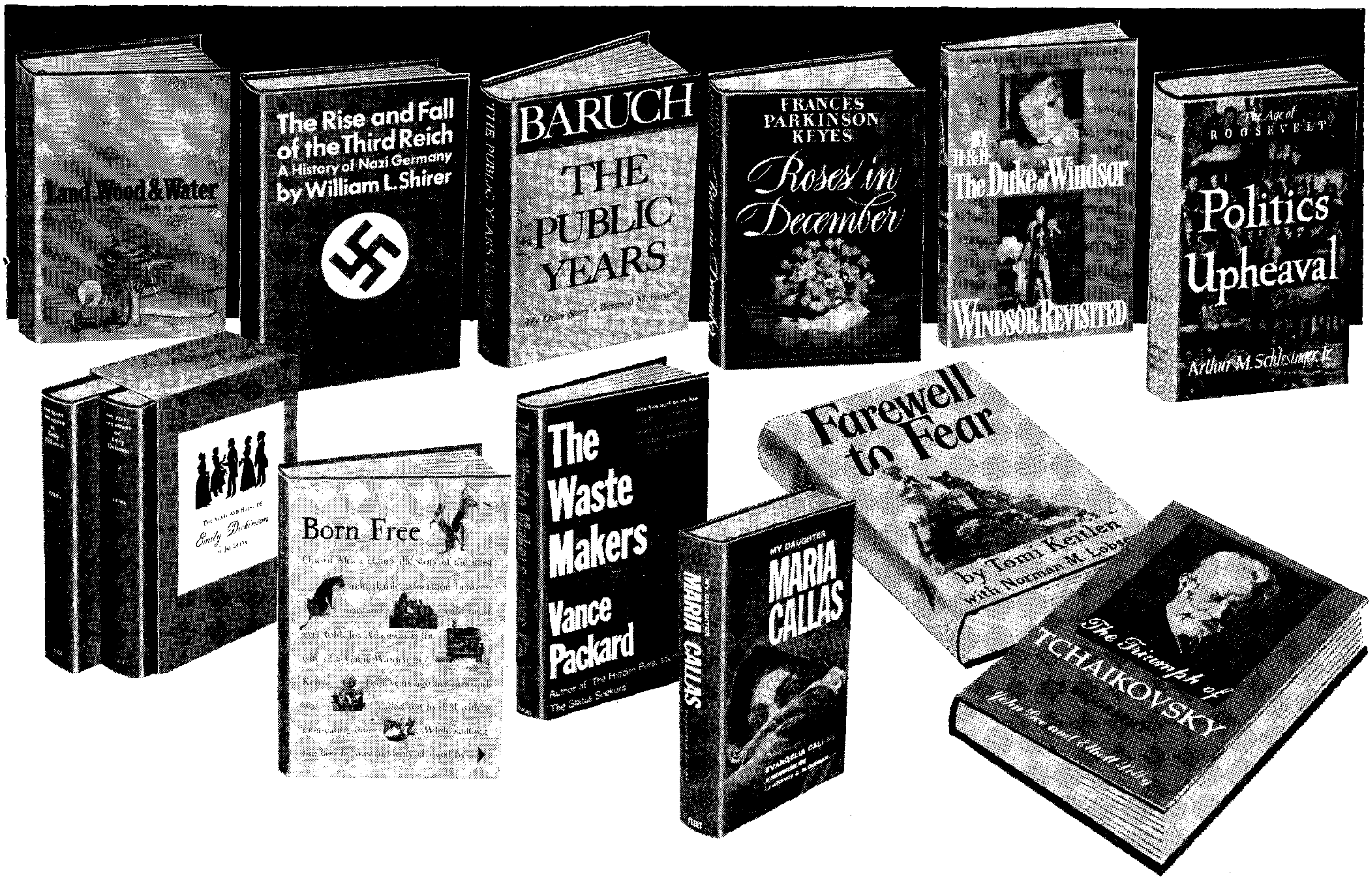
BORN FREE. *Joy Adamson.* Nationwide best-seller. Extraordinary account of a unique relationship between a woman and a lioness. Over 100 thrilling photos illustrate this irresistible, true story. Pantheon. $4.95

THE WASTE MAKERS. *Vance Packard.* The new best-seller by author of *The Status Seekers* and *The Hidden Persuaders*. How they work on us, how they are undermining our values, how they endanger our future — and what we can do about it. McKay. $4.50

MY DAUGHTER MARIA CALLAS. *Mme. Evangelia Callas.* Behind-the-scenes story of the tempestuous, celebrated opera star, revealed with candor and perception by one who knows her best. Illus. Fleet. $4.50

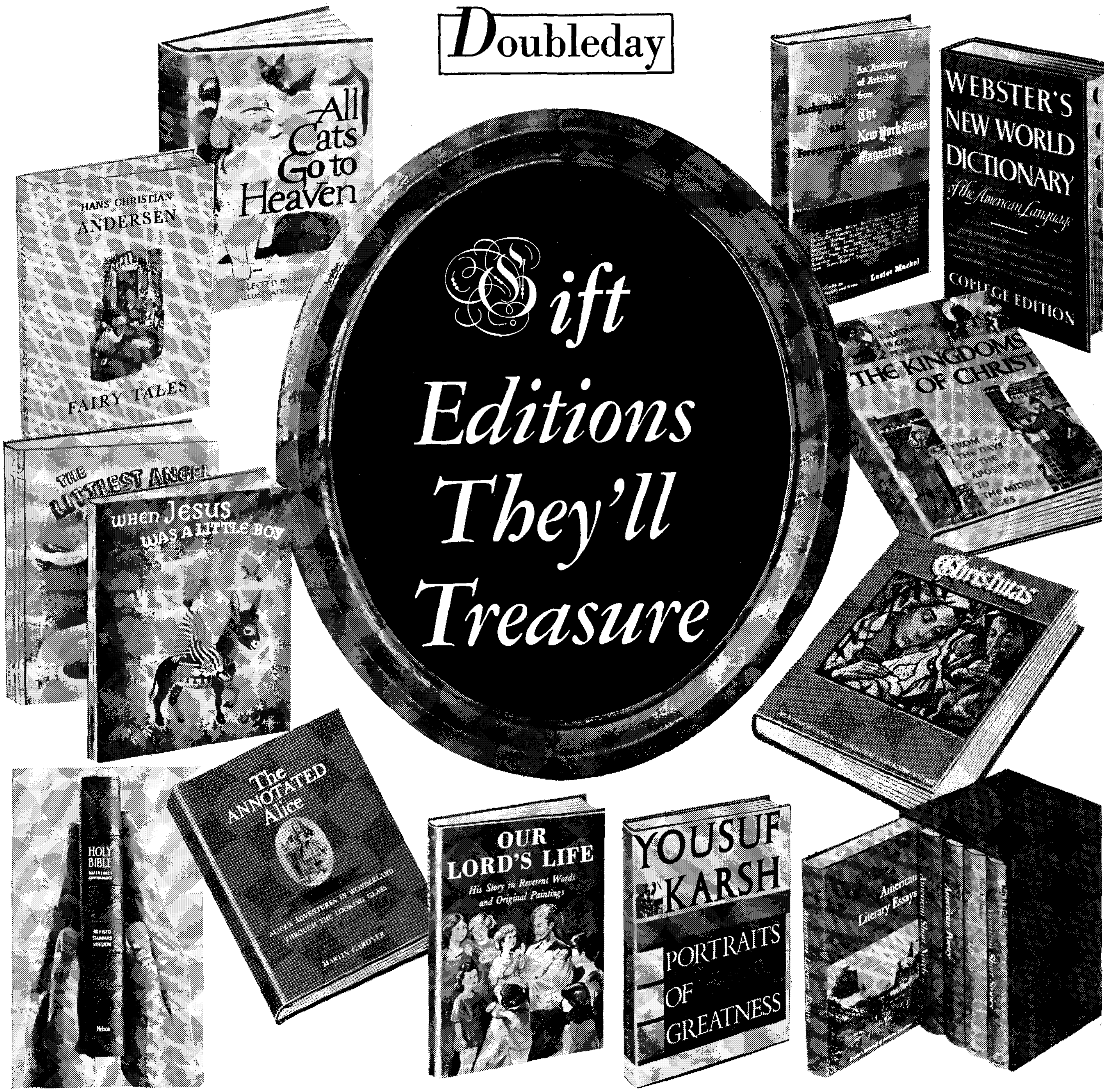
FAREWELL TO FEAR. *Tomi Keitlen with Norman M. Lobsenz.* Inspiring story of a courageous woman who chose to live with challenge, rather than fear, learned to ski, climb mountains, find new happiness, although blind. 16 pps. photos. Geis. $3.95

THE TRIUMPH OF TCHAIKOVSKY. *John Gee & Elliott Selby.* A frank biography — the tendencies of his nature courting disaster; his strange romance; the drives behind the passionate music that appeals to millions. Illus. Vanguard. $5.00


Land, Wood & Water
The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich
A History of Nazi Germany
by William L. Shirer
BARUCH
THE PUBLIC YEARS
Frances Parkinson Keyes
Roses in December
By H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor
Windsor Revisited
The Age of Roosevelt
Politics of Upheaval
Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
Emily Dickinson
Born Free
The Waste Makers
Vance Packard
My Daughter Maria Callas
Farewell to Fear
by Tomi Keitlen with Norman M. Lobsenz
The Triumph of Tchaikovsky
John Gee and Elliott Selby

BIRMINGHAM, MICH. • TOLEDO • ST. LOUIS • CLAYTON, MO. • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH • NEW ORLEANS • IN BOSTON: THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE

Doubleday


Gift Editions They'll Treasure
All Cats Go to Heaven
Hans Christian Andersen
Fairy Tales
The Littlest Angel
When Jesus Was a Little Boy
Holy Bible
The Annotated Alice
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
Through the Looking Glass
Martin Gardner
Our Lord's Life
His Story in Reverent Words and Original Paintings
Yousuf Karsh
Portraits of Greatness
American Literary Essays
American Short Novels
American Poetry
American Short Stories
Background and Foreground
The New York Times Magazine
Lester Markel
Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language
College Edition
The Kingdoms of Christ
Christmas

ALL CATS GO TO HEAVEN
Ed.: Beth Brown. A 512 page collection of 50 short stories about felines from the pedigreed pens of Gallico, de la Roche, Kipling, Munro, others. For all who love cats. 75 illus. Grosset & Dunlap. $4.95

Hans Christian Andersen's FAIRY TALES
A superb gift edition. 50 full color illus. and scores of drawings by top European artist Jiri Trnka add a new dimension of cheer, charm to these classic tales. 8¼ x 11½". Tudor. $3.50

WHEN JESUS WAS A LITTLE BOY
12 warmly inspiring poems in a charming picture-story book. (6-10 yrs.) **The Littlest Angel.** The Christmas classic to delight all ages. Full color. Grosset & Dunlap. Ea. $1.00

THE ANNOTATED ALICE
Brilliant intro., marginal notes by *Martin Gardner* complement original text, drawings of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* in one handsome vol. Clarkson N. Potter. $10.00

RSV CONCORDETTE BIBLE
5 x 7". 3 books in one. Compact RSV Concordance Reference Bible. Nelson. Leatheroid $5.95; imitation leather, gold edges $7.95; gen. leather (black; red) $9.95; gen. Morocco (black; red) $14.95

OUR LORD'S LIFE
A magnificent portrait of the greatest Life of all, beautifully presented in inspiring language, 130 breathtaking paintings in vivid full color. Imprimatur. Hawthorn. $6.95

PORTRAITS OF GREATNESS
Yousuf Karsh. 96 superb photographic portraits of celebrated men and women of our time; interviews on each. ". . . a volume of majesty." *Chic. Sun-Times.* Nelson $17.50

READER'S BOOKSHELF OF AMERICAN LITERATURE
Ed.: Wm. Van O'Connor. **Short Stories,** *Ed.: R. B. West, Jr.;* **Short Novels,** *Ed.: R. P. Blackmur;* **Poetry,** *Ed.: Karl Shapiro;* **Drama,** *Ed.: Alan S. Downer;* **Essays,** *Ed.: Lewis Leary.* Crowell. 5 vols., jacketed, boxed $22.50. Ea. $5.95

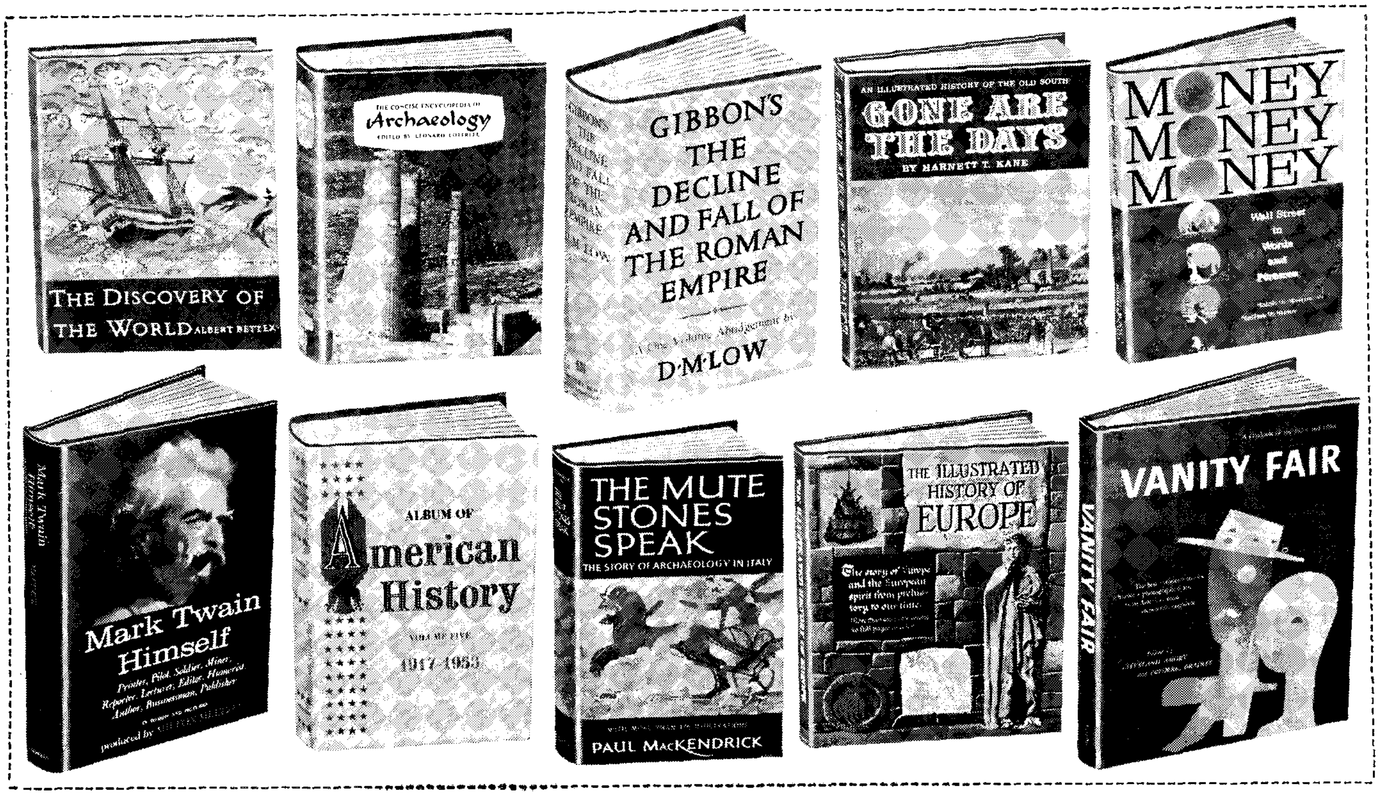
BACKGROUND AND FOREGROUND: An Anthology from the N. Y. Times Mag.
Ed.: Lester Markel. 60 articles from 3 de ades of the brilliant weekly. From the w dom of Einstein to the wit of Thurb Channel. $5.00

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY of t American Language. College Edition
Newest, biggest. Recommended by colleg universities. 142,000 entries, 1,760 pp 3,100 terms illus. World. Thumb index **$6.75;** leather gift ed., boxed $15.00

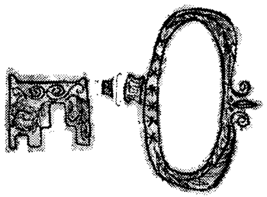
THE KINGDOMS OF CHRIST
Peter Bamm. Hundreds of pictures, many color, unfold the inspiring story of the f 1000 years of Christianity, derived fr ancient records, New Testament, new chaeological findings. McGraw-Hill $8.9

CHRISTMAS. An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art. Vol. 30
R. E. Haugan, Ed. The Christmas mess superbly expressed. Collector's item. 10 13¾". Augsburg. Paperbound gift ed. $1. cloth $3.50

Doubleday Book Shops . . . America's Most Complete Book and Record Service ■ *Where Artistic Interests Meet*


THE DISCOVERY OF THE WORLD ALBERT BETTEX
The Concise Encyclopedia of Archaeology
GIBBON'S THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
D·M·LOW
AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE OLD SOUTH
GONE ARE THE DAYS
BY HARNETT T. KANE
MONEY MONEY MONEY
Wall Street in Words and Pictures
Mark Twain Himself
ALBUM OF American History
VOLUME FIVE
1917-1953
THE MUTE STONES SPEAK
THE STORY OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN ITALY
PAUL MacKENDRICK
THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF EUROPE
VANITY FAIR

THE FASCINATING PAST



THE DISCOVERY OF THE WORLD. *Albert Bettex.* From Marco Polo to the conquest of Everest! 60,000 words, plus a collector's gallery of rare contemporary pictures. Simon & Schuster. After Christmas $22.50. Now $17.50

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ARCHAEOLOGY. *Ed.: Leonard Cottrell.* Lavishly produced. 48 experts reconstruct all of man's vanished civilizations in lively text, over 150 handsome photos, incl. 16 full-color pages. Hawthorn. $12.95

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. *Edward Gibbon. One-Vol. Abridge. by D. M. Low.* Magnificent. An eminent scholar presents a highly readable abridgement of a masterpiece of literature. 944 pps.; de luxe binding. Harcourt, Brace. $8.00

GONE ARE THE DAYS: An Illustrated History of the Old South. *Harnett T. Kane.* Over 400 lavish photos, text, bring alive the elegance, glamor and drama of a bygone era. Dutton. After Christmas $12.50. Now $10.00

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY. *Ralph G. Martin; Martin D. Stone.* Exceptional pictures, captions, enlightening text tell the Wall Street story in an entertaining manner. 224 pps., 9 x 12". Rand McNally. $7.50; de luxe $12.50

MARK TWAIN HIMSELF. *Milton Meltzer.* Large, lavish, collector's item. Over 500 illus. show *all* the Mark Twains . . . printer, river pilot, prospector, publisher. His best passages, pictures, many never published. Crowell. $10

order now, prices subject to change without notice.

ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY 1917-1953. *J. G. E. Hopkins & Florett Robinson.* A comprehensive record of the life-span of most mature Americans in pictures and crisp running text, continuing the splendid work begun by James Truslow Adams. Scribner's. $12.50

THE MUTE STONES SPEAK: The Story of Archaeology in Italy. *Prof. Paul MacKendrick.* From prehistoric Italy to Hadrian's Temple of Venus. "An exciting presentation of a fascinating subject." *N. Y. Times.* Over 175 illus. St. Martin's. $7.50

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF EUROPE. A panoramic history of Europe and the European spirit from prehistory to our own time. Over 650 photos, prints, paintings, incl. 40 full pages in color. 9½ x 12¼". Doubleday. $14.95

THE BEST OF VANITY FAIR. *Ed., Intro.: Cleveland Amory, Frederic Bradlee.* Cavalcade of the 1920s-30s: top articles, stories, features, poems from America's most memorable magazine. 500 illus., 8 color pps. Viking. $10.00

Doubleday

Doubleday Book Shops, Mail Order Dept.,
2 West 39th St., New York 18, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 8-5303

Please send me the following books and records:
(For records write "S" if you desire Stereo)

Quant.	Item	Price

Attach paper for additional items

Name ________
Address ________
City ________ Zone ____ State ________

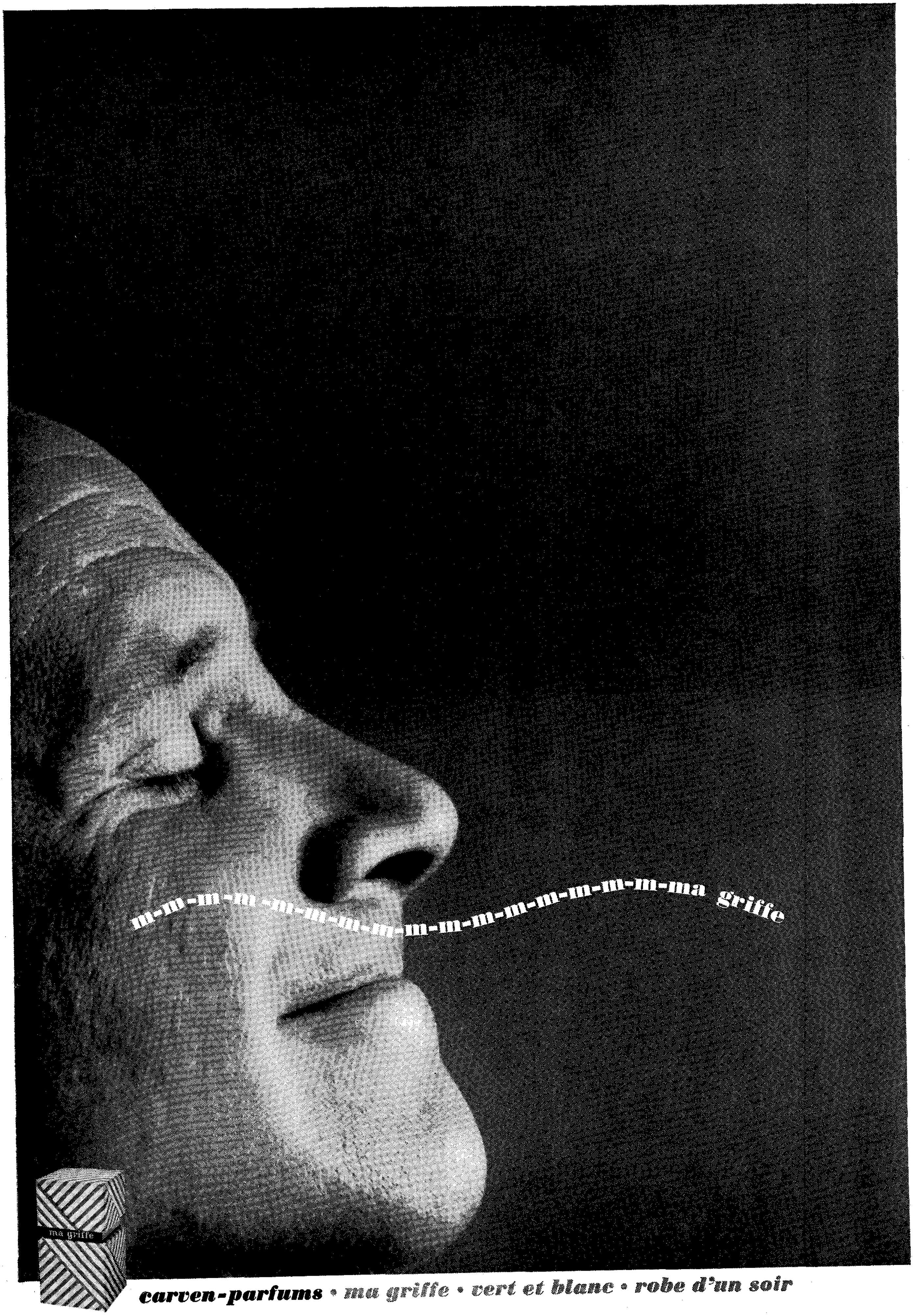
Please send the following, direct as gifts from me:

Quant.	Item	Price

Send to: ________
Address ________
City ________ Zone ____ State ________
Enclose card signed ________

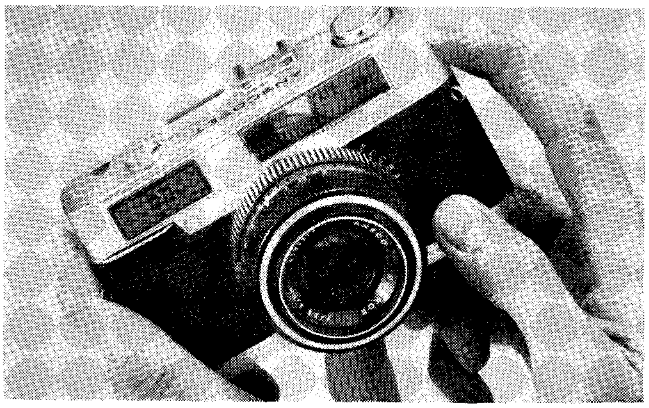
☐ charge my acct. ☐ gift-wrap free
☐ check encl. ☐ Diners' Club No. ________

Shipped free anywhere in U.S. On purchases under $4.95 add 25¢ mailing charge. Add 3% N. Y. tax for city delivery.


m-m-m-m -m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-ma griffe
ma griffe
carven-parfums • ma griffe • vert et blanc • robe d'un soir

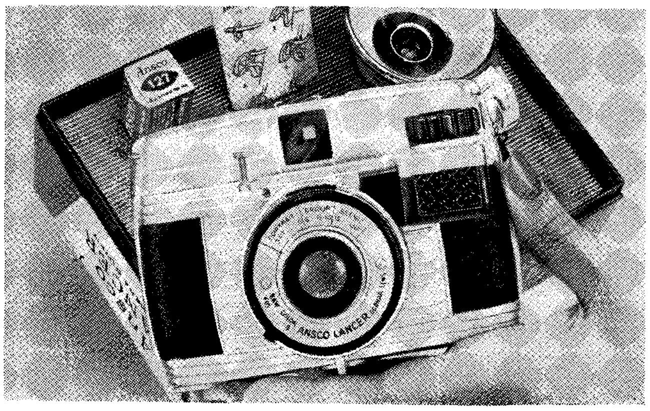
Ansco Guide to Christmas Giving

(Find the perfect photographic gift for everyone—on this page.)



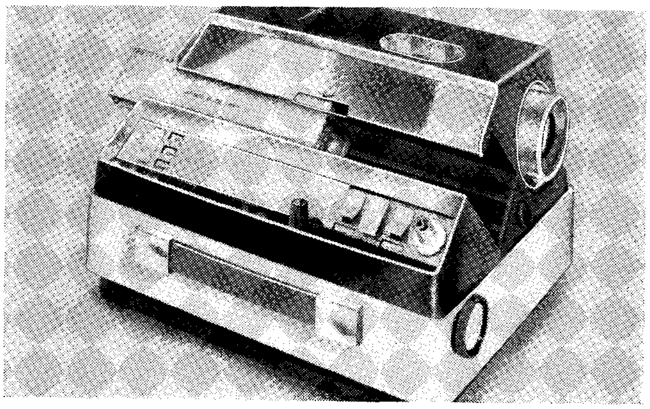
ANSCOSET **35mm Camera.** Ultra-sensitive photoelectric cell covers widest range of picture-taking conditions. Automatically selects the perfect shutter speed and opening. Coupled rangefinder-viewfinder, needle-sharp fast *f*/2.8 lens, speeds from 1/8 to 1/1000 second.

$69.95



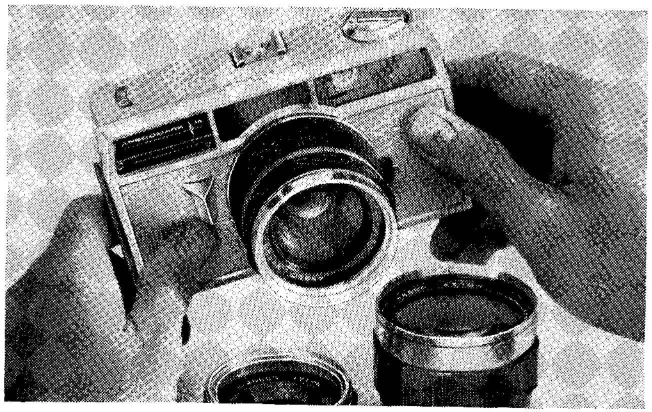
ANSCO LANCER®-LG **Camera.** Electric exposure meter tells you how to set for perfect exposures . . . even when to use flash! Takes 12 perfect black-and-white pictures or color slides on 127 film. Complete outfit with flash unit, film and flashbulbs.

$24.95



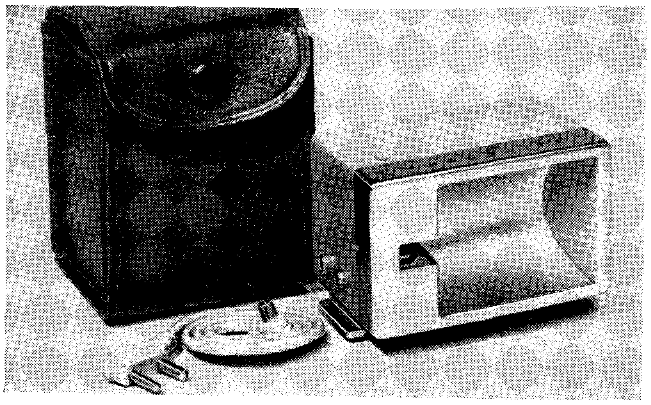
ANSCOMATIC **Projector** takes all popular size slides, and offers completely automatic operation on any 2″x2″ slide. Brilliant projection system gives brighter color on the screen. The Anscomatic Projector does everything automatically. Rated tops by experts.

$119.50



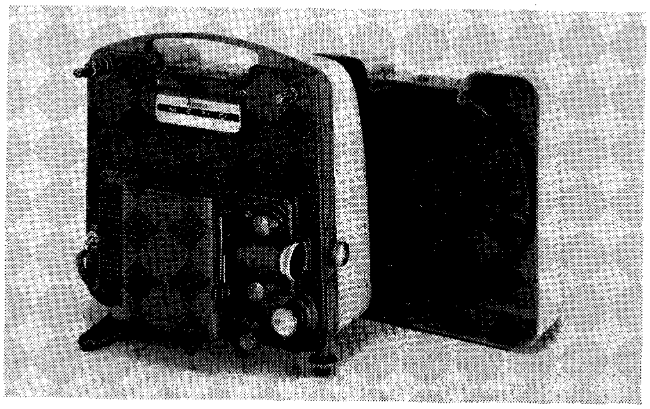
ANSCOMARK M® **35mm Camera.** Very latest in precision design. Automatic exposure meter couples to all its interchangeable lenses for perfect exposure. High-speed shutter from 1 to 1/500 second. Color-coded rangefinder-viewfinder, rapid-wind film advance lever.

$134.50



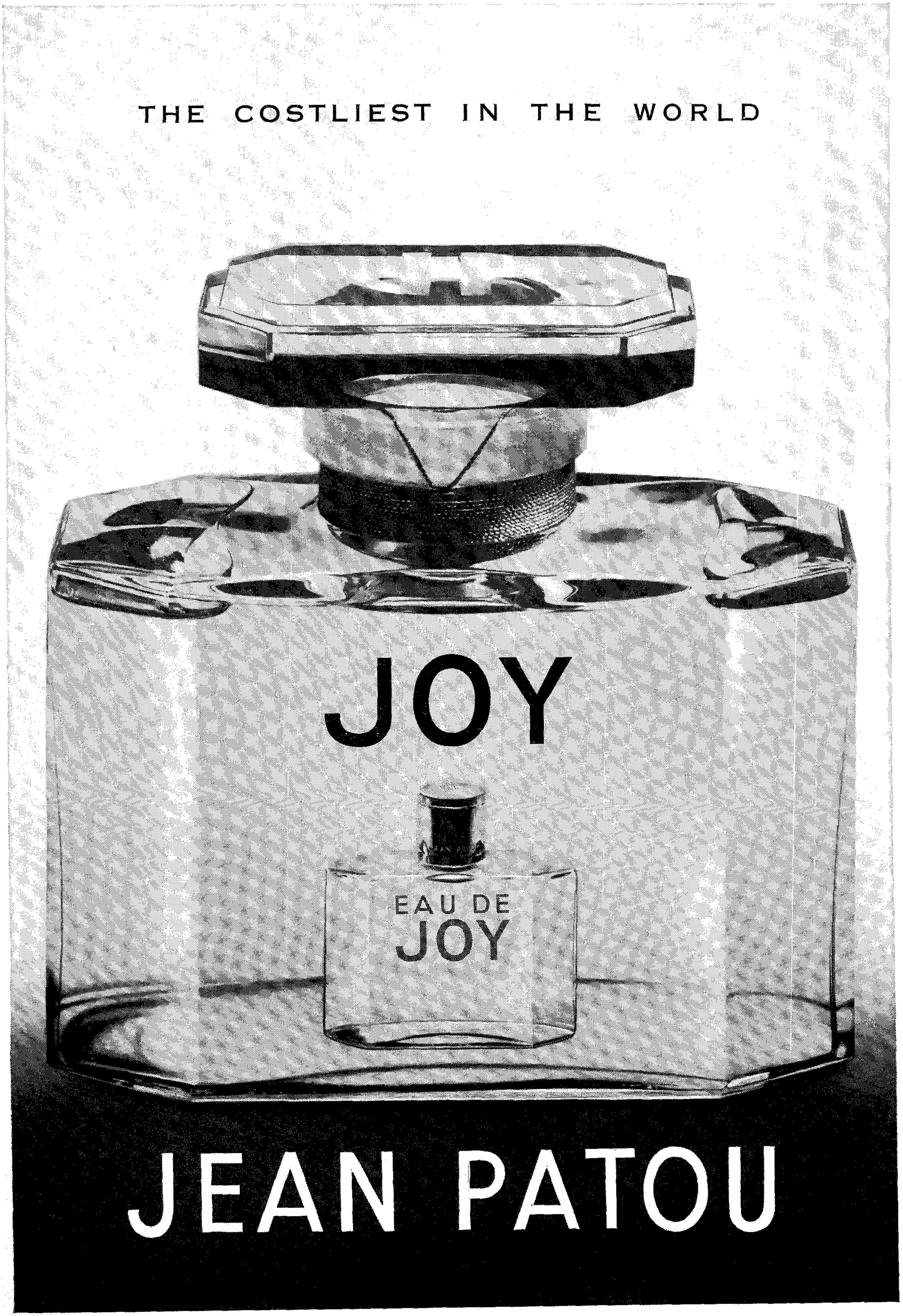
ANSCOLITE **Ultra-Compact Flash Unit.** Uses AG flashbulbs! No larger than a 35mm film carton yet fits standard accessory clip on all cameras. Powerful BC cartridge, built-in test light circuit, direct reading exposure calculator, with leather case. *Ansco, Binghamton, New York, A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.*

$6.95



MEMO 80® **8mm Projector** . . . whisper-quiet, super-brilliant . . . constant frame positioning keeps picture in optical center . . . 400-foot reel capacity (½ hour show) . . . extra-fast rewind . . . ultra-sharp ¾″ *f*/1.6 projection lens . . . precision sprocket drive . . . in self-contained case.

$64.95



THE COSTLIEST IN THE WORLD

JOY

EAU DE
JOY

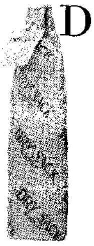
JEAN PATOU

Sharon Ritchie, former Miss America. Coat by Bonnie Casl

This Christmas bowl 'em over with Accessories by AMF

y Merry Christmas with years of bowling fun. Give a gift from the striking MF *Fashion Line* of Bowlers' Accessories. Available in a complete range of prices d styles, AMF *Fashion Line* Bowlers' Accessories make striking Christmas fts... are perfect to give... *perfect to get!* See them now at your "Magic Triangle" wling center! And buy from the man who knows your game... your friendly MF bowling proprietor.

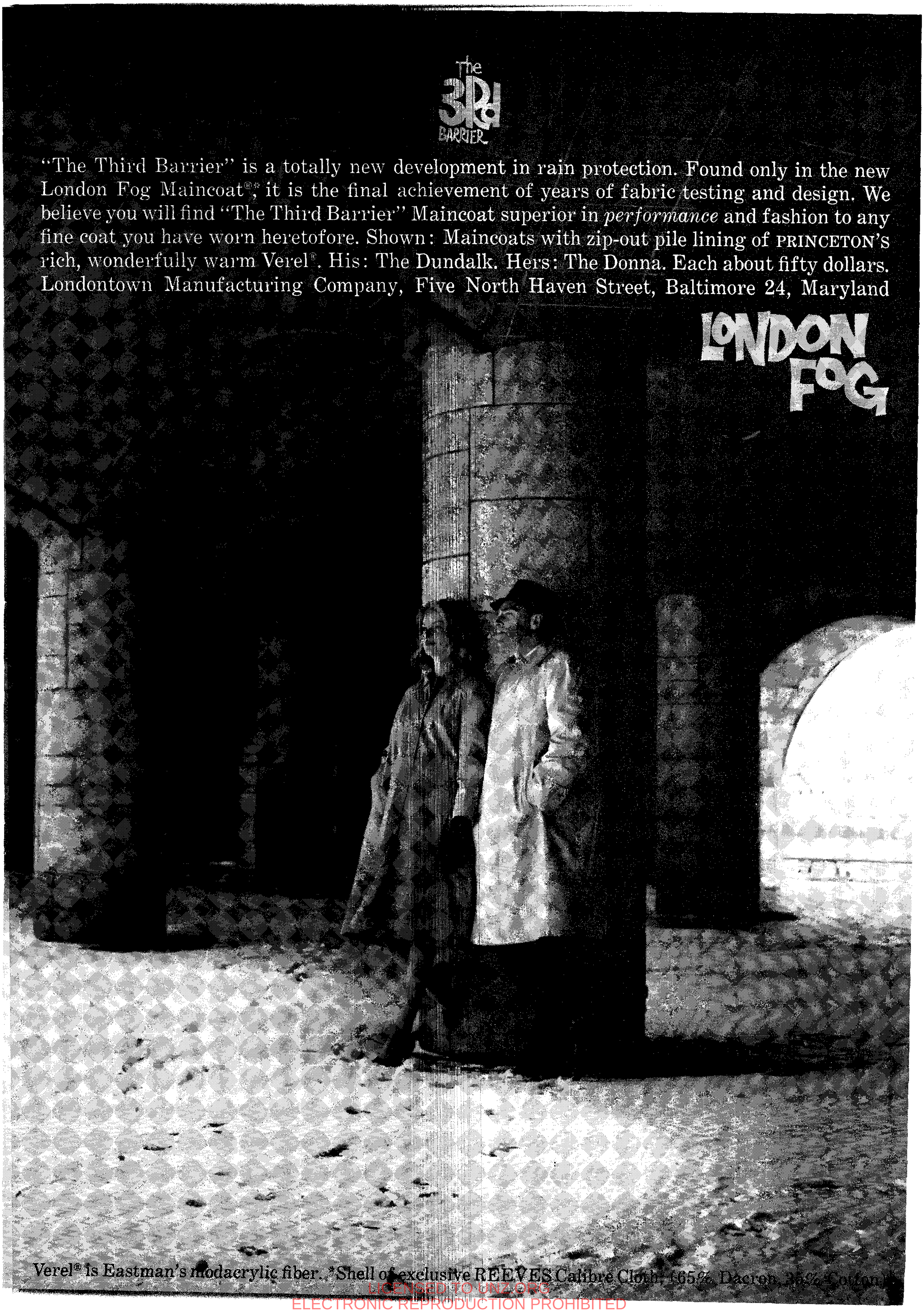
© AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY, 1960


DRY SACK
DRY SACK

Delightful at cocktail time…the superb nutty flavor of **DRY SACK®**

WILE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
DRY SACK
SHERRY
Produced Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD
LONDON, ENGLAND, & JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SPAIN

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S world-famous Spanish Sherry



The 3rd Barrier

"The Third Barrier" is a totally new development in rain protection. Found only in the new London Fog Maincoat®*, it is the final achievement of years of fabric testing and design. We believe you will find "The Third Barrier" Maincoat superior in *performance* and fashion to any fine coat you have worn heretofore. Shown: Maincoats with zip-out pile lining of PRINCETON'S rich, wonderfully warm Verel®. His: The Dundalk. Hers: The Donna. Each about fifty dollars. Londontown Manufacturing Company, Five North Haven Street, Baltimore 24, Maryland

LONDON FOG

Verel® is Eastman's modacrylic fiber. *Shell of exclusive REEVES Calibre Cloth (65% Dacron, 35% Cotton).

NOSTALGIA
Parfums Monteil
PARIS
NOSTALGIA
Parfums Monteil
PARIS
FRANCE
the most luxurious of French perfumes
MADE AND BOTTLED IN PARIS, FRANCE

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

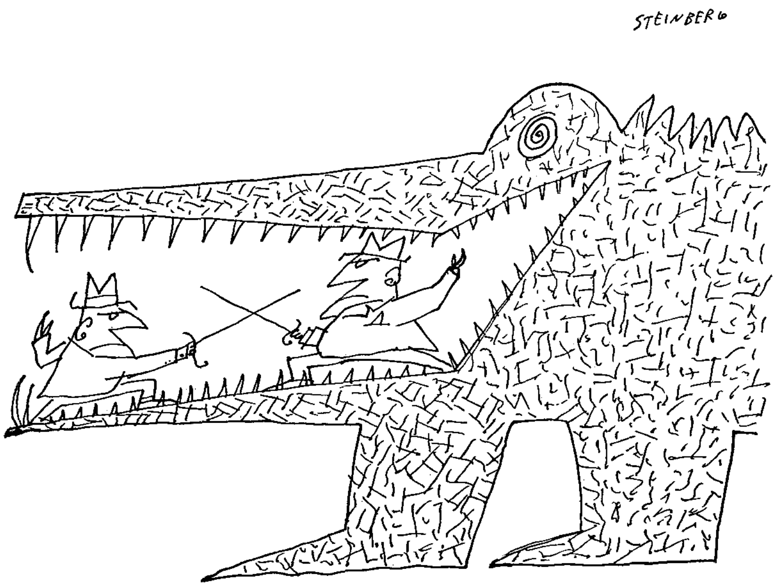
NEWSPAPER readers pick up their daily catalogue of villainies partly in the expectation—never completely dulled—of finding heroes, yet when heroes appear, the sea of print whisks them past us in such unexpected poses that we scarcely have time to recognize them. Last week, a man and a woman, the Reverend Lloyd A. Foreman and Mrs. James Gabrielle, were glimpsed in the act of escorting their daughters to a New Orleans elementary school. By the time these lines appear, both may have been removed from view by events making their heroism either unnecessary or hopeless, but at this moment there they still are, holding the hands of wide-eyed, white-faced little girls named Pamela and Yolanda, while behind them segregationist banshees—who look remarkably like the women in any supermarket in the country—scream obscenities and police grimly offer protection.

We have become familiar, callously familiar, perhaps, with the heroism of the Negro children who each autumn carry the tide of equal rights a little deeper into the South. There has been so much of it, and there is so much more to come. To be a Negro, James Baldwin has recently said, is to be "a fantasy in the mind of the republic." Living, as we do, a few miles from the most populous and horrendous Negro ghetto in the world, threading our life through a multitude of polite and unspoken segregations, we have not earned the right to sympathize fully with those Negro children, to suffer with them. We watch them helplessly from a distance, and, indeed, we are equally helpless in regard to Mr. Foreman and Mrs. Gabrielle; we have no more power than their abusive neighbors to lessen or increase by a step their stubborn walks to and from the William Frantz School.

Together, the two schools blasphemed by the presence of four small colored girls had a normal enrollment of a thousand pupils. This means, then, close to two thousand parents. Of those two thousand, how many sincerely believe that racial division is divinely ordained, how many think that it is circumstantially prudent, how many don't really care, how many think that it is wrong and would like to be brave, we do not know. One way or another, under the harsh and ingenious pressures that a community can apply, all have been chipped away, leaving, for us to see, two people—a Christian minister and an ex-Wac whose husband, she has told reporters, spent three years in a foxhole in New Guinea and wasn't going to let a mob of women tell him what to do. Out of two thousand, two. Strangely, it seems enough.

Bubble

THE assault on the air space of Grand Central Terminal, which used to be a fairly austere railroad station and is now a frowzy coagulation of doughnut joints and mockups of ranch houses not necessarily designed for living, continues relentlessly. The latest addition to the clutter turned up last week, and it was a formidable affair—a plastic sausage, painted blue and white, that occupied six hundred square feet of floor space smack in the middle of the concourse and had in its innards all the paraphernalia necessary for broadcasting a radio show. Through windows of clear plastic, passersby could see dimly what was going on inside the sausage, and when we came upon the thing the other morning we managed to discern a dozen people moving about the interior. Presently, we discovered that these were technicians, musicians, and drumbeaters associated with the Jack Sterling Show, a four-hour morning program that WCBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System's local station, has been airing indefatigably for more than a decade. Overcoming a touch of claustrophobia, we shouldered our way through a throng of onlookers and joined Sterling and his group in the plastic cocoon. Sterling was telling jokes at a microphone, a quintet of musicians were laughing heartily at his sallies, a couple of technicians were looking harried, and two wind machines were blowing enough air about to keep all



hands from expiring. "This is Jack Sterling, from the WCBS Bubble, in Grand Central," said Mr. Sterling into his microphone, and then, caught in the fitful breezes swirling around the Bubble, took a couple of therapeutic sniffs at a mentholated inhaler. While he was ministering to himself, the orchestra, which consisted of a piano, a bass, a guitar, a vibraphone, and a set of drums, broke into "I Love You."

At this point, we were taken in hand by a man who identified himself as Lou Frankel, the director of public information and audience promotion of WCBS and, furthermore, the dreamer who had made the Bubble possible. "What a gimmick!" he said. "What a gimmick! I saw this space and I got the notion of putting up a temporary studio. I didn't know much about these bubbles, but I did know you could house practically anything inside one of them. So I called up the Goodrich Tire Company, in Akron, because I thought the things were made out of rubber, and they gave me the name of Airshelters, Inc. Airshelters had to think a while before they would agree to make a bubble as small as this one, but they're young fellows, and they finally saw the publicity possibilities. Then we got a tie-in with the New Haven, which we mention on Jack's show, and finally I wrapped up the whole thing by telling Airshelters that WCBS would buy the Bubble if it worked out properly. Twenty-five hundred bucks is the price, and you know what it costs for an acoustical setup in a regular studio? Ten grand. The acoustics in this Bubble are so good they compare with the Mormon Tabernacle, in Salt Lake City, where you can drop a pin at one end and hear it at the other." Mr. Frankel paused for a moment, and then, striking his left palm with his right fist, exclaimed, "They used to rib me by calling this Frankel's Folly! Who's got the last laugh now?"

One of the technicians stood up and waved his arms at Mr. Frankel.

"We've got to keep quiet," said Mr. Frankel. "What did I tell you? It's just like the Mormon Tabernacle."

We thanked Mr. Frankel in a whisper and moved outside the Bubble. Drifting along, we came upon a mother and child peering in through a plastic window.

"Are they spacemen?" the child inquired.

"Don't be a dope," the mother replied.

"Is this television or radio?" a fellow-spectator asked us.

"Radio," we said.

"My God!" the fellow-spectator observed. "They do television on tape and radio live. Crazy?"

We agreed.

Departmentalized Waif

AT the Abraham & Straus branch store in Hempstead, a friend of ours was standing in a pre-Christmas line of customers in front of a service desk, and found that the proceedings were being delayed by an agitated salesman with a small boy in tow. "He's lost, he's lost," said the salesman, "and I can't find his mother. I told him we'd be sure to find her here."

"Calm down," said the lady at the service desk. "Lost children aren't 'Service.' Take him to 'Accommodations.' "

Hummingbirder

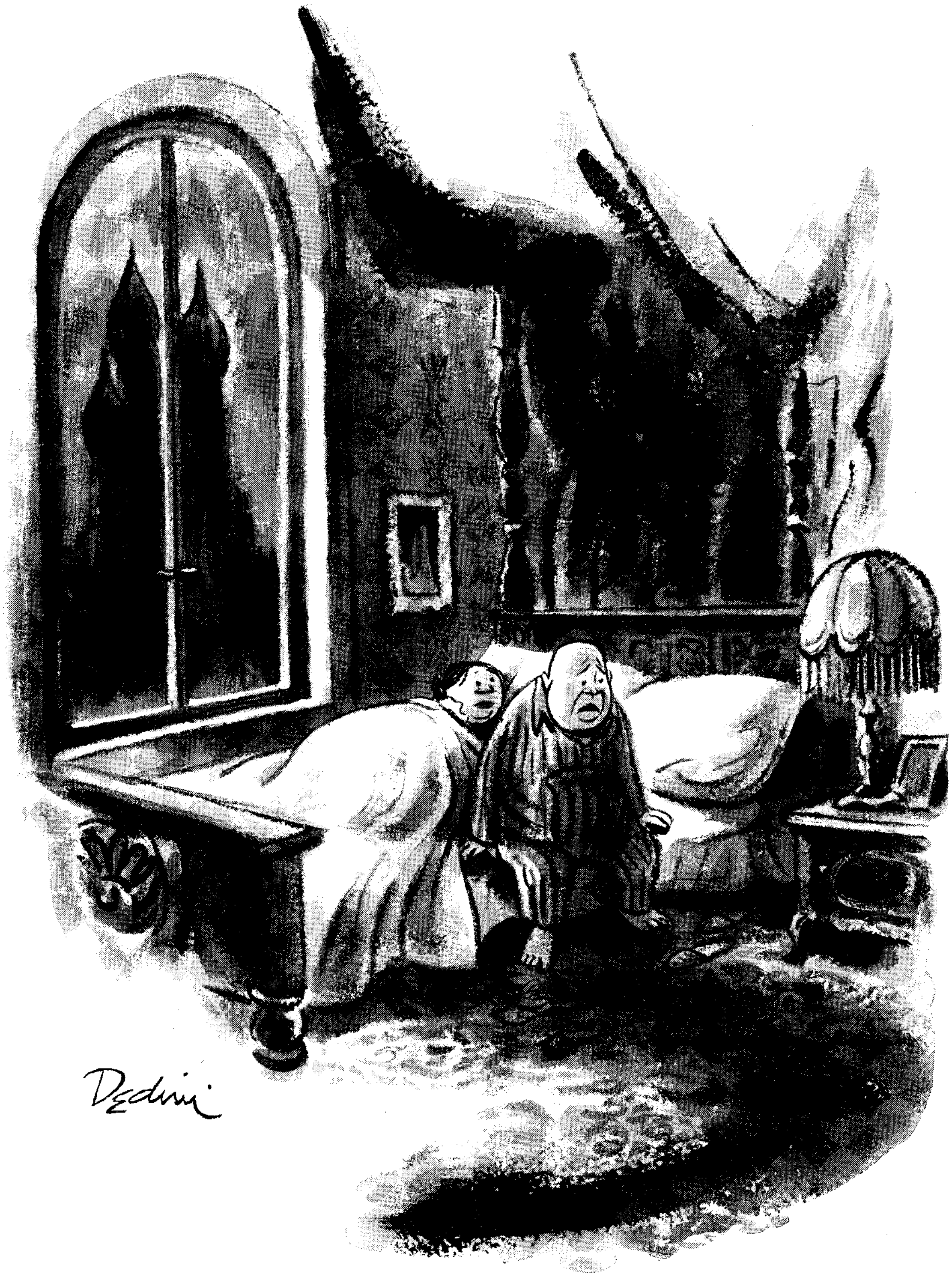
HUMMINGBIRDS, or Trochilidae, of which three hundred and nineteen species are known, weigh from two to twenty grams; fly—backward as well as forward—up to twenty-seven miles an hour; don't walk; seldom migrate; sleep as though drugged; take at least one bath a day; like red; build splendid nests, in which, almost invariably, two eggs are hatched; are fearless, pugnacious, inquisitive, and, for the most part, wildly polygamous; eat half their weight in sugar daily, with side dishes of insects and spiders, in fifty or sixty snacks consumed at ten- or fifteen-minute intervals; and, in many instances, (especially in the case of the male) bear iridescent colors in which greens tend to predominate and to which photographic justice can be done only by a camera equipped with an electronic flash that lasts thirty millionths of a second. Such justice never *had* been done until a few years ago, when Mr. Crawford H. Greenewalt—whose "Hummingbirds," an extraordinarily beautiful book containing seventy ultra-high-speed, full-color photographs, has just been published—began taking pictures of these birds. We met him at a coming-out party for "Hummingbirds," given by the Museum of Natural History, of which he is a trustee. He is also, in extra-ornithological life, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Mr. Alexander M. White, the Museum's president, whom we had joined in a snack of hot cheese canapés, with side dishes of cold shrimp and devilled egg, introduced us to the guest of honor, who proved to be a modest, soft-spoken man in his late fifties, and we contrived to detach him from a knot of Museum brass and maneuver him into a corner of the North American Mammal Hall Corridor, where we asked how he got started, trochilidically speaking.

"I couldn't have told a bird from a bee until I was fifty, or thereabouts," Mr. Greenewalt replied. "Then my wife put up a winter feeding station just outside our dressing room at our place near Wilmington, and we used to feed the birds as we dressed—titmice, chickadees, nuthatches, and so forth. Early in 1953, I began to photograph them in flight, and it worked very well. That summer, I tried photographing ruby-throated hummingbirds. In 1954, I asked the Museum people if they'd like to do a book on hummingbirds, with pictures and text by me, and they said yes. They were helpful, and they put me in touch with other helpful persons. I could give only bits and pieces of my time to the project, and the birds I needed to photograph were mostly in Brazil, Ecuador, Venezuela, and the Antilles, so the problem was to find people who were willing to do the leg-work before I got there. I made a dozen trips or so, but none of them lasted more than two weeks, and most were accomplished over weekends. Jean Delacour, the aviculturist, put me in touch with Dr. Etienne Béraut, a French pharmaceutical manufacturer who has a marvellous hummingbird aviary in Rio, and then William H. Phelps, Jr., who owns an ornithological museum in Caracas, invited my wife and me—she accompanied me on all the trips—to visit him in Venezuela. He set up feeding stations before our arrival, so we were greeted by hundreds of hummingbirds. Béraut had us meet a fabulous guy—Dr. Augusto Ruschi, director of the Museu Mello-Leitão, in Santa Teresa, where he has an aviary of over a hundred hummingbirds. We met Dr. Ruschi through a curious circumstance. Béraut's birds, at the time of one of our visits to him, had the pip—'champignon,' it's called—so he persuaded us to go to Santa Teresa. Ruschi speaks no English and I speak no Portuguese, and we communicated in very poor French, but I managed to induce him to collect birds for me in Brazil and Ecuador. He set up a makeshift aviary in Quito, and when I arrived there, all I had to do was photograph them. My gear, which was perfected a couple of years ago, included an electric eye. When you're photographing hummingbirds, there isn't enough time to trigger the camera manually. You scare the bird while it's feeding, by snapping your fingers. It backs up into the electric eye, and bingo!"

The distinguished trochilidist, who has startled about a hundred species of hummingbird into taking fifteen thousand pictures of themselves, is a trained chemical engineer and a councillor of the American Philosophical Society, before which, two or three years ago, he read a paper on the iridescence of guess what. He told us that on his trips he generally took along two hundred and fifty pounds of gear. "On a trip to Ecuador on which my wife and I were travelling tourist," he writes in his book, "the equipment, due to the vagaries of excess baggage charges, was travelling first class. When I suggested to the stewardess that I might have the free drink to which my baggage was entitled, she showed no sympathy. My baggage, it seemed, wasn't thirsty, or at least not vocally so, and my drink would be fifty cents, please!"

•

OVERHEARD at a recent dinner party: "If labor doesn't watch its step, capital will have nothing to do with it at all."



"Did I have a nightmare! I dreamt we got the first man on the moon, and then it turned out to be Bobby Kennedy."

• •

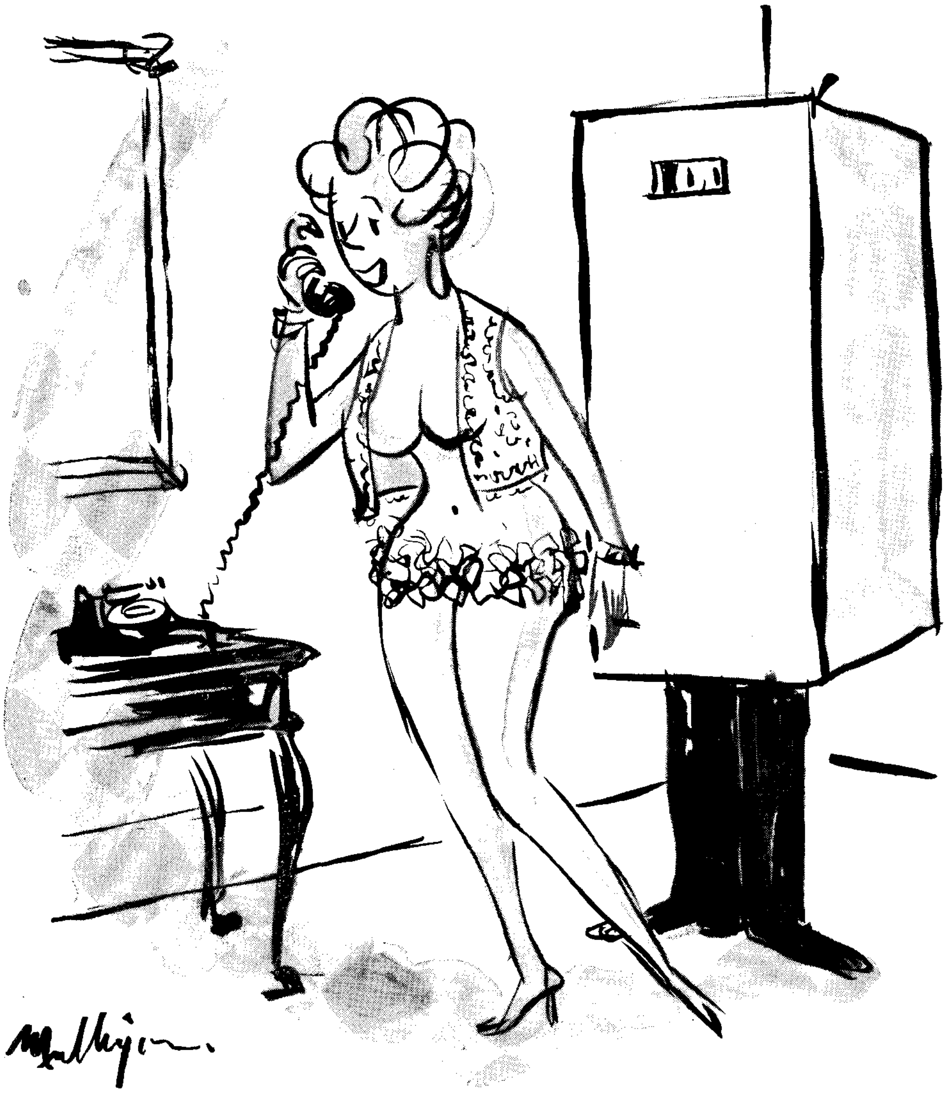
Nippy

WITH a north wind in our face and a ticket to the National Winter Sports Show in our pocket, we headed for the Coliseum last week to take in a preview of the latest in skiing equipment. We came away, some time later, with the feeling that life on the mountainside was getting to be a complicated affair and that we would do well to hole up in our apartment on winter weekends. This feeling had seized us in front of the key exhibit, that of the Ski-Dek Corporation, whose prop. and pres., Mr. Cyril Farny, informed us that it was his intention to bring the slopes to the skiers. The Ski-Dek is a sort of escalator without steps, covered with a white nylon carpet that looks rather like snow; it glides forever upward at some fifteen miles an hour, and if a skier comes down it at the same speed, he can make the most of what its manufacturers call the longest slope in the world. Mr. Farny anticipates setting up banks of Ski-Deks, like bowling alleys. "You can do anything on them," he said. "This nylon is the equivalent of packed powder snow. A Vermont ski instructor I know actually commutes to New York to use the Dek."

We declined a ride on the world's only interminable hill (at the moment, four Vermont ski instructors were whooshing down it, getting nowhere) in favor of visiting a fellow in the now outmoded business of bringing the skiers to the slopes. He had turned a Volkswagen bus into a ski lodge on wheels and was offering to drive anyone to any mountain in the East. A peek inside revealed that the ski lodge was crammed with a double-decker triple bed. A few paces farther on, we ran into a representative of the S.S.S., or Ski Serve System—a sort of souped-up A.A.A. for skiers. "We offer emergency road service, country-wide," he said, "and we have all kinds of benefits—a credit card, an emergency ski-breakage service, a free magazine, bail-bond and arrest-bond services." We trudged on, to meet a second mortal rival of both the mobile-ski-lodge man and the S.S.S. man. "Why travel miles for skiing when you can have it wherever there's snow and a hill?" this man whispered, tendering us a view of the Hill King, a portable ski tow, which was itself on skis.

We had a tough time finding any skis, but at last we came upon an alley with no fewer than three ski shops, soft-selling competitors all. At the Post Ski Shop, the proprietor said the ski for us was the Schwendener, the latest Swiss racing ski. Twenty-two pieces of laminated hickory had gone into its making; it had three grooves on the bottom and a ridge on top. The Davos Ski Shop, next door, tried to outfit us with a pair of Cortinas. The Cortina had only one groove—ample, the man said, for any ski—and, furthermore, it was the only ski in the world entirely encased in plastic. Best of all, the racing version was quite inflexible, unlike some skis he could mention but wouldn't. Next door, we found a sleek black Head Ski bent almost double in the grip of a powerful machine. "That's to demonstrate Head's flexibility," the salesman proclaimed. "The Head snakes down gullies and up bumps, unlike the less flexible variety, and the Head Vector actually has a layer of rubber inside to help it slither and to cut chatter as well." We were all in favor of that, we said.

We passed booths selling ski pants that stretched and socks that didn't; we came upon a member of the 1960 Austrian Olympic team hawking bindings, some designed to release your foot under lateral pressure and some under forward pressure, and some, for racers, that wouldn't let go under any pressure at all, short of a spiral fracture. Curiously, we found only one cake of ski wax at the exhibition—a graphite lozenge that, its owner assured us, was so slippery as to be positively dangerous. The Rheingold Beer Company was trying to convince all comers that beer was a winter drink, and the Ford Motor Company was doing its best to prove that no true skier would drive to the mountains in anything but a Thunderbird. For Thunderbirds, and all other cars, Barrecrafters was peddling a universal ski rack. "It fits on Isettas, Nobels, and Moskvitches," the Barrecrafters representative said proudly. "The only fit we can't guarantee is an OSCA, and that's because we can't find an OSCA to try it on." We inspected a watch for skiers—it had a St. Christopher's medal embedded in it—and then made the acquaintance of a young lady in stretch pants who was busily stirring a caldron of cheese fondue. She offered us a tongue-searing morsel, impaled on a fork, and while we puffed on it she explained that her dish was the rage in the Alps, where skiers sat up all night dipping fondue from a communal pot. Owing to a liberal dash of kirsch, she said, the practice was not insanitary.



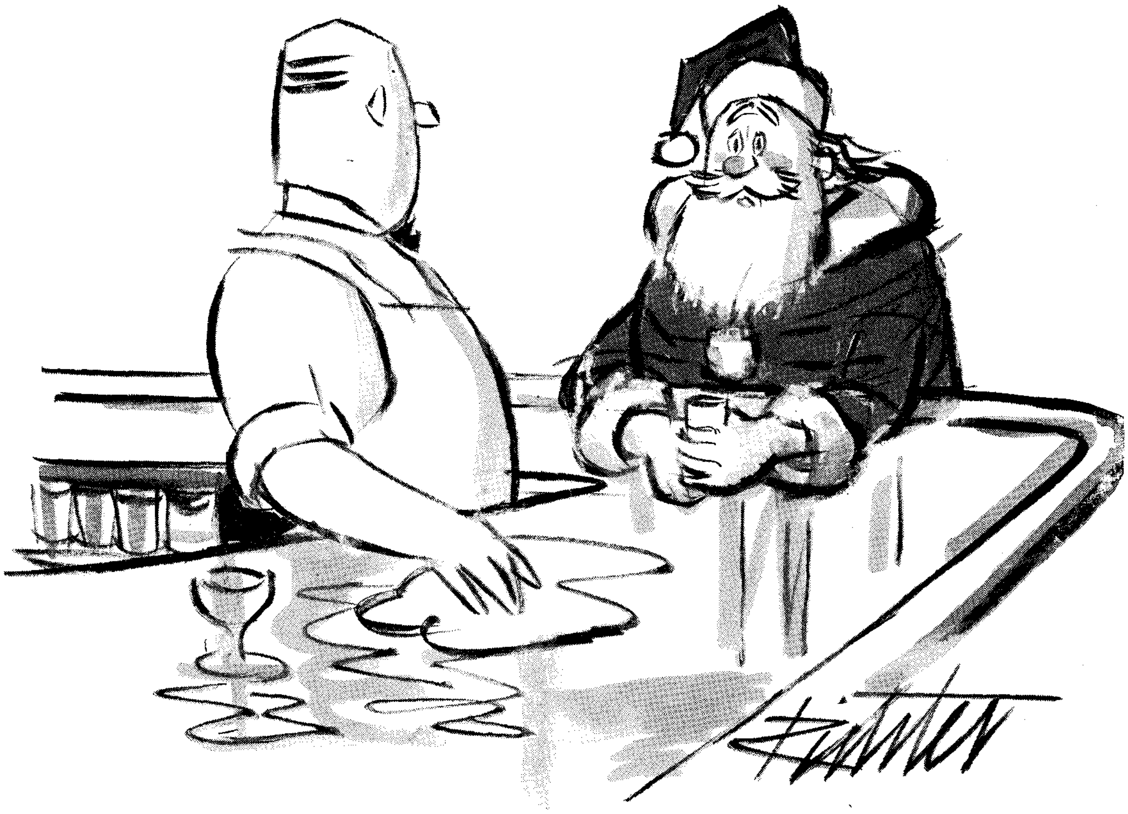
"We're just on our way. Ted's going as an introvert and I'm going as an extrovert."

•

GASTRONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE: The Stadium Restaurant, in Lexington, Kentucky, offers Kentucky Colonel Pizza as its house specialty.

Ionesco

WE had a chat the other day with Eugene Ionesco, the controversial Rumanian-born French playwright, many of whose works—"The Bald Soprano," "The Lesson," "The Chairs," "The Killer," and "The Shepherd's Chameleon"—have been given off Broadway, and who is now here, for the first time in his forty-seven years, for the production of his "Rhinoceros" *on* Broadway. Ionesco, a short, polite, serious man, was born in Bucharest, the only child of a lawyer who had married a French girl while studying in Paris. The son, too, studied in Paris—at the Sorbonne, where he took a Master's degree in literature—and subsequently worked in a publishing house there. "I wrote on the side, mostly fiction," he told us, at the Algonquin, "but I could get practically nothing published. Around 1948, I started writing plays, and these, too, were badly received, at least at first. The first one, 'The Bald Soprano,' has no subject; its characters, for no apparent reason, talk a mixture of clichés and absurdity. My idea was to satirize the ex-



"I want people to like me for myself."

• •

istence of people with no interior life. The critics accused me of snobbishness and avant-gardism, but after a few years the play became a *succès de rire un peu partout;* it was produced, often before working-class audiences, in Yugoslavia, Poland, and other countries. 'The Lesson,' which followed, is about a professor who is so unnerved by the incomprehension of his student, a girl, that he ends up by killing her; it's full of puns. In 'The Chairs,' two old people receive guests who are invisible; they are represented by fifty empty chairs, to which the hosts talk. In general, my plays deal with the problem of collective hysteria. I'm not against ideologies, but I'm against *idéologies fermées*, which keep men from thinking and preclude the possibility of having ideas. For example, one knows that Hitler was Fascist and that Castro is Communist, but the essential thing is that the two men resemble one another in that they fanaticize the world. Concepts of Right and Left mean nothing; it's the blind fanaticism that counts. It isn't what people think that is important but the reason they think what they think."

While we were thinking about *this*, M. Ionesco went on to say that "Rhinoceros," which he wrote in 1958, and which has been presented, with great popular success, in France, England, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Sweden, and Japan, portrays men who have become monsters. "The rhinoceros is an animal that goes straight to its goal, looking neither to the right nor to the left," he said. "It's curious that anyone can become a rhinoceros—people without culture as well as intellectuals. But the intellectuals are weaker and more prone to rhinocerosism than the common people. In Nazi Germany, for example, the intellectuals were the first to become rhinoceroses. The intellectual produces reasons for his fanaticism, which often conceal a profound irrationality. The possibility of the rhinoceros exists in each of us. I want the play's audiences to feel not that they are rhinoceroses but that, like Bérenger, the hero, they can resist this collective malady."

M. Ionesco, who lives in Paris with his Rumanian wife and their sixteen-year-old daughter, concluded his remarks on a further note of modified cheer. "It is indispensable for the Occidental world to have a good conscience," he said. "The French are masochists, the English are masochists, and although the Americans are more healthy, masochism and uncertainty prevail throughout the Occidental world, but the Western world should consider itself morally better than the East. It isn't a good world, but it's the least bad. It can often be wrong, but it mustn't think the others are always right. Patriotism is dangerous, but anti-patriotism is more dangerous. *Il faut retrouver enfin un certain patriotisme.*"

Checkup

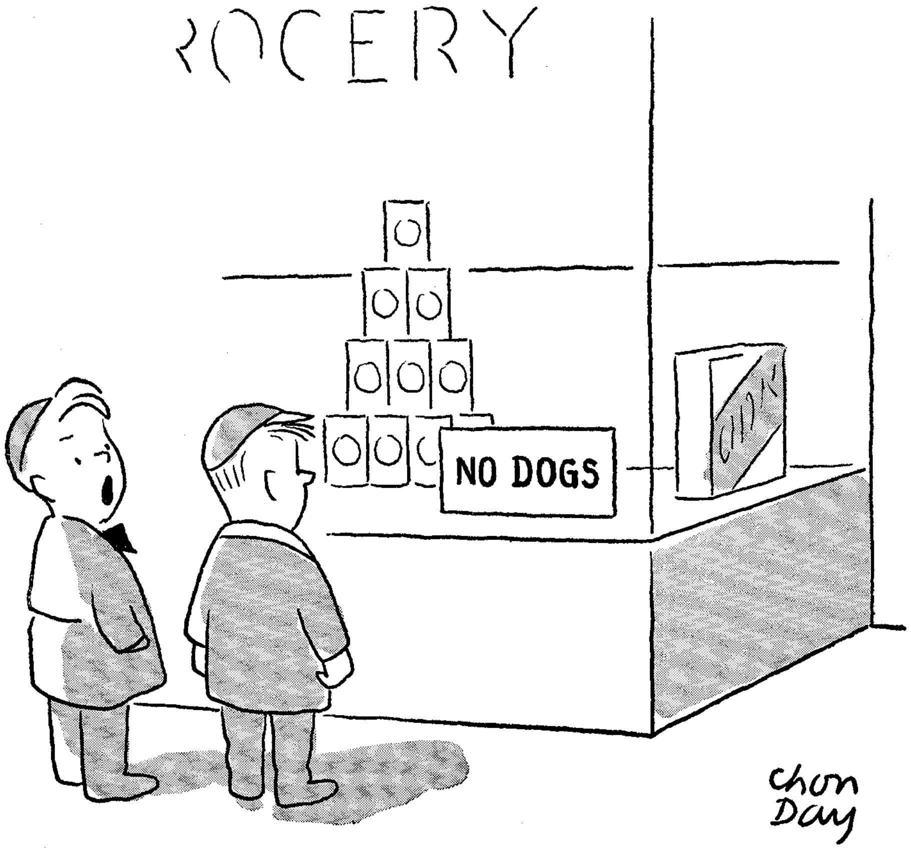
An inquisitive and somewhat skeptical friend of ours who extended his vacation, on Cape Cod, well past Labor Day tells us that in spite of his suspicions, the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad knows exactly what it's up to. Departing from West Barnstable in September, our friend observed (as all of us have done at out-of-the-way railroad stations at one time or another) that a cluster of empty freight cars was standing on a siding there, each a long way from home, and he went to the trouble of making a note of the identity of one car and taking steps to see that it got back where it belonged. He noted that this car was No. 25612 of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. When he reached his office, here in town, he first wrote a letter to the railroad company telling them where the car was. But then he had another thought. He had always wondered if the railroad companies knew where their freight cars were, so he threw that letter away and wrote a second one, telling the Chicago office of the railroad that *he* knew where No. 25612 was and would tell them if they would admit that *they* didn't know where it was. "The latest record we have of Freight Car 25612," an official of the railroad quietly replied, "covers its movement over our railroad last month. Loaded with lumber at Everett, Washington, the car was delivered to our railroad by the Northern Pacific at Minnesota Transfer on August 13th. We moved it to Delmar, Illinois, and delivered it to the New York Central at that point on August 17th. The lumber was destined for West Barnstable, Massachusetts, on the New Haven, and I assume Car 25612 is now waiting to be returned to us." Our man acknowledged the letter, telling the railroad that his confidence in it and in everything else in this country had been restored, and then told himself severely to stop fooling around and get to work.

THE MAGIC LANTERN

ONE Sunday not long ago, after a late breakfast, while the smell of toast still hung like a blessing in the air, I went to my room to put my image on. Not that I was aware that I was doing so, but there I was, in less than half an hour, the image of a shaved, combed man dressed in slightly baggy slacks and a weathered jacket, no fashion plate, to be sure, but still not precisely seedy, not old, not young, not tall, not short—an intermediate man, prepared to enjoy his leisure by taking a stroll in comfortable clothes on a fine fall Sunday. And if I was not aware, at the moment, that I had taken on an image, at least I had been suspecting for some time that I needed one. The word "image" skulks all around us, nowadays—in the newspapers, on the air, issuing from friend, advertisement, and stranger—and I could no longer shun the conclusion that an image is the one thing that all of us must have.

And what an autumn it has been for the *projecting* of images! God's teeth! Back in September, the busy statesmen came and projected image after image. Halloween, too, came and went, and so did an election. Goblins, new broomsticks, improbable faces, tricks and treats. An image is no good unless you project it. True, there was peripheral talk of images unprojected and better so. George Washington, the *Tribune* noted, might have had no picnic running for President today; his face was a makeup man's nightmare, full of pocks. Thomas Jefferson's hands and feet were much too big for him—an asymmetrical image. James Madison was five feet four, and a hundred pounds—a scanty one. Who could have dreamed they would name an avenue for *him*? But, on the whole, the projectors of images seemed to have things in hand. Some margarine people even projected a non-image on television. It was butter, and they spoke of it anonymously, absent-mindedly, as "the—what do they call it?—the seventy-cent spread."

So I put on my hat that afternoon, and set out for a walk, considering what my image ought to be. Certainly it was not a thing to be left to chance. From what I had gathered, one made a sampling and then conceived an image, created it, established it, enlarged it, firmed it, improved it, *maximized* it (one has to do so many things with an image!), and off, projected, it went. Communicated. I was walking south toward Washington Square. The sun was high, but the breeze was cool in the shadows. On Fourteenth Street, I passed a lonely chestnut vender, a twisted man in a brown coat, rubbing his brown hands in the smoke from his cart and looking disgusted—a man who clearly viewed life as a whole with aversion. I thought that *he* could do with a better, brighter image. Sales would climb. But then I reflected that to find a good image and work it up might be something you couldn't do on just any stray Sunday.

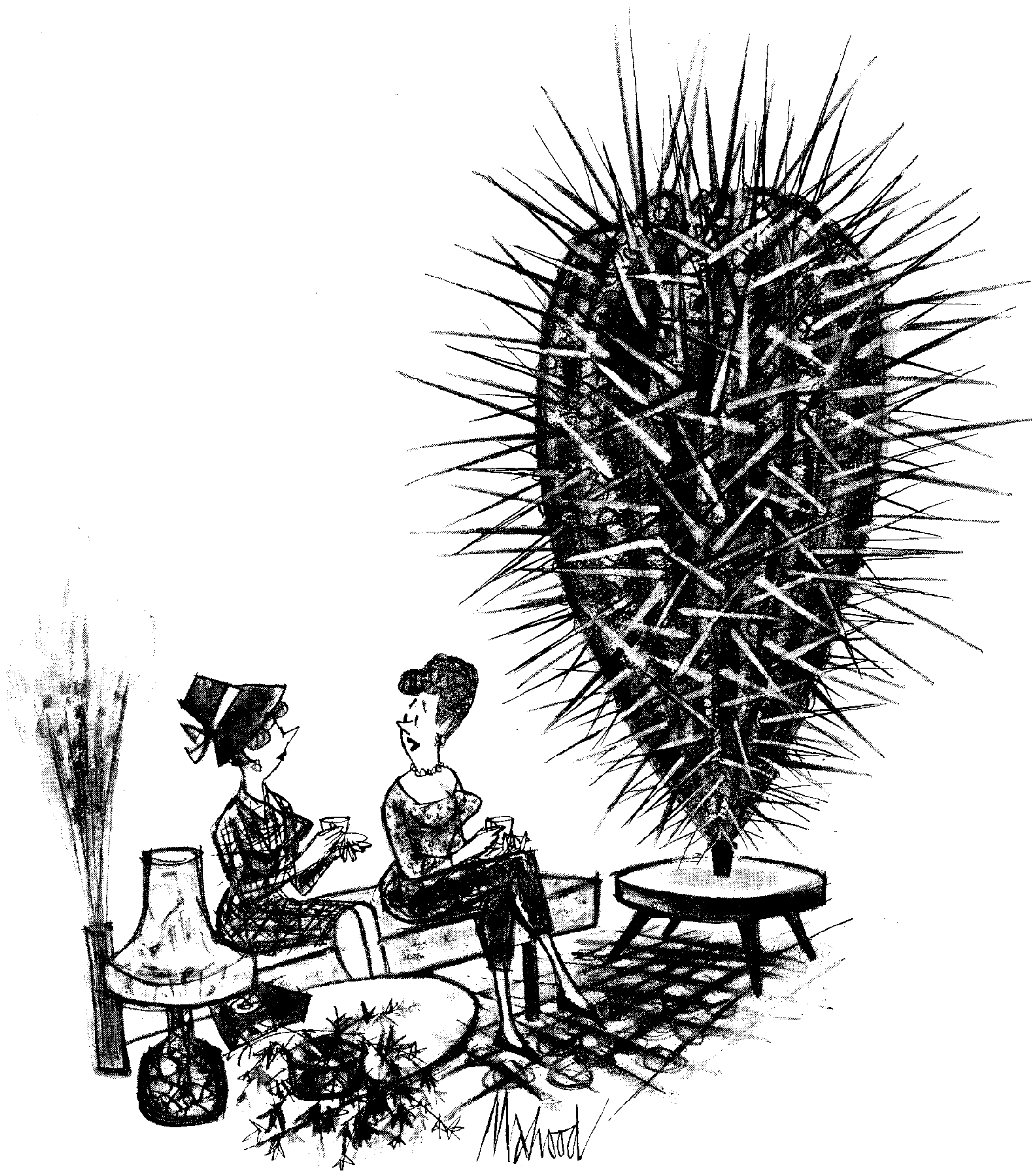


"It says 'No cats.'"

Of course, people have always made images of themselves (I thought, crossing the street, sniffing the smoke of the chestnuts over my shoulder), but it used to seem simpler. You didn't go through so much. You just acted as if you were what you wished you were, and hoped for the best. Sometimes it worked, sometimes not.

As a sample, in college I knew a girl who wanted to be an image of worldliness. This was toward the end of prohibition. She was a dark girl with a tense, long-legged stride. She hung out in the campus bookstore, and smoked through a holder, in the shape of a tiny green snake, which she was always flicking here and there, to one side of her or the other, patting it with her forefinger and scattering ashes and *dégagé* remarks. She wore a leopard coat, which may have contributed to the report that she was a tiger woman. She was seldom around on Saturday night, when everyone else went to dances, but on Monday she would be back at the store, patting the snake and talking about cocktail parties. I don't think she was a tiger woman, or even a tiger girl. I think nobody saw her at dances because nobody asked her to them. Most boys were scared of her. If they drank, they drank out of bottles or flasks. Few of them knew quite what a cocktail was, but neither did she. In the end, that cracked her image. She overprojected. She borrowed someone's minuscule flat and invited the bookstore crowd to a cocktail party. When the respectful guests had gathered, she went to the kitchen, poured gin, grape juice, and ginger ale into a big cocktail shaker, and returned shaking it with practiced vigor, the snake between her teeth, and the mixture blew the top off the shaker and stippled the guests deep purple. She never entirely recovered her aplomb. I don't suppose she knew, precisely, that she was trying to project an image, and in fact she may only have been trying to get to a dance. But plainly she did have an image. She conceived it and enlarged it, but she didn't firm it right, and I resolved, as I came to Twelfth Street and University Place, that I would not fall into her error.

I turned west on Twelfth. Other images from other days swam back and forth in my head. One was an image



"*It needs repotting, but somehow I keep putting it off.*"

• •

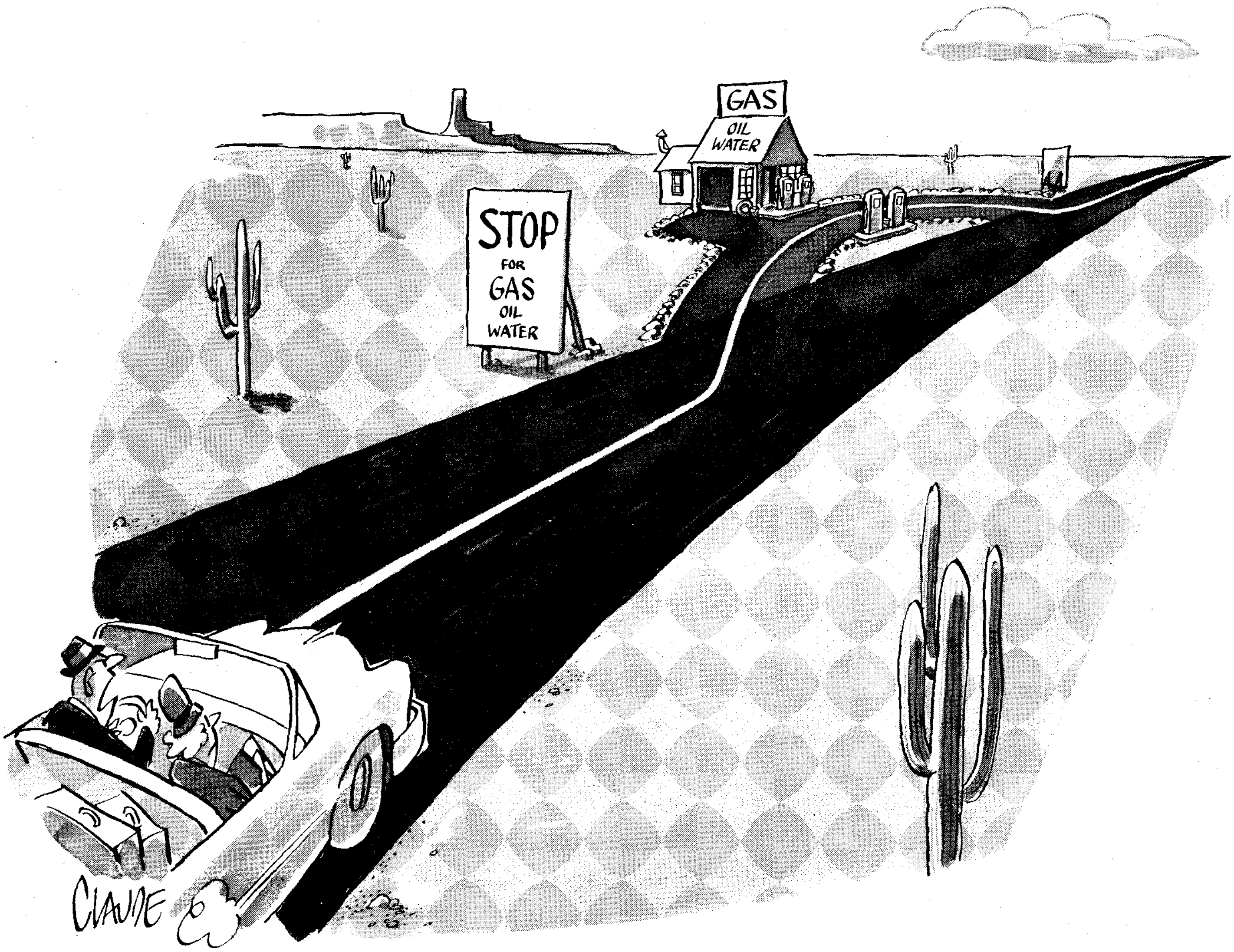
taken on by a haunted actor. He was haunted by the Count of Monte Cristo. He came from West Virginia, and he made a fair living out of just being ugly—a sober, gentle, thrifty man, with a face that was in demand for small criminal parts in modest plays. What he wanted more than anything else in the world was to take his adaptation of "Monte Cristo" on the road. He was wild to be James O'Neill. The road was languishing, and he believed that the time had come for him to save it. However, he knew that his face would never do. He took what money he had saved, disappeared for a long time, and came back with his face rebuilt. He got pretty good parts at first—at least, he was hired for them—but he also kept being let go. The trouble was, his face wouldn't cross the footlights. Nothing discernible happened in it; it hadn't been broken in. He hadn't lived in it long enough to refine it and communicate it. I lost track of him after a while. I was told he had gone home to West Virginia. Perhaps. He was very perplexed. All I know is he disappeared, and no new Monte Cristo took to the road.

I remembered also a girl who married very young, to the intense titillation of her friends. She was a round, soft, funny girl full of robust jokes and a popping wit—the humorist of her circle, which considered itself adult. This meant that it felt obliged to make adult quips about brides, but it found that it was doing so to no purpose. The bride's roundness grew matronly as the ring went on her finger. She became, on the instant, the image of corseted dignity. The married lady could understand no robust jokes for the life of her. Innuendo was quite beyond her. She established the image resolutely, and maximized it thereafter, but she lost her status with the group, which is not at all what an image is meant to do.

I CAME to Fifth Avenue and turned south toward the Square, worrying. These were images, all right, but what help were they to me? They were scarcely the kind of images I was looking for. They belonged to people who wanted to *be* some way or other. *I* wanted to *seem*. After all, without an image I was only I, walking around on a Sunday afternoon. That was no image. Or was it? I thought that I ought to make another sampling. I began to look about me, and there were images on all sides. At the corner of Eleventh Street was a blind beggar with a tin cup. As I passed, I saw a tall man in a camel's-hair coat drop a penny into the cup. Image of charity. The blind man blessed him. The donor saw me watching, and scowled at me. At Tenth Street, an image of two lovers in blue jeans stood paralyzed by a kiss. I tried not to seem to notice, but they were more or less in the way. They parted as I circled them, and reproached me with forgiving eyes. Maybe I had projected a starchy, prudish image. I, in my carefree, rumpled slacks and all but rakish jacket!

At Eighth Street, a thin-faced woman strode across my path heading east. Her lips were set. She wore a dark-red beret with a big silver brooch on the front of it, tawny corduroy trousers, a faded trench coat, and a somehow warlike squint. Field-Marshal Montgomery. She may not have meant to project him, but she did.

At Waverly Place, a chubby elderly man wearing a long green muffler came toward me bouncing gently on his toes. His hair stood up all over his head, and his hat rode it dangerously, like a skiff in a gray surf. He looked at me. I do not say he twinkled, but the word did come to mind, along with the thought



"Just when one has begun to forget about payola, it hits you smack in the face again!"

• • •

that it might also have occurred to him. He was carrying four or five books and a bunch of mixed flowers, and he looked like a metropolitan gnome—a man who would like to be on a Christmas card. I thought he must have a firm Dickensian image of himself, and I had no doubt that he saw in me, and my indifference to dress, a bookish fellow who would spot it.

Coming out of the Square was a tiny man with a pair of Great Danes. They were leading him. He was putting up a good fight, though—checking them imperiously when they surged too fast, looking grim, looking as powerful as possible, barking at them. His voice was deep and explosive. He himself was predominantly pink—pink face, pink hair, small waxed pink mustache. He wore a Tyrolian hat and carried a riding crop. He seemed to think he knew me, for he nodded as he swept past. "Great!" he said. "Great! Absolutely!" Then he was gone.

Gone where? To some sprawling, turreted house where he was—well, master? Groom? But where was there a sprawling, turreted house around the Village? Perhaps he was bound for some enormous apartment, the urban equivalent, where he lived with his two huge dogs. One could see them lying like statues on either side of him as he sat before his fire sipping brandy, cracking nuts, admiring his image. On the other hand, perhaps he lived cooped up in a couple of rooms, dogs and all, too poor to afford his image anywhere but out-of-doors. I tried to think what could have been great, absolutely. The day? Himself? The dogs? Me? If he thought he knew me (and supposed that I would know what it was he felt was great), just whom did he think he knew? What image did he see passing?

For that matter, I was beginning to wonder what images some other people had seen. If the chestnut vender had seen a prospective client who passed him by, then maybe he was viewing *me*, not just life as a whole, with aversion. The man in the camel's-hair coat might have seen a censorious image, or a prying one. And what, after all, had *I* seen, looking at him? Perhaps it was his habit of years to give all his pennies to beggars. That could mount up. It occurred to me that the bouncing gnome might not dream that he belonged in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Very likely he saw himself as a serious, cerebral man; very likely he had more astigmatism than twinkle. It was possible that only I had seen the images I had seen. How was I sure that they were the ones their projectors meant to project?

The sun had gone behind the Judson Memorial Church. Washington Square was cold. The folk singers (images borrowed from old grazing lands, and from mountains the singers had not climbed) were packing away their guitars and going home. I was beginning to think I was out on a wild-goose chase. How could I possibly create a dependable image, badly as I might need one to be in the swim? Suddenly I remembered all my dozen-odd middle initials. As it happens, I really have none—not a single one—but people keep trying to give them to me. Lately I got a note from an old friend. He had never before written my name with a middle initial, but now he supplied me with "M." Well, I thought, who am I? Matthew? And if I am, how does he feel about *him*? Matthew would certainly never resemble, say, Marshall. Am I Marshall? Is he nice?

I left the Square and walked back up Fifth Avenue, reflecting that the one who sees the image is, of course, the one who creates it. He makes it up to suit himself, depending on the color of the sky, the weather of his childhood, and the side of the bed he got out of in the morning, and it is never exactly the one that was projected. A change has come over it. It has gone through a lens; it is seen in his special light.

Something about all this was remotely familiar. It had to do with the very idea of projection, and, walking east on Fourteenth Street (where I was hoping I could buy some roasted chestnuts), I got it. When I was a child, I had a magic lantern. I loved it. I liked most of the pictures it projected, though I saw them in my own way. I had a few sets of slides called "Wonders of Nature," "Little Folks," "Scenes of American Life"—things like that. One scene of American life showed a whale upsetting a boatload of frenzied men. They were New Englanders, but not in my book. The whale, I knew, was out to swallow the harpooner, who was flying through the air. The harpooner was Jonah. He still is. In another slide, Little Folks were frolicking in snow. One of them was washing another's face in it. To some, this might look jolly, but it wasn't. The one being washed was going to catch a cold. He would be put to bed and have his temperature taken. He would have to eat junket. The snow—all snow—would melt. I never cared much for that slide. There was also Captain John Smith. I was jealous of him, for I was in love with Pocahontas, who was beautiful. I refused to believe that she was pleading for him. She wanted me. But, after all, the supply of slides was limited, and I soon got to know them too well. What never did cease to entrance me was something else: When you put a picture into a magic lantern right side up, it never fails to get itself projected upside down. —Robert Henderson

THE SOMERSET DAM FOR SUPPER

She tells us an interminable story, from television,
Through the fried potatoes, hamburg, and coleslaw. She is five.
She uses her mother's voice, voices and names from school life,
To be the only one talking. Her mother watches me for signs of impatience.
I am her father, I conceal my impatience, and for his own good
Silence her brother, restless at monologue not his own. He is nine.
It ends with only bread left, coffee coming for the grownups.

I begin the true story of the long trip to Somerset Dam in 1912
With my father, by train from North Cambridge to Hoosac Tunnel,
By narrow-gauge to Mountain Mills where log booms filled a sawmill lake,
By gas car to the bunkhouse end of the line. A berry-eating bear
Plunged into the bushes along the tracks. Excitement. A real bear?
A real bear. What color? Brown, I say, but didn't really see.
I am the only one talking, and tell them now about the flat-bed wagon
To the engineers' house at the base of the big earth dam.
He and she and their mother never heard this story. I have more.

But he runs to my desk, brings back a photograph of the dam;
Maybe his grandfather's boy, I think, as he turns my table story
Into an explanation of the dam's construction, the borrow pits,
The dump cars on the bare log trestles. I begin again,
Remembering when my father took me, and my sister and brother,
To see the steam shovels at the east borrow pit. A shouted
Warning, we ducked behind a small rock and a forked birch,
And Boom, and Roar, went the dynamite,
Rock raining all around us, but no one hit.
He likes this part. He is nine.

My father was chief engineer—and important, I knew, when the foreman,
Helmeted and scared, came running to see if he had killed any of us.
But we shouldn't have been there, and my father couldn't be angry.
Later my mother said, "What were you thinking of, taking the children there?"
He had no excuse for that, either. This part is for my wife.
I have more story, but no more dynamite. Time for ice cream.

Our son's unusual silence has earned him his turn now.
He begins a riddle, anything to be talking: There were seven pine trees—
His sister says, "Acorns!," and he storms out of the room; the giveaway
Ruins it. We all call at once to come back, shut up, sit down, stop crying.
The ice cream is brought. He comes back, gets a grip on himself, starts again.
I try to multiply seven pine trees times seven branches times seven
Twigs on each, times seven acorns on each twig, and can't.
None, is the answer. Now he has the center of attention. Climax.

Time to clear the supper table. The first storyteller
Feels it has been too long since her performance, wants to repeat,
But we carry away dishes, and in the kitchen my wife
Washes the glass of the framed photograph of Somerset Dam, 1912
(My father's square lettering in Higgins' Black Ink for draughtsmen),
And I hang it under a shelf there. None of them knows it,
But I intend to tell about the berry-eating bear and the dynamite
Again tomorrow, and go on from there.
It's a long story,
As I think of the fisherman who, pulling a trout from the river,
Snagged a low-flying young hawk for a double catch,
And the morning ritual of rain gauge and thermometer,
And the half-Indian cook who came with a knife to collect
What he'd won playing cards with our cook.
I'll outtalk them.
I'm the father, and at fifty-six I know more, that's all.

—John Holmes

A BIRTHDAY IN LONDON

Mr. Lumbik was the first guest to arrive, rather too early. He had a big bunch of flowers in tissue paper, and wore a tweed jacket with leather buttons, which gave him a jaunty air. "A happy birthday, and so many of them," he said to Sonia, bending over her hand to kiss it with that special tender air he had adopted toward her.

Sonia was flustered by his early arrival, by the flowers, by the tender air, which she never knew how to deal with. She blushed, and this made her seem like a lovely young girl receiving her first suitor. "Mr. Lumbik," she said, "you shouldn't. An old woman like me has no birthdays."

"Ow, ow!" he cried, clutching his ears, which stood away from his head so that the light shone through them. "They are hurting, hearing you speak such things!"

She laughed, all young and gay. "You and your jokes. You should be ashamed, Mr. Lumbik."

"One little birthday favor," he begged, holding up one modest finger. "Just one little little favor from the birthday child."

She again became somewhat agitated, and turned away to look out of the window and down into the street, where a line of double-decker buses were swaying their way up to the West End. She hoped Mr. Lumbik wasn't going to ask for a kiss, though that was what she rather expected. She didn't want to kiss him at all—not even to bend down and peck at his cheek, which was never shaved well enough for her liking.

"Not 'Mr. Lumbik,'" he begged. "Not ever again 'Mr. Lumbik.' 'Karl.'" He put his head to one side and looked up at her pleadingly out of pale, aging small eyes. "All right? 'Karl'? Such a nice name."

She didn't reply. Instead, she went out across the hall and into the kitchen to fetch the *Apfelstrudel*. Mr. Lumbik followed her on his soft crêpe soles. He didn't press for an answer. He prided himself on his knowledge of women, and Sonia was the type one had to proceed with gently and tactfully, for she was of very good family and had had a romantic upbringing.

"Now I have a surprise for you," he said, following her back into her room and watching her as she lovingly placed the *Apfelstrudel* on the table laid for the birthday party. "You will be pleased to learn from me that now they have granted me my British citizenship."

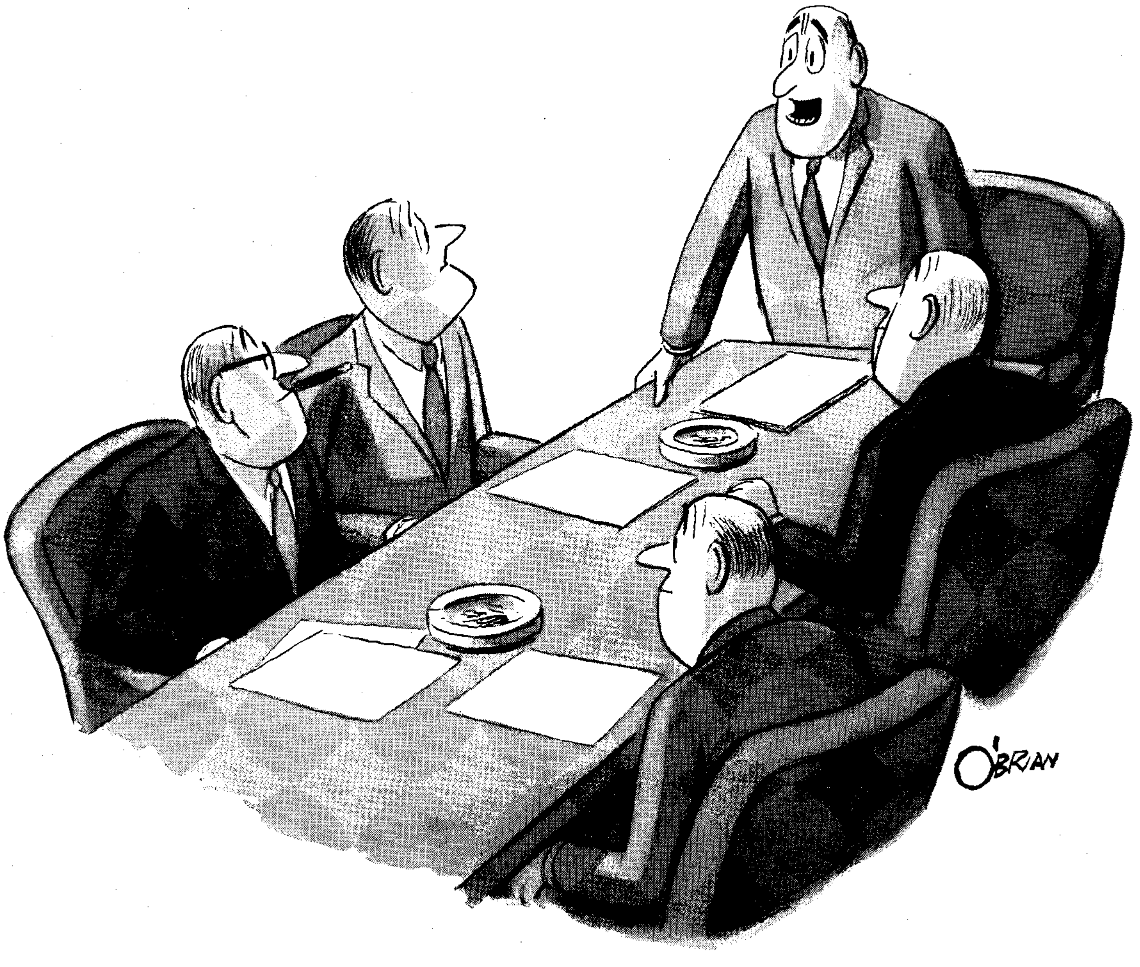
"How nice," said Sonia, concentrating on the last-minute touches to her table. She had been a British citizen for ten years, and the thrill had worn off.

"Yes, a special telephone call from Scotland Yard." He dialled an imaginary telephone and held an imaginary receiver to his ear. "'Hallo, Karl Lumbik? You are now a very small member of the very big British Commonwealth. God save the Queen, Karl Lumbik!' 'God save the Queen, Mr. Scotland Yard!'" The imaginary receiver was replaced and Mr. Lumbik stood at attention.

Sonia laughed. "How funny you are!" Everything was a joke to him. If only Otto had been a bit more like that. But Otto had always taken everything very tragically. When they became British citizens, he had taken that tragically, too. "Yes, our passports they have given us," he had said, "but what else have we got?" "Ottolein," she had cried, "be happy!" But no need to tell Karl Lumbik to be happy.

He was using his tender voice again. "So now I am a very eligible cavalier, I think." But it was the wrong note, he saw at once; she had turned away from him and was adjusting Otto's framed photograph on the table by her sleeping couch. "I think again I have opened my big mouth too wide," he said ruefully, so that the defensive expression went from her face and she couldn't help laughing. She never could help laughing with him—he said such comic things. She tried to be remote and dignified, but, after all, she was the same Sonia Wolff, née Rothenstein, she had always been. The big laughing girl, they had called her. She always had been big, though graceful—large bosom, large hips, a fine full-blown flower on slender stalk legs—and she had been forever laughing, or on the brink of laughter, her short, curved upper lip trembling over her healthy teeth.

There was a ring at the doorbell, and Mr. Lumbik



"Now then, it's agreed that we walk out of this board room chins up, with a buoyant step and a cheerful, forward-looking smile."

glided out into the hall like an expert butler. "Come in, come in," he said, bowing deeply at the entrance door. "The *Apfelstrudel* has come out very well."

"Where is the birthday child?" cried Mrs. Gottlob in her hoarse, uninhibited voice. It was a voice Sonia knew only too well, for she had heard it often enough, screaming up the stairs about lights that had been left burning and baths that had not been cleaned after use; Otto, on hearing it, used to grow pale and very quiet, so that Sonia had to go downstairs and be as charming as she could be, accepting and admitting everything to stop Mrs. Gottlob from shouting and upsetting Otto. But, of course, all that was over now, and Mrs. Gottlob was no longer the landlady but a friend.

She came in now and gave Sonia a big smack of a kiss and a box of chocolates. "The kiss is for love and the chocolates for eating," she said.

The box was very large and ornate, tied with a blue satin ribbon. It was just like the ones Otto had so often brought for her in Berlin. He used to come tiptoeing into what they called the morning room, where she would be sitting at her escritoire writing letters or answering invitations, and, smiling and pleased, the box held roguishly behind his back, he would say, "Let us see now what nice surprise there is for us today." And she would jump up, all large and graceful and girlish: "Oh, Otto!"

"So," said Mrs. Gottlob, sitting down with a creak and a groan, "how does it feel like to be twenty-five?"

"Already twenty-five!" cried Mr. Lumbik, clasping his hands together in wonder.

"Even my baby, my Werner, is nearly twenty-six," said Sonia, shining and proud as she always was when she spoke of either of her children.

"And where is he today, on Mutti's birthday?" demanded Mrs. Gottlob. "Again out with the girl friends, I think?" She shook an extremely fat forefinger. "I know your Werner—a very bad boy."

"If you are not a bad boy at twenty-six, then when can you be a bad boy?" said Mr. Lumbik. He gave a reminiscent smile. "Ask them in Vienna about one Karl Lumbik at twenty-six—la, la, la!" He tilted his head, thinking of the girls and the cafés and Karl Lumbik in a tilted hat and camel coat.

"Ask them in London about one Karl Lumbik at fifty-six," Mrs. Gottlob said. "The story will not be different, only it is an old good-for-nothing where once there was a young good-for-nothing."

"You are giving me a bad reputation," said Mr. Lumbik, not ill-pleased, running his hands down the lapels of his coat and swaying back and forth on his heels.

"I had a letter from my Lilo today," Sonia said. "My birthday letter. Just think, all the way from Israel, and it arrives exactly on the right day. And there are nice photos, too." She took down the letter from where she had propped it proudly on the mantelpiece and showed Mrs. Gottlob the photos of Lilo and her husband—sunburned, stocky farm workers with open collars and rolled-up sleeves—and their blond, naked baby.

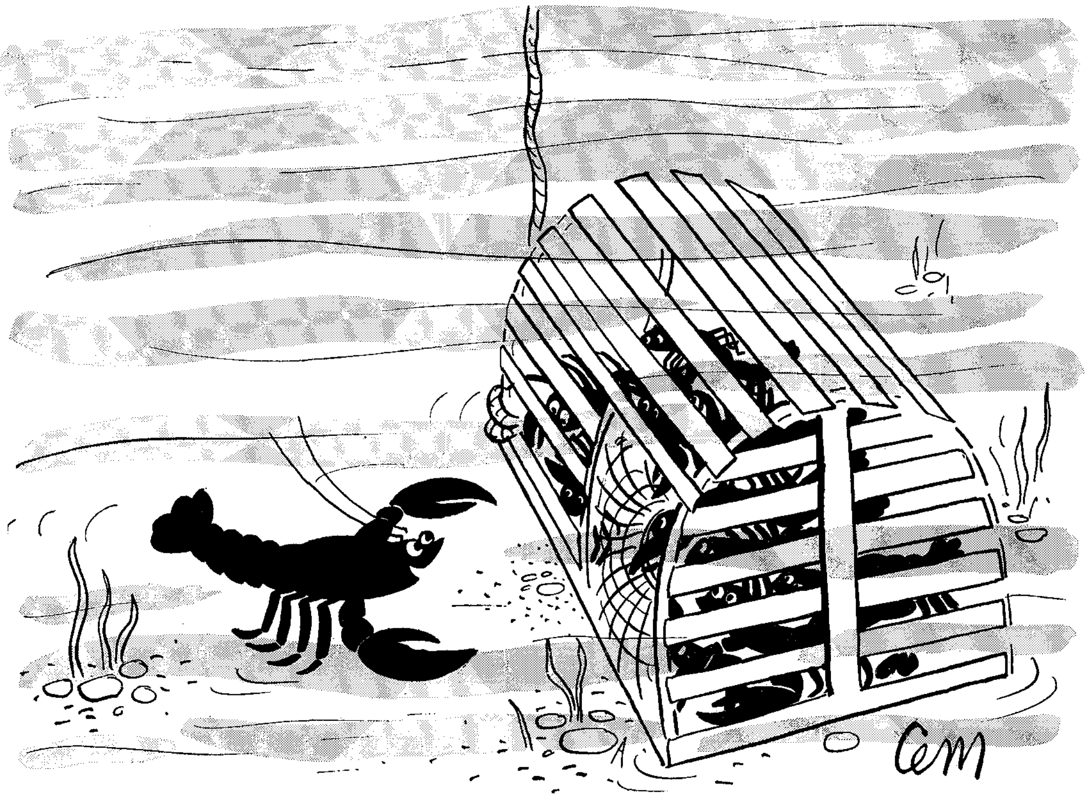
"*Ach*, the lovely baby," crooned Mrs. Gottlob lovingly into the photo. "He is like your Werner, I think. I remember just like this your Werner's hair went when he was four years and first came to live in my house."

Mr. Lumbik peered over one of Mrs. Gottlob's shoulders and Sonia over the other. "There is also something of my dear late Papa in him," Sonia said, sighing for her father, a large, healthy, handsome man who had loved good living and had died at Auschwitz. "And also, I think—you don't think so?—of my dear late Otto. The eyes, you see, and the forehead. Otto had always such a wonderful forehead."

Mr. Lumbik glanced toward Otto's photo, by the sleeping couch. The wonderful forehead, he thought, was mainly created by the absence of any hair on the head. He remembered Otto Wolff as a small, bald, shrinking man, very tired, very sick, very old, in an expensive German dressing gown that had grown too big for him. Mr. Lumbik had always thought what a pity it was that a fine woman like Sonia couldn't have married something better. Though, of course, Otto Wolff had been a very wealthy factory owner in Berlin, and it wasn't quite fair to judge him as he had known him—only a poor refugee who couldn't speak English, had no work, and lodged in Mrs. Gottlob's house.

"Yes, perhaps also our good Mr. Wolff," said Mrs. Gottlob, considering the grandchild. "What a fine gentleman he was. Lumbik, I always say, never have I had a fine gentleman like Mr. Wolff in my house."

A little tear came into Sonia's eye, but she was smiling with pleasure. How



"*Give my regards to Broadway.*"

• •

good Mrs. Gottlob was! Sonia had always told Otto that she was a good woman, in spite of her loud voice and crude manners. But Otto was so sensitive, and, of course, he had always been used to refined people and it was difficult for him to adjust. The tear ran down her cheek, and she wiped it away with her monogrammed handkerchief. "Yes, Mrs. Gottlob," she said, "we will none of us see a fine gentleman like my dear late Otto again. Oh, if you had known him in Germany, when he had the factory and the villa in Charlottenburg, what a respect you would have had for him then!" She could see him as she spoke—always dapper and neat, in his well-cut suit made of the best English cloth, wearing spats over his handmade shoes, and smelling of gentleman's eau de cologne. All those years in Germany—from the time when she first met him at Marienbad, when she was seventeen and he thirty-six, right until 1938, when they had to leave—he had always looked the same: small, bald, rosy-cheeked, fresh, elegant. Only in England had he suddenly become old and mostly worn his dressing gown.

Mrs. Gottlob gave a big sigh, which heaved her overfed body. "Yes, there we were all different people." She thought of Gottlob's butcher shop, where you got the finest liver sausage in the whole of Gelsenkirchen, and sighed again. "Still, here we all are, no bones broken, eh, Lumbik?"

The doorbell rang again. "That must be Else," Mrs. Gottlob said.

TINY Else, as plump as she was short, came in, all breathless, her coat flying open, her gray bun half drooping out of its pins, an enormous old leather handbag tucked under her arm. "See, again I am late!" she cried. "What can I do? Always work, work, rush, rush, Else this, Else that. Every day at five o'clock I feel like giving my notice." She put down the handbag and fumbled at her hair, while Mr. Lumbik stood behind her and gallantly helped her out of her coat.

She gave him a suspicious look. "Are you making a joke of me again, you there, Lumbik?" she asked, but then she continued immediately, "Just think, today at half past four she comes to me: 'Else, one little work; this skirt to be shortened for a very special customer.' 'Mrs. Davis,' I say to her, 'it is half past four. I am today invited to a birthday party in Swiss Cottage at five-thirty sharp—' "

"Enough of your blah-blah-blah," Mrs. Gottlob interrupted her, "and at least wish something for the birthday child."

Else raised both her hands to her forehead and flung them out. "You see, even that has completely gone out of my— Wait, I have brought a present!" She began to grabble in the vast interior of her handbag and brought up wrong things like keys, a bunch of safety pins, and a bottle of aspirin. Then she held up a letter and cried, "Oh, I must tell you—what news!"

The letter had a German stamp. Sonia, who always got excited when she saw letters with foreign stamps, cried, "I hope good news?"

"And what good news—my compensation! Ten thousand marks!"

"Else, how nice!"

Mrs. Gottlob snatched the letter. "You should have asked for twenty thousand," she commented when she had finished reading it. She was quite an expert in compensation. All her friends, all her lodgers, had had compensation from Germany for their losses; she herself had collected handsomely for the butcher shop. Of course, Sonia had had the most of all, for she and her family had lost the most. Sonia was a rich woman again now, which was as it should be.

"Ten thousand is also a nice little bit," Else said, all red with pleasure. "Now, what shall I do with my ten thousand? I think perhaps first a nice holiday in Switzerland in a good hotel."

"Oh, Else, let's go to St. Moritz!" Sonia cried. She clapped her hands together, her eyes shone, her big body swayed on the slender, elegant legs. "I was there with Papa and Mama in— When was it? Years and years ago, when I was fifteen. Oh, it was so beautiful!"

Mrs. Gottlob now said to Sonia, "*Na*, and the birthday coffee?" Sonia went out into the kitchen, and soon she came back with the coffeepot and they all sat round the table.

"So today is a good day for us all," Mr. Lumbik said. "First, there is Someone's birthday." And he leaned across the table, languishing, so that Sonia became shy and peered down into her coffee cup, and Mrs. Gottlob gave him a sharp push and said, "Keep your eyes to yourself, Lumbik." He shut his eyes immediately and sat up, prim and sheeplike, so that Sonia and Else burst out laughing, like two schoolgirls. "Always a success with the ladies," he said. "So first this birthday. Then Miss Else gets her compensation and goes skiing in St. Moritz."

"Yes," cried Else, "I will break my legs also for my ten thousand! We only live once, tra-la!"

"And Karl Lumbik is made a British citizen, Class Four," Mr. Lumbik went on.

"So," said Mrs. Gottlob, her mouth full of *Apfelstrudel*, "you are also one of us now."

"That is just what she said to me when I got mine—that Mrs. Davis," Else said. " 'So you are one of us now, Else.' 'Yes,' I said, 'Mrs. Davis, I am one of you.' " She gave a snort of contempt. "I would rather tear out my arms and legs—'one of us'! If she opens her mouth, at once you know what class of people she comes from." Else herself came from a very respectable family and never forgot what was due to her. Her father, Emil Levy, had been a high-school teacher and a leading citizen of Schweinfurt; he had also been a very patriotic German until the Nazis came, and there had always been a picture of the Kaiser and his family in the Levy drawing room.

Sonia said, "English Jews are all so uncultured; they are not like we were in Germany."

"Uncultured!" Else cried. "If you say to her 'Beethoven,' she will think you have said a bad word."

"Do you know about Moyshe Rotblatt from Pinsk, who was taken to 'Tristan und Isolde'?" Mr. Lumbik asked.

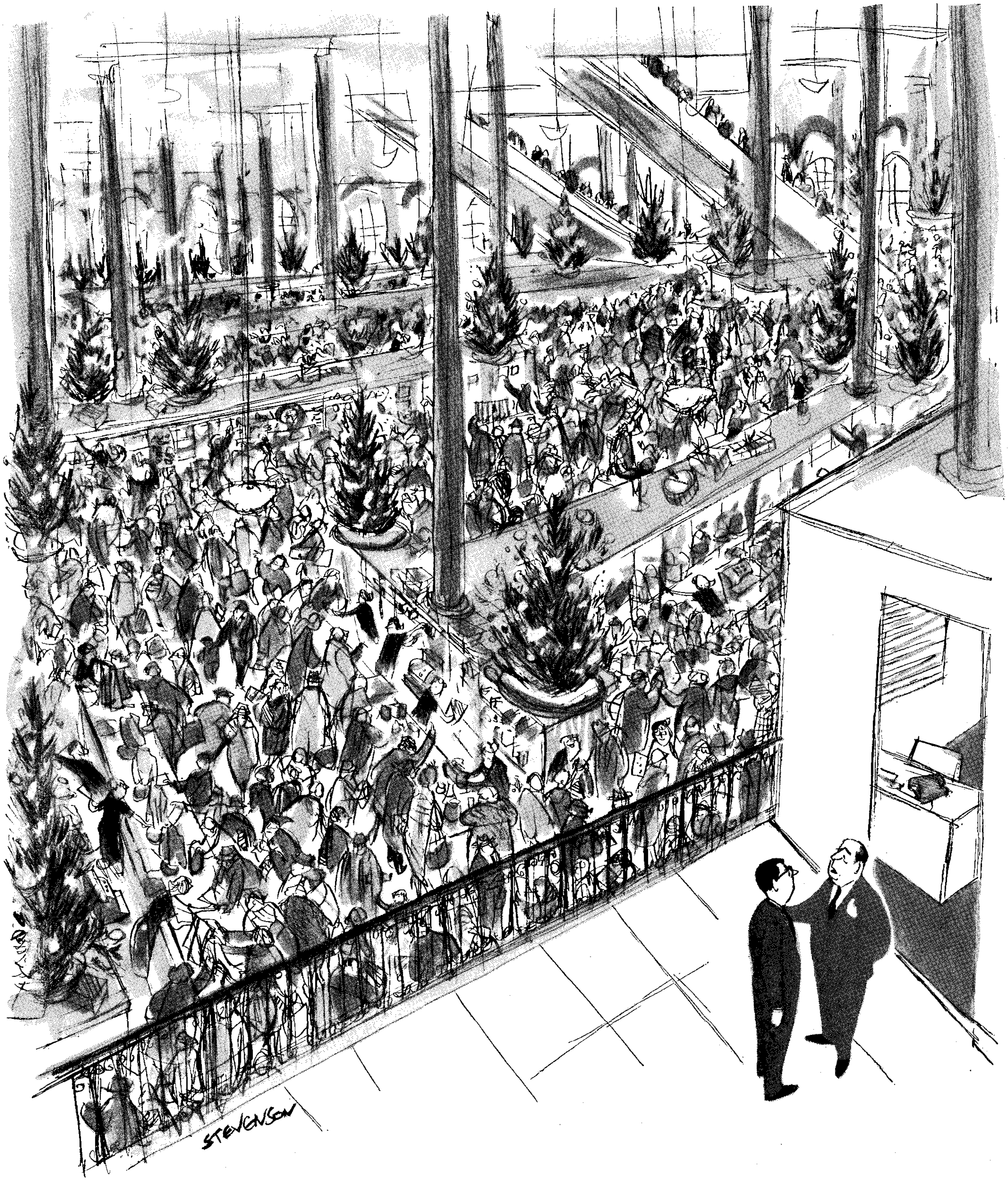
"None of your kind of stories now, Lumbik," Mrs. Gottlob said. "You are in good company."

"The best company," Mr. Lumbik said. "Twenty years ago if you had said to me 'Karl Lumbik, in twenty years' time you will be drinking coffee with three very fine ladies in a luxury flat with central heating and a lift—' "

"Well, thank God, we are all a bit better off than we were twenty years ago," Else said.

"If only he had waited," Sonia said. "He never believed things could be well again one day. I would say to him, 'Otto, it is dark now, but the sun will come again.' 'No,' he said, 'it is all finished.' He didn't want to live any more, you see."

"There were many days I also didn't



"Anderson, my boy, if you truly believe that commercialism should be taken out of Christmas, perhaps you ought to consider whether you really belong in the department-store business."

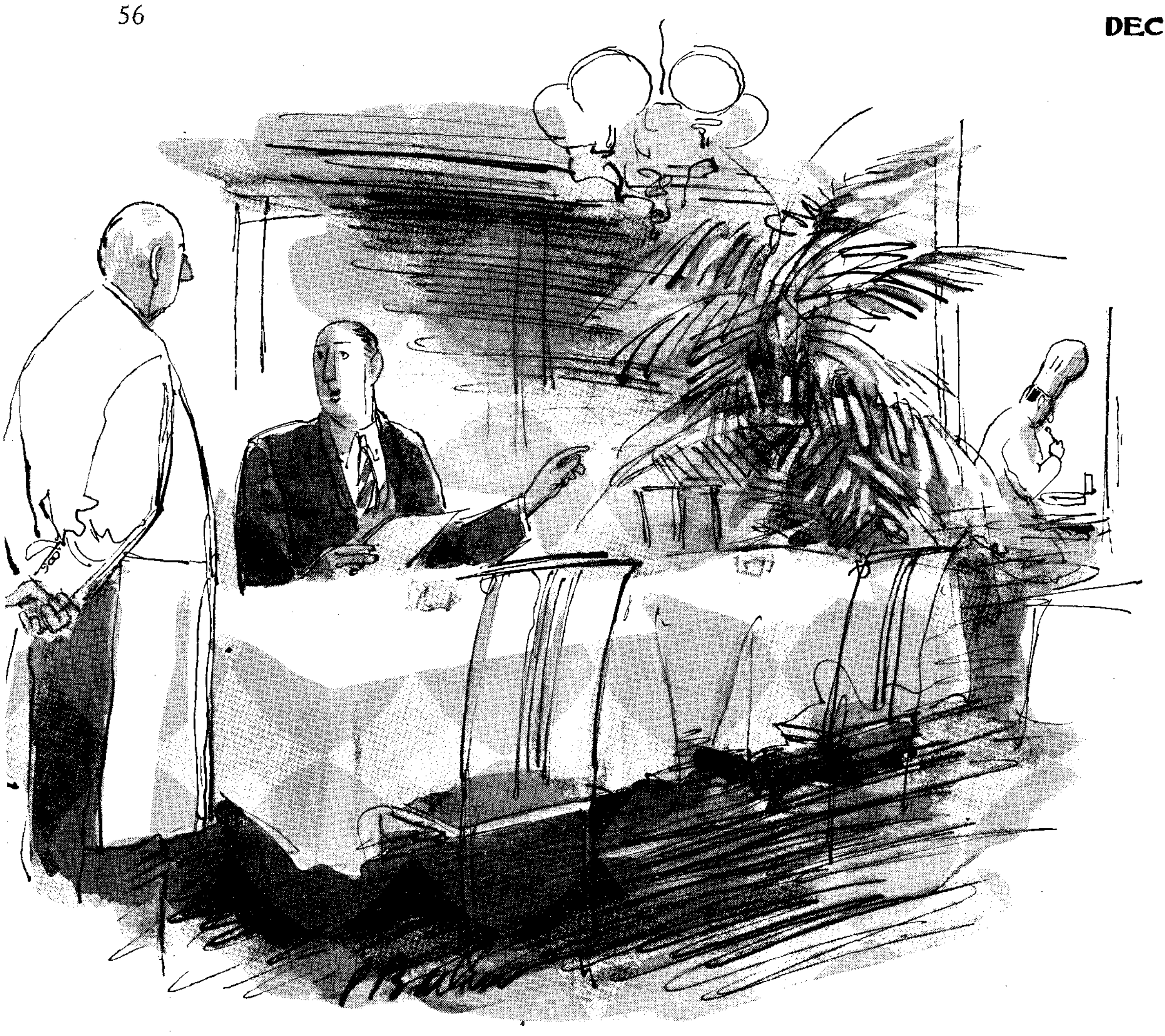
• •

want to live any more," Else said. "After I had sat for ten hours at the back of the shop, sewing my eyes out for Mrs. Davis, and then come home to the furnished room where the bed wasn't made and I couldn't find a shilling for the gas meter to heat up a tin, I would say to myself, 'Else, what are you doing here? Father, mother, sisters all gone—why are you still here? Finish off, now.' "

"Who hasn't had such days?" Mr. Lumbik said. "But then you go to the café, you play a game of chess, you hear a new joke, and everything is well again." He smiled, and a gold tooth twinkled so merrily, so bravely, that Sonia's heart quite leaped and she thought, He is a good man.

THE front door opened, and Werner, Sonia's son, came in. "Oh, nice," he said. "A coffee party."

"What coffee party?" Mrs. Gottlob



"Whatever he's having."

said indignantly. "It is a birthday party."

"Oh, my God!" Werner said. He clapped his hand over his mouth and looked at his mother with large, guilty eyes.

"So he has forgotten the mother's birthday!" Mrs. Gottlob cried.

"I thought only husbands forget birthdays," Mr. Lumbik said.

"What can I say?" Werner said to his mother.

"No, no, what does it matter?" she said quickly.

"Of course it matters. It matters terribly." He took both her hands and kissed her cheek with a slightly condescending affection. He was the same height as she was—a handsome boy with thick brown hair and an elegant air.

"No kissing, now!" cried Mrs. Gottlob. "You are a bad boy and should be smacked."

"For one kiss from Werner I also would forgive him everything," Else said.

Werner stooped down to kiss her cheek, saying, "How are you, Tante Else?"

She shut her eyes in rapture. "Sonia, why do you have such a son?" Sonia looked on, smiling and proud.

"Sit down next to the old Gottlob now," Mrs. Gottlob said, patting the seat beside her, "and tell her all about your girl friends."

"Which one would you like to hear about?" said Werner, sitting down. He hitched up his well-creased trousers and crossed one leg over the other to display his elegant socks. "There's the blond one, then there's the brunette, and my favorite, the redhead."

"Mine come in only one color," said Mr. Lumbik. "Gray." But now that Werner was there, nobody listened to him.

Mrs. Gottlob shook her finger at Werner. "You can't impress me. For me you will only be little Werner Wolff who comes running down the stairs to his Tante Gottlob's kitchen and says, 'Tante Gottlob, bake a nice cheesecake for me!' Yes, yes, now you pretend you have forgotten!" She pinched his cheek, a bit harder than he liked.

"Of course not; how can we ever forget?" Sonia said. She spoke in a hearty, grateful voice, though she would have preferred to forget the years in Mrs. Gottlob's house, and the bed-sitting-room where Otto shivered over the gas fire, and the noise of the other refugee lodgers quarrelling over whose turn it was to use the bathroom.

"Werner," Else cried now, "only think where we are going! To St. Moritz!"

"St. Moritz?" He lifted an eyebrow, smiled, looked charming. "But Mutti must have been there, long ago, with Mama and Papa."

"He is laughing at me!" Sonia wailed, stretching out a hand as if to defend herself.

He caught her hand, kissed it, and continued, "That must have been the year after Karlsruhe—or was it the year after Bad Ems, when she had that lovely white lace dress with a flower at her waist and played the piano by moonlight?"

"Well, laugh, then," Sonia said, "but they were beautiful times. Mama's health was delicate—"

"Of course," Werner put in with mock solemnity.

"Shush, now! And just think, Else, twice a year we would go for holidays, once in summer, once in winter, always to some very beautiful place where we lived in big hotels—"

"With red plush carpets and a winter garden and five-o'clock tea *à l'anglaise*," Werner said.

"All right!" Sonia cried, tossing her head in girlish defiance. "So you laugh, but if we hadn't gone to Marienbad that year, where would you be now?" She looked round triumphantly, having made her point.

Werner clasped his hands and swayed his head like a coy little girl. "And whom did pretty Sonia Rothenstein, on holiday in Marienbad with Papa and Mama, whom did this well-bred well-brought-up young lady meet in Marienbad?"

"Werner, today you are terrible," said Sonia, all glowing and happy.

"Yes, yes, it is always like that," Mrs. Gottlob said. "They make fun of the parents." She tried to pinch his cheek again, but he got it away in time.

"It is strange," said Mr. Lumbik, still a few paces behind. "I have stayed in so many hotels in my life, but none has ever had a red plush carpet."

"Tell more, Werner!" Else said. "I want to hear the whole romance!" Her round cheeks were glowing; she had loved romance all her life, and now, a spinster of fifty, was as eager for it as ever.

"Else, why do you encourage him?" Sonia protested.

"But I must hear what it is like when a young lady goes on holiday to Marienbad. Perhaps shall we go to Marienbad instead of St. Moritz, Sonia? Who knows what will happen to us—you with your looks and me with my ten thousand? We have a fine chance!" She nudged Sonia's arm and screwed her apple-round face into an expression of bliss.

"I will tell you something else strange," Mr. Lumbik said. "You know, I have never been away on holiday."

This time he was taken notice of. "Never away on holiday!" cried Sonia and Else, and Mrs. Gottlob said, "Is there another of your jokes coming, Lumbik?"

"Really, it is quite true. In Vienna, why should I go away on a holiday? My whole life was a holiday."

"Yes, yes, we know what kind of a holiday," Mrs. Gottlob said.

"I had my friends there, my chess, my girl friends, the café houses, the opera—what should I want with a holiday?"

"How silly," said Else. "Everyone wants a summer holiday. Every year, when the schools were closed, my father took all six of us to the mountains, and we stayed there in a pension. It was called Pension Katz. I remember it so well."

"And then, afterwards . . ." He spread his hands and hunched his shoulders. "A poor refugee tries to make a living, he doesn't make holidays. But all the same, I'm a much travelled man—Budapest, Prague, Shanghai, Bombay, London. Is that bad for one lifetime?"

"What sort of travelling is that?" said Mrs. Gottlob. "That is only tramping."

"It is true," Mr. Lumbik admitted. "Some people travel for pleasure, for—how does one say?"

"For kicks," Werner said.

" 'For kicks.' Thank you. And some travel because—yes, because they are kicked. Is this a bad pun, Mr. Werner? I am being very English now, for I am making puns so that I can apologize for them."

"There is no need to boast, you there, Lumbik," Else said. "We have already heard how you are a British citizen now."

"Yes, now I am a British citizen and no one can say to me any more, 'Pack your bags, Lumbik! Time to move on.' It is so restful, it is quite bad for my nerves."

"Well," Werner said, lazily stretching his legs, "it's time for me now to do a bit of bag packing."

Sonia looked up with large, anxious eyes. "Werner, what for?"

"I'm off to Rome soon," he said, and, seeing his mother's face, added, "Oh, come on, darling, I told you I might be going."

She lowered her eyes and clenched one white hand in her lap. Mr. Lumbik looked at her with tenderness. The others were looking at Werner.

"How exciting, Werner!" Else said. "Why are you going?"

"There are things doing there, and I'm tired of London. So 'Pack your bags, Werner! Time to move on.' " He smiled his handsome smile at Mr. Lumbik, who did not respond.

"So it's not good enough for you with the mother any more," Mrs. Gottlob scolded. "This lovely flat, the beautiful meals she cooks for you—you leave it all and say goodbye."

"What will you do there, Werner?" Sonia asked in a small voice.

"I told you, there's lots doing there—films and—oh, lots. Don't worry, darling," he said, trying to sound light and gay, but with an edge of exasperation all the same.

"Of course I don't worry," she said quickly. There wasn't any need to worry. There was enough money now and he could do in Rome what he did in London—a little film work here, a bit of art photography there, a lot of parties, a lot of girl friends.

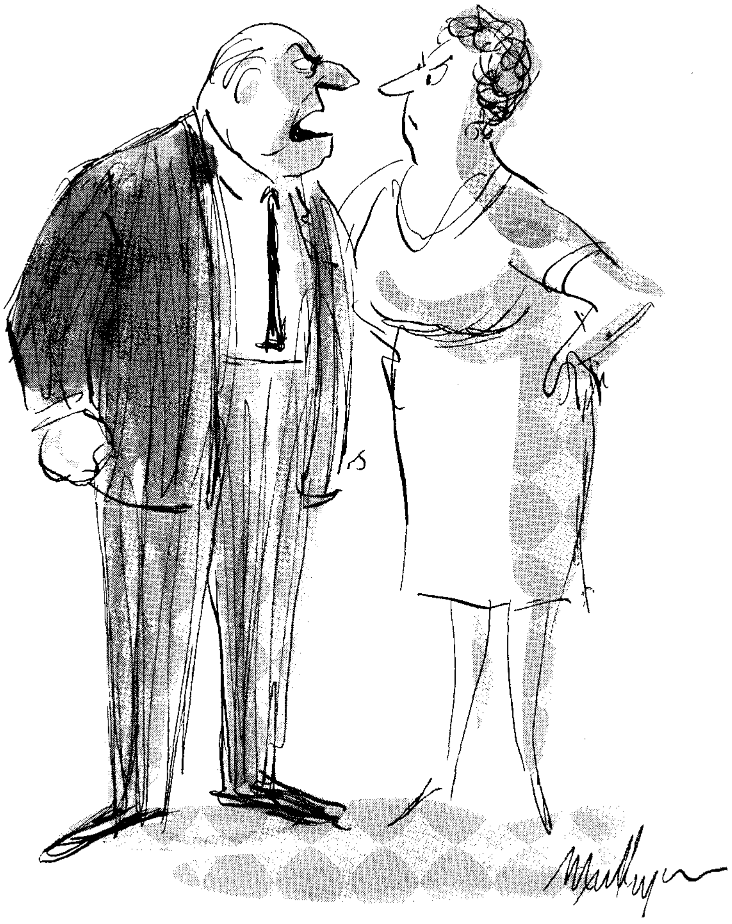
He looked at his watch. "Heavens, I must fly! I've got a date at seven!" He disappeared into his own room, which adjoined his mother's. The moment he had gone, Sonia began to cry.

"Sonia, *Liebchen!*" Else cried. Mrs. Gottlob clicked her tongue and said in her rough way, "*Na*, what is this?"

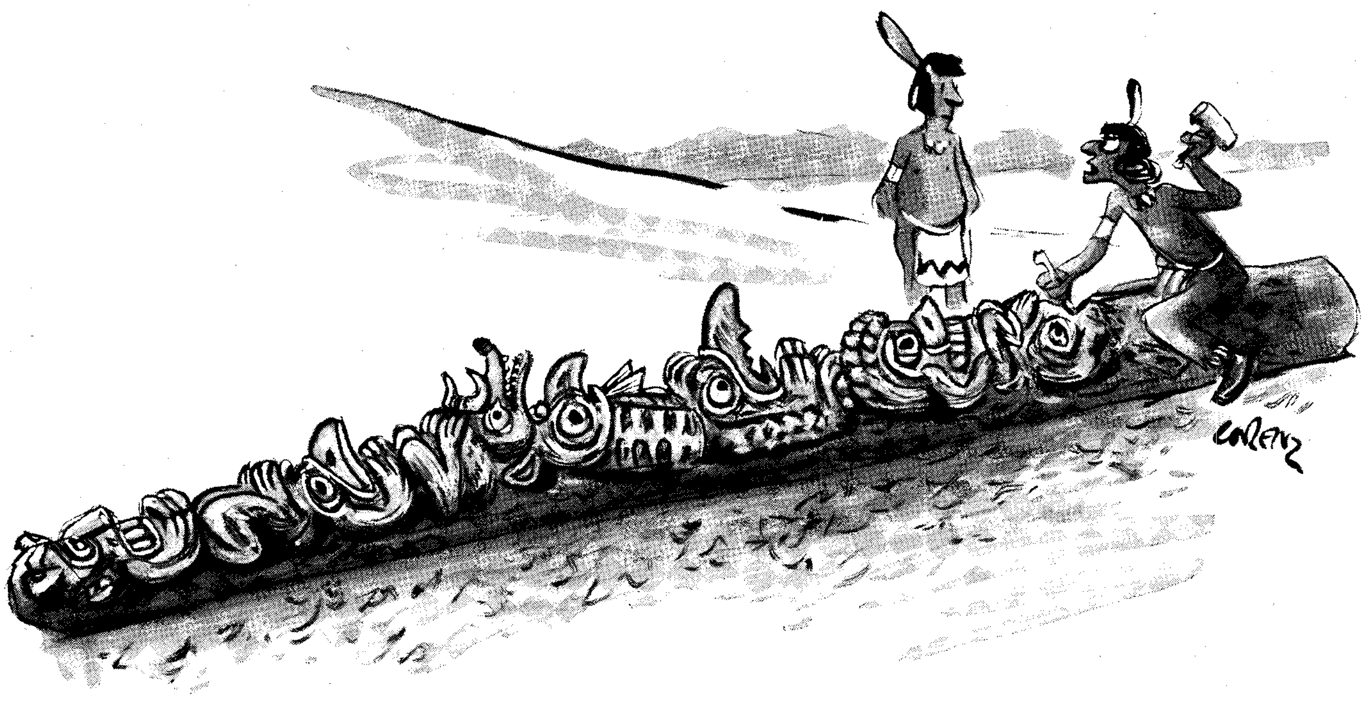
"How silly I am," Sonia sobbed. Mr. Lumbik tactfully looked at a picture on the wall that showed Sonia's parents honeymooning in Biarritz. "You see, I keep thinking how different it would have been," Sonia said, wiping at her eyes with her little handkerchief. "Otto would have retired by now and Werner would be running the factory. He would be Werner Wolff, Director of SIGBO; everybody would know and respect him—"

"So who respects me here?" Else cried. "For Mrs. Davis I am only her alteration hand, but *I* know I am still Else Levy, daughter of *Oberlehrer* Levy, of Schweinfurt, so what does it matter to me what Mrs. Davis thinks?"

"But the children," Sonia said. "We know who we are, but what does my Werner know, and my Lilo?" At the thought of Lilo, new tears came and she clasped the handkerchief to her eyes. "My poor Lilo. I had such a



"Don't make me laugh!"



"What does it mean? What does it mean? Does everything have to mean something?"

• •

lovely girlhood—such lovely dresses, and always parties and dancing classes and the *Konservatorium* in Berlin for my piano playing. And she has had only hard work in the *kibbutz*, hard work with her hands, and those horrible white blouses and shorts—" Her voice broke and she said, "My handkerchief is quite wet."

"The birthday present!" cried Else, snatching her large leather bag. She fumbled inside, and this time came up with three lace-trimmed handkerchiefs. "Happy birthday, Sonia. It is very good lace."

"Oh, Else, how beautiful!" Sonia said gratefully, and immediately used one to wipe her eyes.

"You see, it is a very useful present," Else said. "But next time it is only for blowing the nose. No more tears, understand?"

"And I would like to know what cause for tears you have," Mrs. Gottlob said. "You are alive, you are healthy, the children are alive and healthy. What else matters?"

"You know," Mr. Lumbik said, "sometimes I say to myself, 'Lumbik, what have you achieved in your life?' And then I answer myself, 'I have survived, I am still alive, and this is already a success story.' "

"For once, this Lumbik has also something sensible to say!" Mrs. Gottlob said. "Be grateful to God for still letting you be here, Mrs. Wolff, and leave your Werner and Lilo to look after themselves."

"One thing I have been asking and asking myself," Mr. Lumbik said. "For me it is a very serious question: Shall I be offered some more *Apfelstrudel* or no?"

"Look what a bad hostess I am!" Sonia laughed, giving a last wipe at her eyes before taking up the silver cake lift.

"Always thinking of the stomach, Lumbik," Mrs. Gottlob said. "*Na*, perhaps another cup of coffee will also do us good."

"We will start celebrating the birthday all over again!" Else cried. "Birthday parties are so nice, and today we'll have two!"

"For such a special birthday child," Mr. Lumbik said in his tender voice, "even two isn't enough."

"*Ach*, Mr. Lumbik," Sonia said reproachfully, blushing.

He held up one entreating little finger. "Remember my birthday wish from you!"

"Karl," she said dutifully, pouring coffee, with a smiling face.

"This is something new now," said Mrs. Gottlob.

Else gave Mr. Lumbik's arm a pinch and said, "You have been making sheep's eyes at Sonia long enough; now it is my turn. I am also a nice young lady."

"You are all three nice young ladies," said Mr. Lumbik, and this compliment made Mrs. Gottlob laugh so much that she went quite red and got a cramp in her throat.

When Werner came out of his room, dressed for his date, he found them having a very merry party. "Well, I'm off," he said, but no one heard him. Mr. Lumbik was telling a story about his experiences in Shanghai. " 'Bye!" called Werner. Only Sonia glanced up at him. "Are you going, Werner?" she said in an absent-minded way as she poured another cup of coffee for Mr. Lumbik. Werner smiled at their preoccupation; he was glad to see them having a good time.

—R. Prawer Jhabvala

THE RESTORED

In a hand like a bowl
Danced my own soul,
Small as an elf,
All by itself.

When she thought I thought,
She dropped as if shot.
"I've only one wing," she said,
"The other's gone dead.

"I'm maimed; I can't fly;
I'm like to die!"
Cried the soul
From my hand like a bowl.

When I raged, when I railed,
And my reason failed,
That delicate thing
Grew back a new wing,

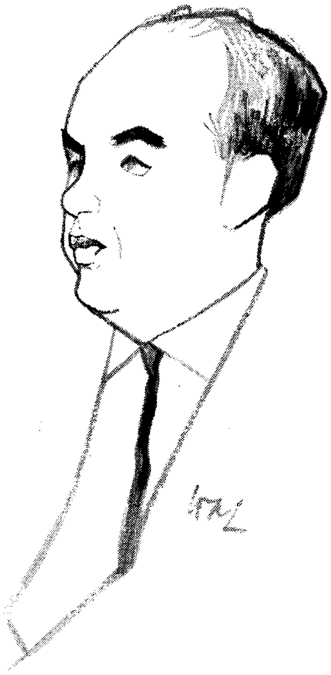
And danced, at high noon,
On a hot, dusty stone
And the still point of light
Of my last midnight.

—Theodore Roethke

PROFILES

STUDENT OF THE SPONTANEOUS

WHATEVER else may be said of Allen Funt, the inventor and moving spirit of the television program “Candid Camera,” he cannot be accused of having chosen the easy road to popularity. In fact, in that show, as in its radio predecessor, “Candid Microphone,” Funt has had to rely on the tactics of some traditionally unlovable types—the eavesdropper, the peeper, the *agent provocateur*, and the practical joker. The point of Funt's work is to capture, by means of hidden cameras and hidden microphones, the spontaneous behavior of men, women, and children in different situations, some of them familiar and natural—not long ago, “Candid Camera” showed the variety of styles and grimaces employed by the patrons of a bowling alley—but most of them artificially created by Funt. In a typical maneuver of the latter sort, Funt will train his equipment on unsuspecting members of the public and present them with certain unexpected challenges. Early in his career as a broadcaster, Funt, then dark-haired and cheeky as a chipmunk, would often take such drastic measures to stimulate a spontaneous reaction that one student of his technique said he had made “aggravation a fine art;” he broke an egg in a man's hat, read aloud in a library, repeatedly dialled a wrong number, and, posing as a clothing-store fitter, ripped a customer's new suit to shreds. From the start, though, he has been interested in more subtle challenges, and over the years he has developed hundreds of routines that tend to get a rise rather than an eruption out of his “subjects,” as he calls the people who appear in “Candid” sequences. (Only in rare forgetful moments does he succumb to the natural inclination to refer to them as “victims.”) A few weeks ago, Funt—now a strapping man of forty-six, with thinning gray hair—drove into a filling station and asked the attendant to drain a few gallons of gasoline from the tank of his car, and not long after that, in a tax office, he got several popeyed reactions from bystanders who witnessed a theft of some money from the desk of a singularly oblivious clerk, the thief being a Funt aide and the clerk being Funt. And a few years back, there was the “Candid Camera” routine that debunked a time-hallowed Hollywood cliché. “Follow that cab!” Funt ordered sixteen hackies, successively jumping into their vehicles. “With all that traffic? Are you nuts?” and “Not on your life, buddy!” were representative reactions. Not a single driver obeyed the order.

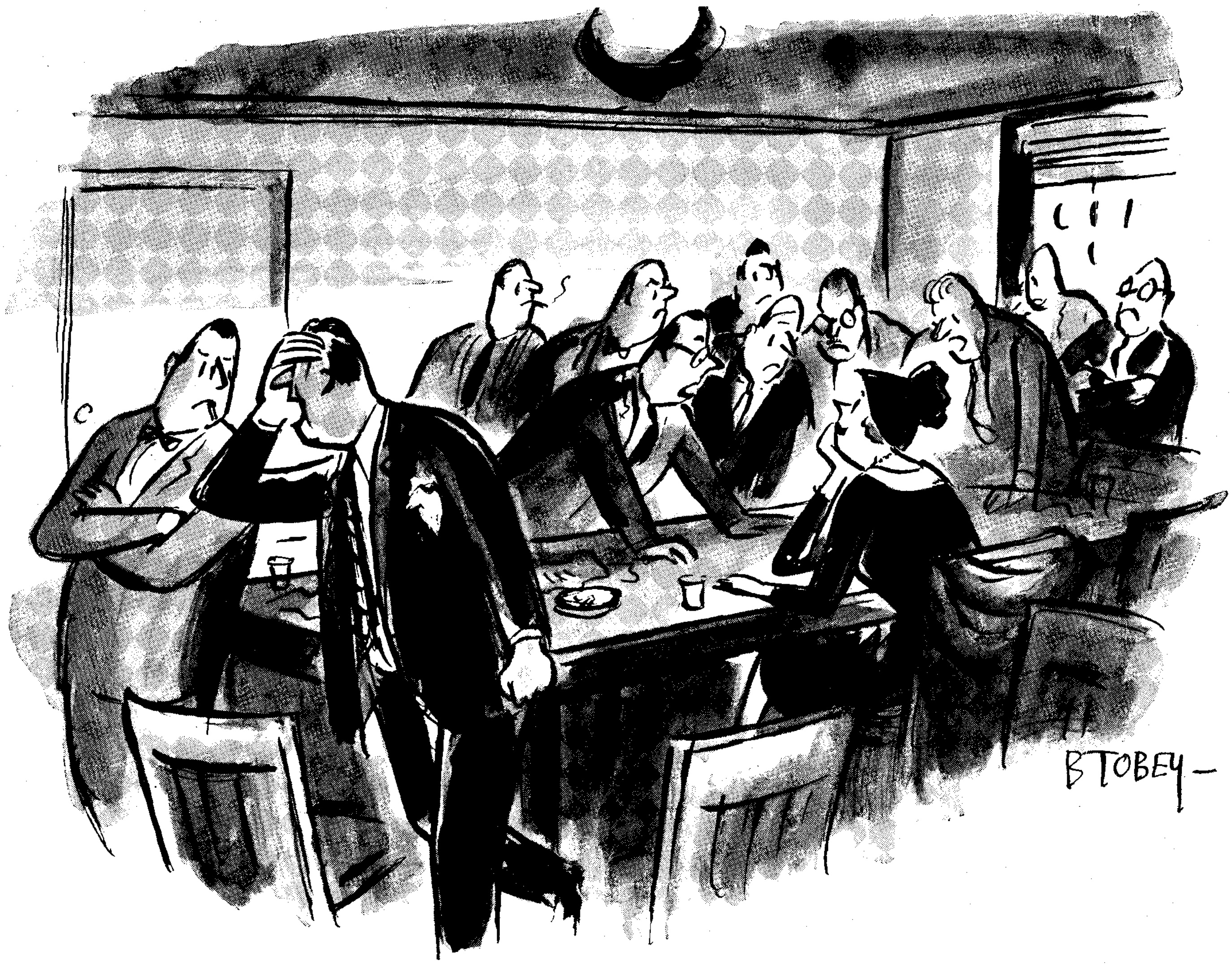


Allen Funt

Despite the nature of his endeavors, Funt not only has lived to tell about them but after thirteen years on the air—a long career even for the most ingratiating of radio or TV entertainers—has acquired a more enthusiastic following than ever. Having made his mark with his radio show, which started in 1947, Funt won a large enough audience for “Candid Camera” to keep it steadily on the television screen between late 1949 and 1954. Then, last October, after six years in which he appeared on television chiefly as a guest performer and in which he concentrated on commercial films involving candid interviews, “this strange, hardy gimmick,” as Funt wonderingly describes “Candid Camera,” was again given its own half hour a week—and of “prime” Sunday-evening time, at that. It has, in these last few weeks, shot up to near the top of the rating charts, partly, no doubt, because Arthur Godfrey serves as official host—a role in which he offers a reassuringly jolly commentary on the filmed sequences—and partly because guest stars now often take on the task of fooling the subjects. However, if Funt is technically only one of the ingredients of the package, he is the indispensable one. Not only does he serve as producer, director, and editor of the films themselves, and as the most surefooted performer in them, but he also holds the copyright on the “Candid” format in a strong, sure grip.

In many ways, the “Candid” years have been kind to Funt. Besides money—not millions but enough to let him lead the life of an equestrian country squire on a good-sized estate in Croton on Hudson—they have brought him a fair measure of fame, even in highbrow circles; his films and tapes have been used in the sociology, psychology, and speech courses of more than a dozen colleges. On the other hand, those years have taken their toll. While Funt's professional conduct may actually be as honorable as Lassie's, he has been forced to live with the melancholy knowledge that not everybody regards “Candid Camera” as just good, clean fun. Indeed, he has been subjected to more than one severe critical hiding over the propriety of the whole “Candid” idea, and the major work devoted to his curious calling—a novel, “Golk,” by a University of Chicago professor of English named Richard Stern—proved to be largely a bed of nails. Funt tends to regard the book as a portrayal of himself, and he has remarked, “I gave the guy all the coöperation he asked for on material, and I came out looking like a monster.” Such public condemnations have left Funt edgily defensive, and even somewhat conscience-stricken, though not enough so to make him consider taking up another line of work.

Yet Funt has had his share of academic applause, some of it from awesome sources, and if he thinks of himself less as a practical joker than as a student of human behavior, it is in part because David Riesman, the social scientist, characterized him in “The Lonely Crowd” as the second most ingenious sociologist in America, the first being not Riesman himself but Paul Lazarsfeld, the chairman of the Department of Sociology at Columbia. Although Funt is practical enough not to have had his head turned completely by such a compliment (entertainment, rather than enlightenment, is still “Candid Camera's” primary function, he insists), he is well aware of the higher implications of his research. In a book of his own—“Eavesdropper at Large,” published in 1952—he figuratively lowered his eyes at Riesman's kind words without actually disavowing them. “If I really am [the second most, and so on], it's a pure accident for which I take no credit,” he wrote, but a few years later, in another mood, he described himself as “a self-appointed explorer, charting the ever-changing scenery and natural re-

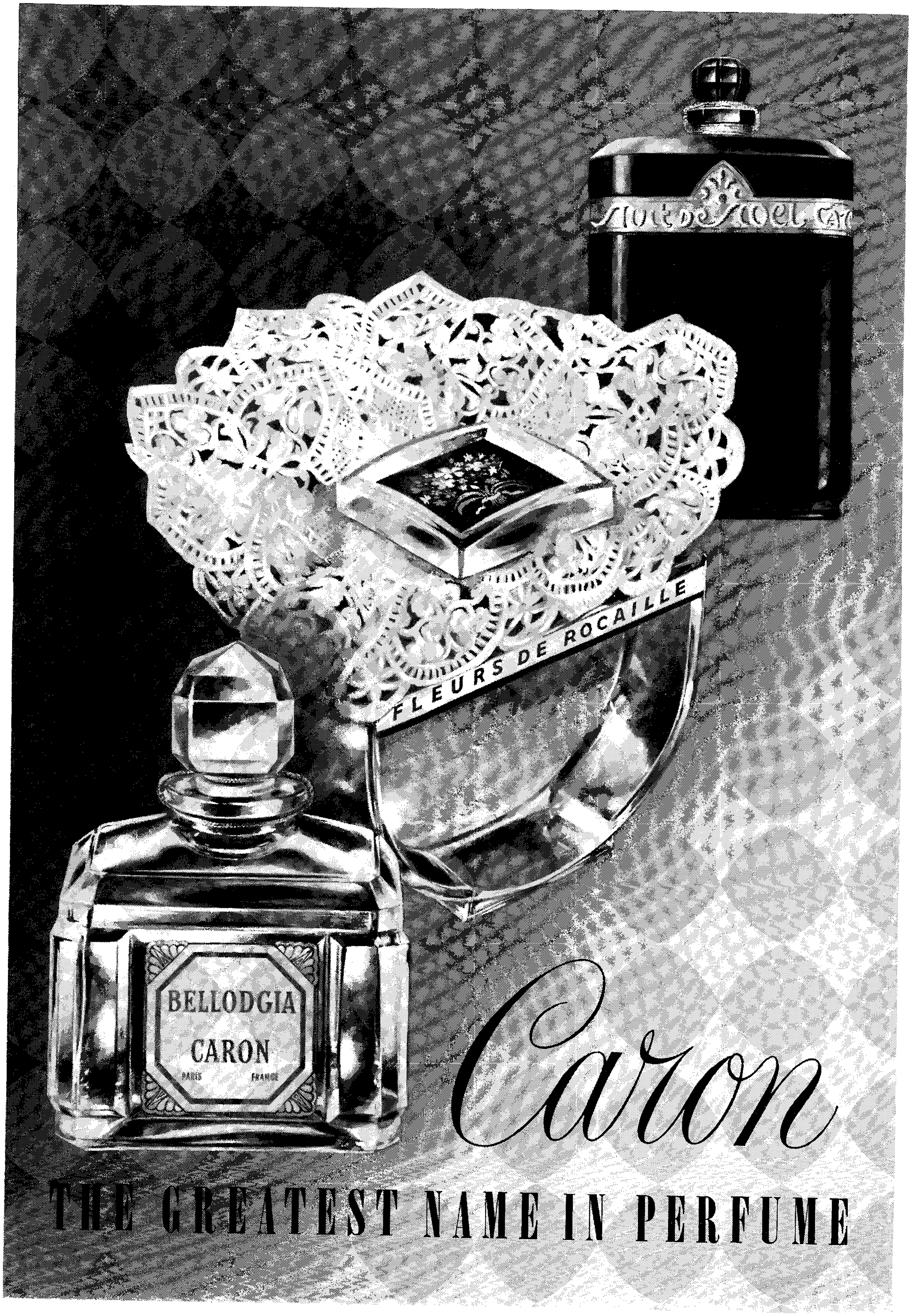


"Did you hear her reason? Because he looks like Peter Lorre!"

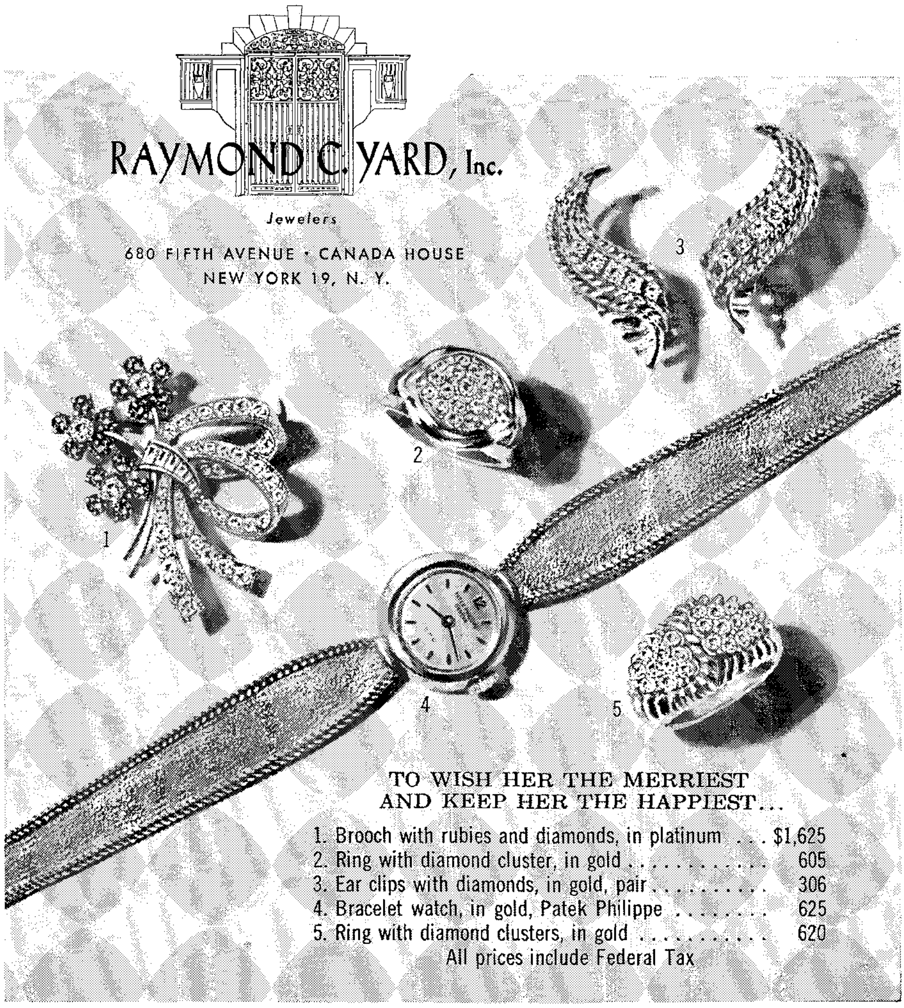
• •

sources of the human mind." There is no question that he has evolved a singularly revealing method of catching the way people act and react in normal and abnormal circumstances, and if this method produced a high incidence of low comedy in his early "Candid Camera" appearances, he now blames it on the sponsor's insistence, perhaps forgetting that a woman's voice sweetly breaking in with the word "Censored" was a necessary feature of "Candid Microphone," which was an unsponsored show. And even the new, reformed Funt has admitted to particular satisfaction at the reactions that his camera captured, not many months ago, after he had placed a rest-room sign on a broom-closet door in a New York theatre. On the whole, though, "Candid Camera," presumably having attracted backers with more elevated tastes, does seem to have taken on what might pass for a more thoughtfully probing tone ("It's now a study rather than a trick," the program's executive producer has said), and so does Funt. No longer would be break an egg into a subject's hat. "We've passed the stage where we'll irritate a guy, except for very sound reasons," he observed recently.

Considering the kind of scenery and resources that, by his own account, Funt's explorations of the human mind have already revealed to him, it is a wonder that he still has the heart to don his electronic pith helmet at all. He feels that he gives his subjects every opportunity to extricate themselves from the behavioral quandaries into which he leads them ("I'm always rooting for them to come out on top," he explained, with feeling, not long ago), but they all too often let him down. Their reactions have forced him to draw some disappointing, if familiar, conclusions about life—for instance, that not only does money all too often talk (a seventy-year-old woman saddened him by agreeing to endorse, for a fee, a nonexistent make of riding saddle) but it frequently brutalizes (called upon to rescue a Funt sidekick who was presumably locked inside a butcher-shop refrigerator room and freezing to death, a locksmith walked out on the job when Funt insisted that he lower his price). Funt can, with disillusionment clouding his full-jowled and often amiable countenance, cite instance after instance of money's devaluating influence on the conduct of the average person. He has also dishearteningly proved to himself the power of suggestion—for example, by getting a crowd in a department store to follow him up a down escalator—and he has been dismayed to learn how much people will put up with in order to avoid trouble. Posing as a beautician, he once piled thirty-four towels on the head of an uncomplaining patron. On another occasion, a fellow-customer in a store gave Funt, simply on demand, all the money in his wallet. "What's wrong, Inspector?" the man asked worriedly as he forked over. And once upon a time, at a lunch counter, Funt objected to a fellow-luncher's ordering


Nuit de Noel Car
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
BELLODGIA
CARON
PARIS
FRANCE
Caron
THE GREATEST NAME IN PERFUME

© Caron, 1959



RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.
Jewelers
680 FIFTH AVENUE • CANADA HOUSE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

TO WISH HER THE MERRIEST
AND KEEP HER THE HAPPIEST...

1.	Brooch with rubies and diamonds, in platinum	$1,625
2.	Ring with diamond cluster, in gold	605
3.	Ear clips with diamonds, in gold, pair	306
4.	Bracelet watch, in gold, Patek Philippe	625
5.	Ring with diamond clusters, in gold	620

All prices include Federal Tax

Weskit Sheath
of Irish linen
with colorful
combinations by
Oleg Cassini
in Orange-lemon-white,
royal-lime-white,
strawberry-pink-white,
8-16 sizes 49.95

Doop's
East Orange, N.J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N. C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio

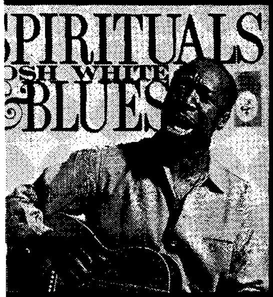
a liverwurst-and-onion sandwich, on the ground that it made him ill. The chap agreed to cancel the order, whereupon Funt ordered and ate a liverwurst-and-onion himself, cowing the subject with the explanation that it was only *other* people's liverwurst-and-onion sandwiches that disturbed his digestion.

Funt seems to find little consolation in a possibility that has been pointed out by a number of critics—that "Candid Camera" is perhaps not the most conclusively reliable apparatus known for the testing of human behavior. Some analysts of Funt's work have suggested that the subjects are placed in positions where they have no choice but to embarrass themselves and show weakness of character, while others have invited Funt to pick on somebody his own size, rather than on the harmless man in the street. As a matter of fact, Funt has occasionally taken on more formidable game—particularly on "Candid Microphone," when he used to expose the pitches of loan sharks, used-car salesmen, and lonelyhearts-club operators, and even experimented with public figures in Washington, but only in a very gingerly way, for he regards as dramatically sound the fate that the author of "Golk" envisioned for his hero. After Golk employs the Funtian technique on some really big fish who are obvious scalawags—a Presidential adviser, a Washington lobbyist, and a national labor leader—he is forced off the air for good.

THE cultural worth of Funt's work aside, there is little gainsaying the fact that his is a unique and prolific talent. Since 1947, he has recorded and filmed more than a thousand episodes for "Candid Microphone" and "Candid Camera," and he himself has thought up all but a few of them. His calling has demanded imagination and know-how, courage and gall. He estimates that by now he has professionally accosted a million people. Their responses have varied widely; some are proud of being the objects of his attention, others have suffered him politely, and quite a few have walked away at once. So deft is Funt's interrogational capework—or perhaps so rugged his appearance (he was a member of the Cornell boxing club from 1932 to 1934)—that only once in his career has he been physically attacked. Successfully posing as the world's worst barber some years ago, he provoked a customer into grabbing a razor and making for him. Fortunately, Funt was

new way to be happy

EKL 193


SPIRITUALS
JOSH WHITE
BLUES

SH WHITE—SPIRITUALS AND
UES — Josh sings the blues
d recreates the spirituals he
rned in the South as a boy.
exciting album by a truly
at artist.

EKL 188

SPORTS CAR
SONGS FOR BIG WHEELS
SUNG BY
OSCAR BRAND
EKL 188

SPORTS CAR SONGS FOR BIG WHEELS — Oscar Brand in an outlandish assault on the funny bone of the sports car enthusiast.

EKL 5001

HOW TO PLAY THE GUITAR
OLK SONG KIT

KTRA FOLK SONG KIT —
rn to play the guitar and
nty favorite folk songs this
, easy way. Complete with
ailed instruction book, chord
rts, 12" LP record.
Boxed set $5.95

EKL 105

THEODORE BIKEL AN ACTOR'S HOLIDAY

AN ACTOR'S HOLIDAY—twenty-two songs from many lands sung by Theodore Bikel, renowned folk singer and actor, star of the Broadway hit musical, **The Sound of Music.**

EKL 180

the Limeliters

THE LIMELITERS — "Folksongs for Moderns" by the sensational trio that has been thrilling the nation in concerts and on television.

EKL 184

presenting Joyce Grenfell

PRESENTING JOYCE GRENFELL — the celebrated British comedienne induces near hysteria with the humorous songs and monologues that have made her famous on both sides of the Atlantic.

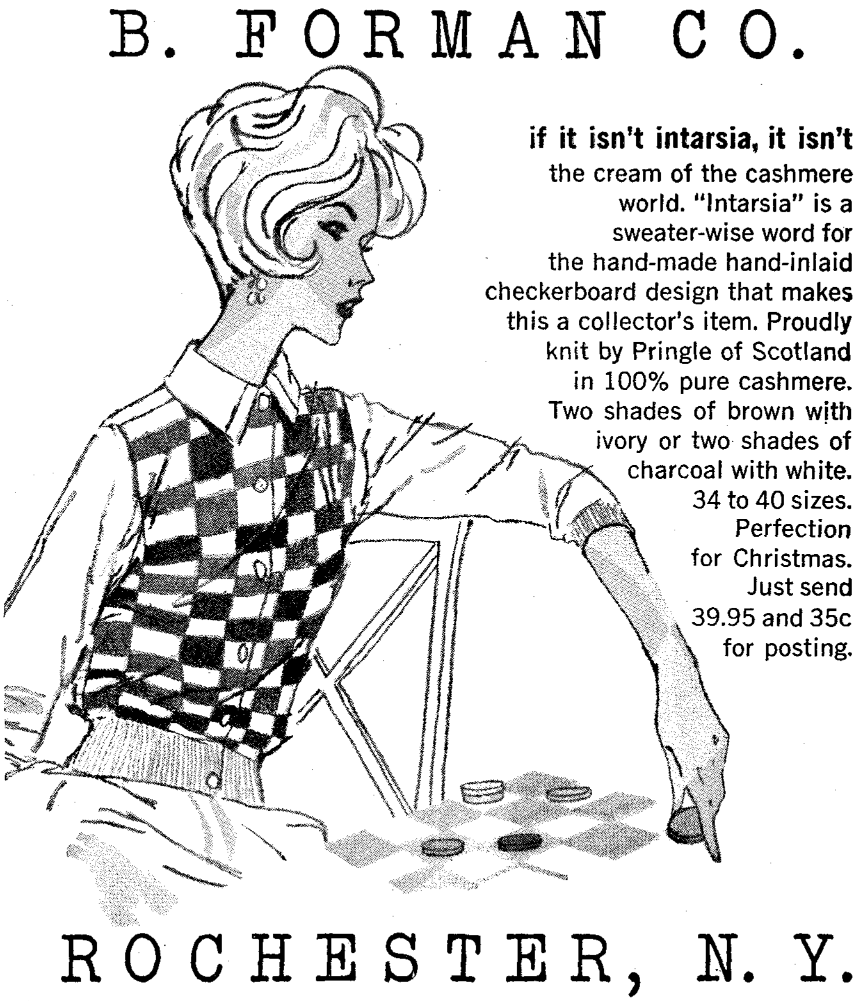
The Sound of Quality

An ELEKTRA RECORD is a unique experience. These are superior performances by world famous artists, beautifully packaged with detailed notes and song texts, PLUS *the most faithful sound reproduction possible. Over a decade of research and development has produced the technical perfection demanded by discriminating collectors. Today, more than ever, ELEKTRA is "The Sound of Quality."*

ELEKTRA RECORDS

116 west 14th street, new york city 11

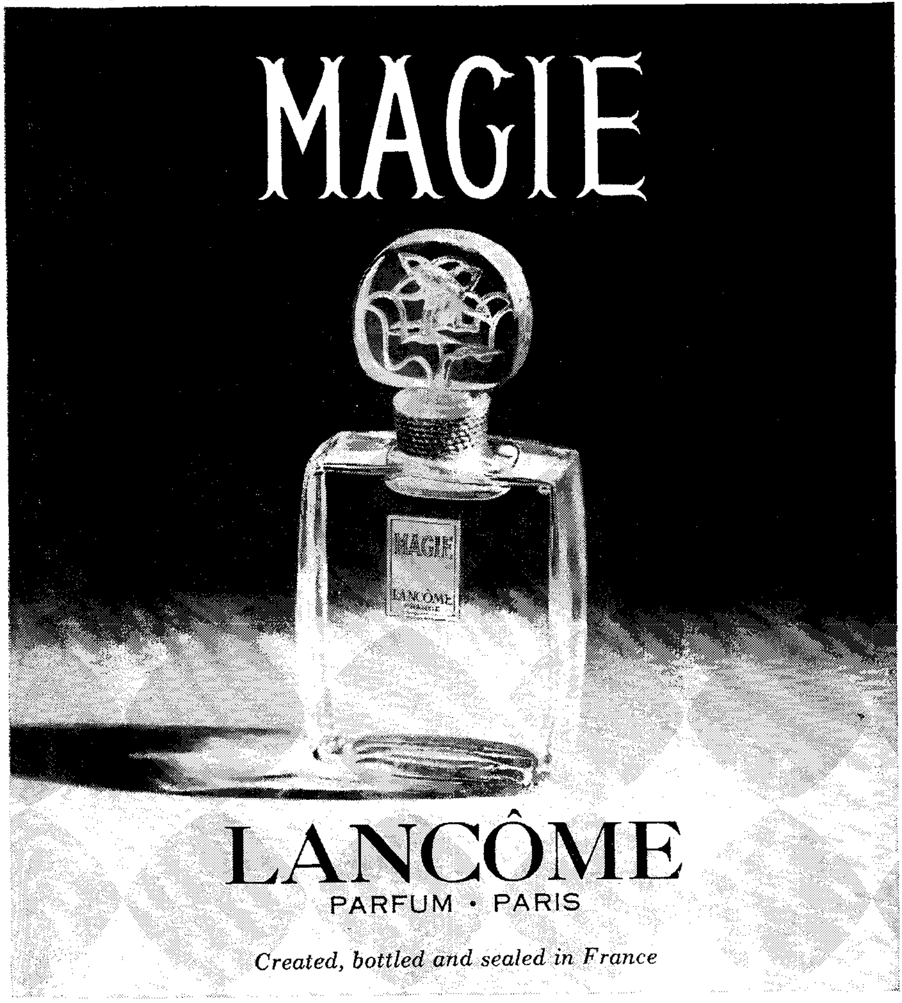
MONO $4.98 • STEREO $5.95 • AT BETTER RECORD SHOPS



B. FORMAN CO.

if it isn't intarsia, it isn't the cream of the cashmere world. "Intarsia" is a sweater-wise word for the hand-made hand-inlaid checkerboard design that makes this a collector's item. Proudly knit by Pringle of Scotland in 100% pure cashmere. Two shades of brown with ivory or two shades of charcoal with white. 34 to 40 sizes. Perfection for Christmas. Just send 39.95 and 35c for posting.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



MAGIE

LANCÔME
PARFUM · PARIS

Created, bottled and sealed in France

able to disarm the customer with a fast "reveal," as he calls the dénouement, when ordinarily he asks his subject "Can you take a little joke?" and shows him the camera.

Among the people whose even tenor Funt and his equipment have managed to disturb to a greater or lesser extent have been a symphony conductor, Joe Louis, electricians, jewellers, White House guards, panhandlers, house wreckers, travel agents, Funt's own landlord (who was trying to talk him into a rent increase), and even unwatchful co-workers and skeptical network executives. He has staked out with mike and camera such diverse places as a maternity ward, an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting, a séance, Chinese laundries, post offices, banks, Macy's, Gimbel's, and the Peekskill jail, in the last of which, posing as a prisoner, he unsuccessfully tried to talk an elderly waiter who had brought him some dinner from a nearby restaurant into slipping him a knife. Though Funt is not an actor, he has assumed a great many roles—lifeguard, tea-leaf reader, hot-dog vender, un-American-activities investigator, garbage collector, shoeshine boy, driving instructor, store clerks by the score, masseur (one who, naturally, rubbed people the wrong way), and Empire State Building Observation Tower guard (one who would identify only certain sights for the tourists, because others were "not in my territory").

For all of Funt's virtuosity, it was only accidentally that he discovered he could be everyman's exasperater. Personally, he claims, he has always preferred to train his camera or mike either on "pure" situations, where the subjects are relatively unprovoked (people taking care not to walk under Funt-placed ladders, a waitress bantering with characters in an all-night diner, passersby reacting to coins dropped behind them on a sidewalk), or on "mood spots" (a father telling his child a bedtime story, or children playing with a kitten). In fact, this unobtrusive capturing of what Funt still believes is "the beauty of candid speech and gesture" was the original idea of "Candid Microphone." It proved expensively slow and unpredictable work, however. An open mike under a lunch counter might occasionally trap some beautifully candid chatter, but too often it would yield nothing more moving than muffled orders for doughnuts and coffee. Such are the inexorable demands of his medium for material that Funt was forced to meet them by placing not merely his

THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS RESORT ESTATE

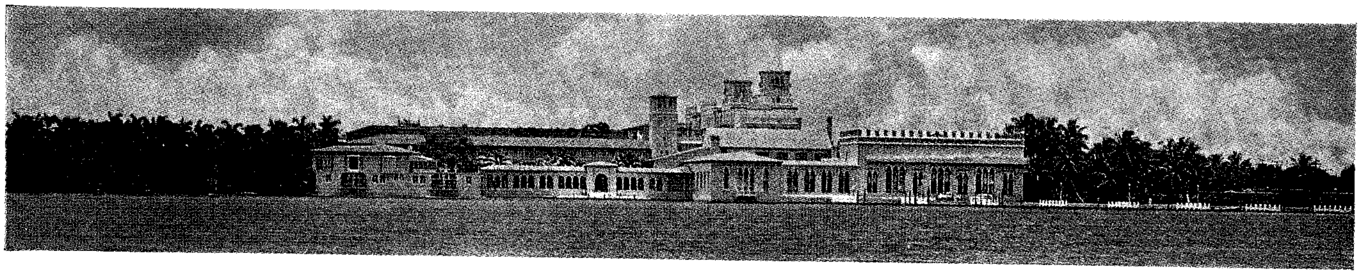
Winter rendezvous for "Who's Who"

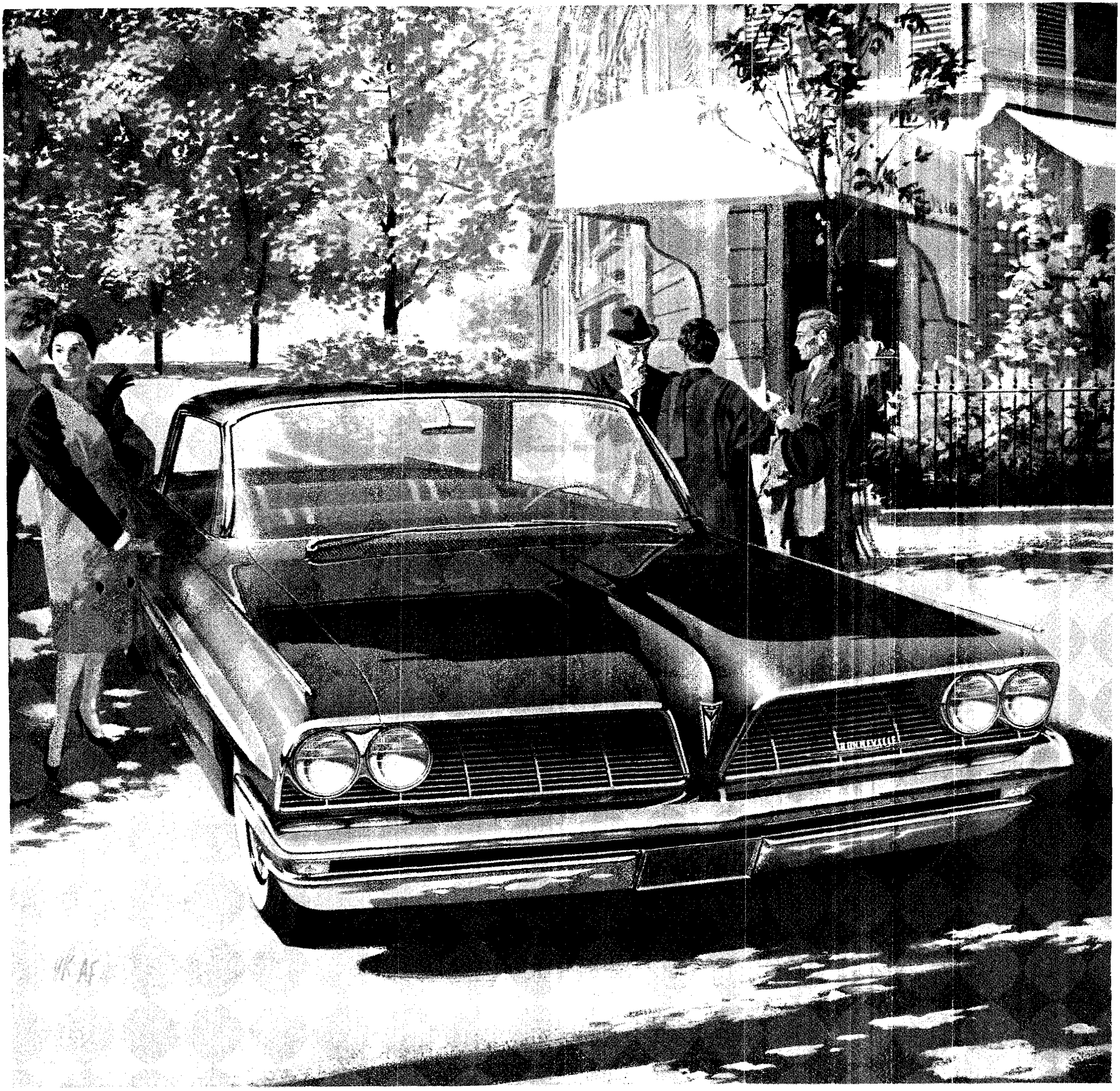
Not just because it's *the* place to go but because this famous hotel has everything . . . *on the premises!* There's a cabana club with a mile-long ocean beach, an 18-hole championship golf course with Pro Sam Snead, two olympic pools, tennis courts and superb cuisine, with entertainment and dancing nightly. For color brochure and reservations address R. E. Leggett, Manager, Department 5C, or see your travel agent.

Boca Raton
HOTEL and CLUB

BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

An Arvida Hotel, a subsidiary of Arvida Corporation
National Representative: Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Toronto





THE BONNEVILLE VISTA FOR 1961

It's a pleasure to play host in a Wide-Track Pontiac!

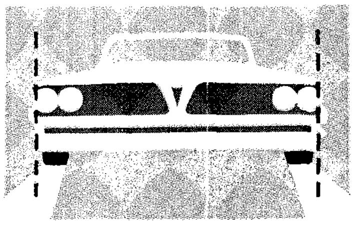
The first thing to impress your guests will be Pontiac's new roominess and interior luxury.

More comfortable, chair-height seats. Added headroom and legroom. Wider doors for easier entry and exit. Faultless interior appointments, fashionably styled and carefully fitted.

Their next reaction will be respect for Pontiac's new Trophy V-8 Engine in action. (And you can "entertain" economically on regular gas with the Trophy Economy V-8 which has a lower compression ratio.)

New Wide-Track, of course, has everything moving smoothly from the start. The trim new body width puts more car between the wheels for greater balance and driving precision.

Like to play host like this? Then be the guest of your fine Pontiac dealer soon.



THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

Pontiac has the widest track of any car. Body width trimmed to reduce side overhang. More weight balanced between the wheels for sure-footed driving stability.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

IT'S ALL PONTIAC! ON A NEW WIDE-TRACK!

microphone but himself in the way of the sluggish public. His fame in this respect was thrust upon him inadvertently, as it happened. One day in 1947, he was alone in a dentist's office, bugging the drilling apparatus (presumably to catch some spontaneous cries of agony), when a woman walked in, took him for the D.D.S., and, sitting down in the chair, began telling him about her troubles with a wisdom tooth. Funt listened, picked up the drill, peered into the woman's mouth, and finally told her he could not find any wisdom tooth, whereupon she stomped out of the office sputtering with rage, and an unlikely star was born.

Since then, Funt has rarely been at a loss for ways of making the public react interestingly, and nowadays many of his ideas come to him while he is commuting between Croton and Manhattan in a white Thunderbird that is equipped with a tape recorder and a telephone. As he drives, he finds himself engaging in what he calls "peripheral thinking," and it is from this sort of cerebration that some of his most successful episodes derive. Still, as associates of his have frequently pointed out, his thinking, whether peripheral or otherwise, never stops, and a good many of his ideas arrive on the spur of the moment. Last year, he had a once-a-week ten-minute guest spot on the "Garry Moore Show," and Moore, who was and is an occasional participant in "Candid Camera" sequences, has a high regard for Funt's imaginativeness. "I enjoy shooting with Allen, because you never know what he's going to do next," Moore said recently. "If it's late in the day and he doesn't have enough footage, he'll start getting that wild look in his eye, and next thing you know he's grabbing people in off the street. Like the day he stopped the man who turned out to be a plasterer. It didn't have anything to do with the scene we were trying to film, but pretty soon Allen had the guy in front of the camera and was asking him how much he'd charge to seal a man into a wall. The plasterer finally agreed to do it for thirty-eight dollars *if* there was an air hole."

The usual Funt inspiration, however, is initially translated from Thunderbird to location by members of his staff, who number thirty—an all-time high. (Funt's current arrangement casts an interesting sidelight on the economics of the television industry. Ten years ago, he drew a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a week from a budget of between seven and

THE TIFFANY WATCH

...from the largest collection and the widest price range to be found anywhere.

Hers: The new, small gold watch with exceptionally precise movement by Patek Philippe. Tapered mesh bracelet of eighteen karat gold and eighteen jewel movement.

His: Automatic, shock-proof, waterproof* watch with eighteen karat gold case, thirty three jewel Patek Philippe movement.

Each seven hundred fifty dollars, including federal tax.

*Provided crystal, crown and case remain intact.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

FINE DIAMONDS Set In Platinum

clip
$3100*

ring
$1375*

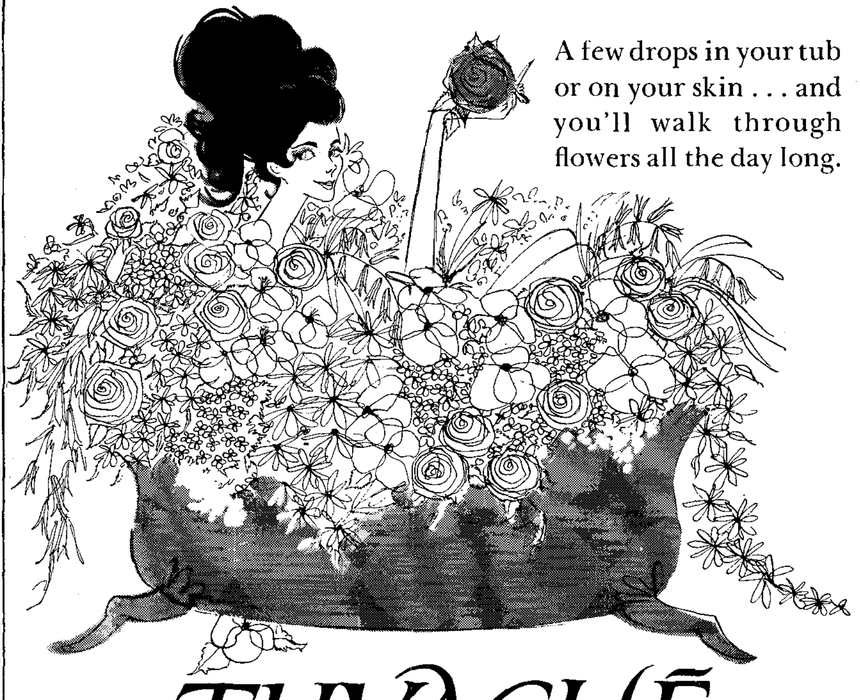
bracelet
$7800*

ring
$695*

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

NECTAROMA
BATH FRAGRANCE AND BODY JOY

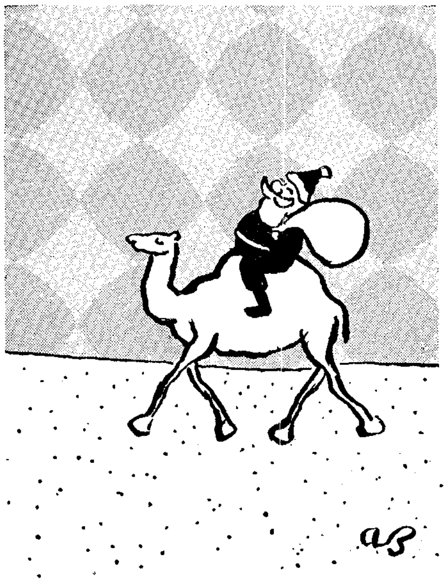


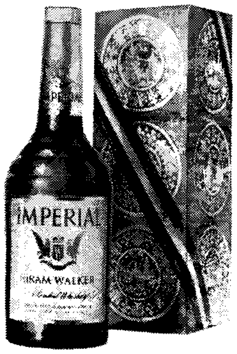
A few drops in your tub or on your skin . . . and you'll walk through flowers all the day long.

TUVACHÉ
730 FIFTH AVENUE
RARE PERFUMES
NEW YORK CITY

eight thousand dollars per show. His new series, budgeted at forty-three thousand dollars a week, yields him only five hundred dollars a week more. Part of the price of his return to the airwaves on a full-time basis is that he has had to let himself be sliced up fiscally, like a heavyweight on the comeback trail.) Staff work begins with the scouting of likely sites for filming—a task that usually falls to Funt's secretary, an aspiring actress named Ann Richardson, who, like other Funt secretaries before her, is prepared to be chained to her desk in the line of duty, as one "Candid" classic demanded. If the day's idea calls for a street-corner location, the staff must weigh such factors as the number of pedestrians and the volume of traffic noises. If it calls for a store, the store must be chosen with an eye to suitable camera angles and a logical placement for Funt and the subjects, as well as the hidden camera crew. (Funt technicians often find themselves in some pretty tight squeezes—jammed into closets, doubled up under soda-fountain counters, or packed inside disembowelled Good Humor trucks or "Candid Camera's" specially rigged station wagon.) Store proprietors are usually glad to go along with Funt, especially when they learn that he will pay them a fee (normally fifty dollars) for a day's use of the premises.

At 8:30 A.M. on a typical shooting day, when Funt moves onto location, eight employees—two cameramen, two sound men, an electrician, a prop man, a carpenter, and a production assistant—are already there, whether Funt needs that many or not. (Theatrical craft unions believe in full employment.) Funt chooses his cameramen largely for their ability to zoom the





Knowledgeable people buy Imperial
for their holiday entertaining

Imperial comes handsomely gift-wrapped
for the holidays at no extra cost

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS, 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD
70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Mémoire Chérie

"The finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France"*

Mémoire chérie
ELIZABETH
ARDEN
PARIS

Mémoire Chérie Perfume *10.00* to *75.00*
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Mist *5.00*
Mémoire Chérie Dusting Powder *5.00*
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Atomizer *3.50*
Mémoire Chérie Soap *3.00*
Mémoire Chérie is the Gift of Christmas
Perfume created and sealed in France *prices plus tax*
Elizabeth Arden
**Elizabeth Arden has been awarded the treasured Coupe d'Or of France "for outstanding achievement in the development of Mémoire Chérie, the finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France."*

lens in for a closeup at just the moment a subject begins to register some such primal emotion as surprise, dismay, or outrage. Nevertheless, he may start the day off by reminding the cameramen to do just that; for example, if the setting is, as was recently the case, a home for the aged, he may say, "Remember, there's nothing more interesting than an old face. Tight, tight, tight, tight, tight!" Even if they are so inclined, his employees rarely debate technical points with the boss, for Funt is frequently on edge, largely because he never knows precisely what a day's shooting will turn up. "It's not always wise to break in on Allen's train of thought," one of his former aides has remarked.

The *modus operandi* of a "Candid Camera" crew is simplicity itself, as is the technical equipment, which consists principally of a Mitchell camera (a basic newsreel type) equipped with a zoom lens; some spotlights; a few pieces of sound paraphernalia, standard except for a special synchronizing device by means of which camera and sound tape are started up simultaneously; and a small, cylindrical microphone, which Funt takes few precautions to conceal. On one recent job, at a West Forty-second Street car-rental agency, he merely clipped it onto a rubber-stamp holder on the counter, where it was right under the eyes and mouths of his subjects—for the most part, a marvellously incurious lot. Funt makes little attempt at concealment generally. While the camera and sound equipment are always masked—usually by a simple, three-panel folding screen painted a dull silver, fitted out with a small rectangle of glass, and placed, for example, in the open doorway of a store's back room—and while Funt's signal to the crew to start filming is an innocent clearing of his throat, he and they will sometimes actually carry on a shouted, if cryptic, conversation right in the middle of an interview.

"How many feet?" Funt may ask, raising his voice but still looking the subject straight in the eye.

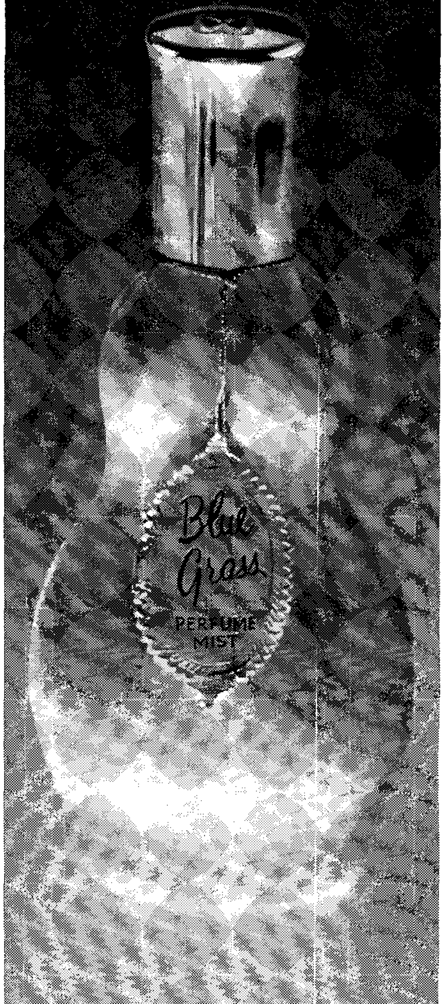
"Three hundred left!" a technician will yell from behind the screen.

"Roll 'em!" Funt will reply, and then return to his normal interrogational voice, perhaps with something like "Now, sir, why do you insist on my selling you swim trunks when we've got this wonderful bargain in raccoon coats?"

Subjects who have come this far in an interview usually are not apt to show any more suspicion about such interludes than they do about the extra-bright

Blue Grass

in the great romantic tradition



Blue Grass Perfume Mist *5.00*
Blue Grass Perfume *6.00* to *50.00*
Blue Grass Flower Mist *2.50, 4.25*
Blue Grass Purse Atomizer *3.50*
Blue Grass Bath Powder *2.50, 5.00*
Blue Grass is the Gift of Christmas
prices plus tax
Elizabeth Arden

Television Premiere • Friday, December 16, in living color on NBC-TV

Hallmark
Hall of Fame

For the whole family
a new and exciting Christmas folk opera
from the Creative Workshop of the University of Iowa

GOLDEN CHILD

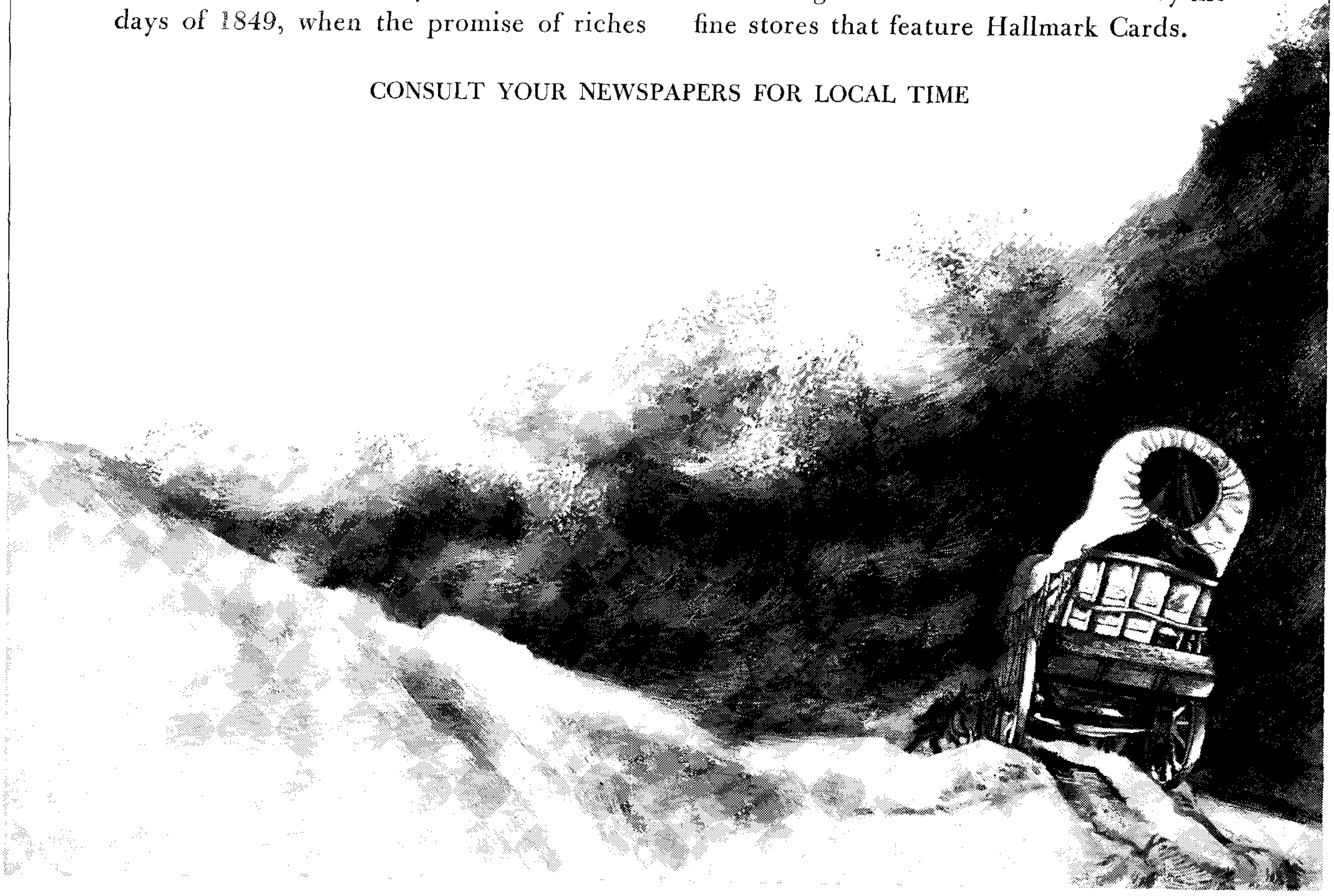
LIBRETTO BY PAUL ENGLE • MUSIC BY PHILIP BEZANSON
Distinguished faculty members of the University of Iowa

Starring PATRICIA NEWAY • BRENDA LEWIS • STEPHEN DOUGLASS
and guest star JEROME HINES

Producer—GEORGE SCHAEFER *Director*—ROBERT HARTUNG

Don't miss this compelling story of Christmas at Sutter's Fort. Dynamic Gold Rush days of 1849, when the promise of riches lured pioneers into unknown hardships—and unforgettable heroism. Presented by the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards.

CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL TIME

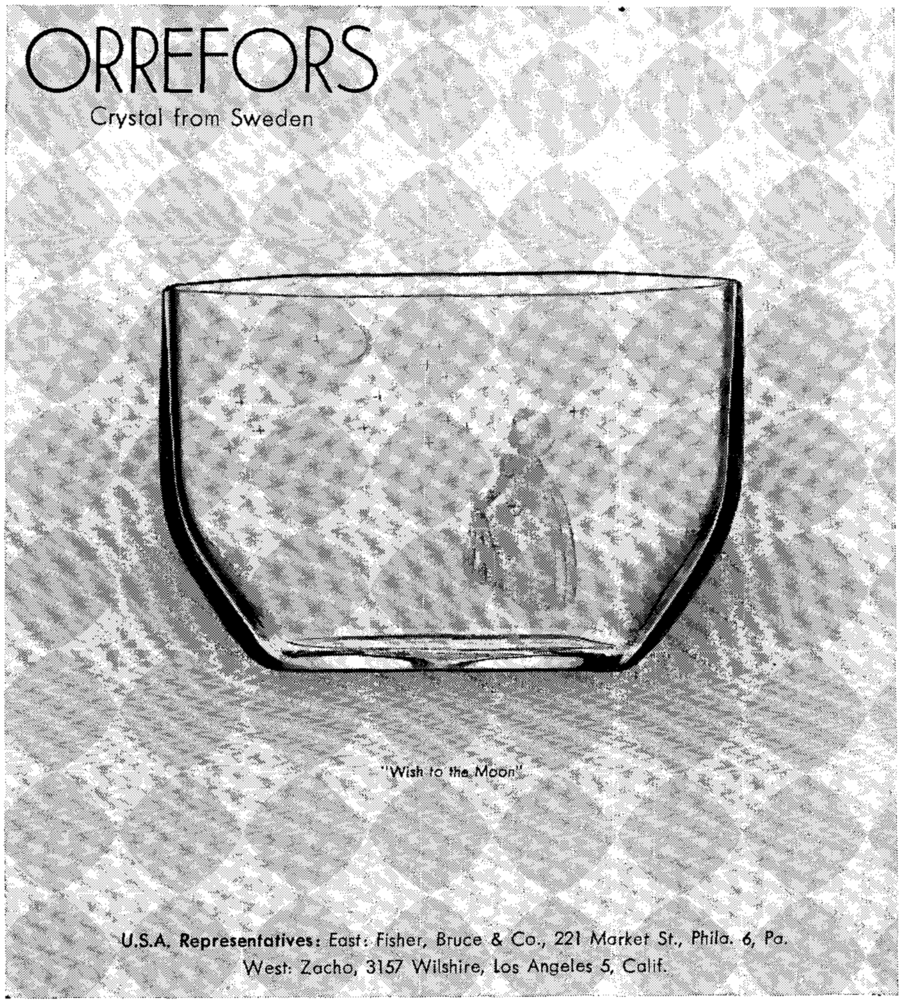


(*Advertisement*)

AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEER

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. If you prefer gorgeous scenery around your office, here are two things you can do: hire a streamlined model for a secretary and have beautiful Bigelow Carpets on the floor. Special designs, colors and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Dept., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

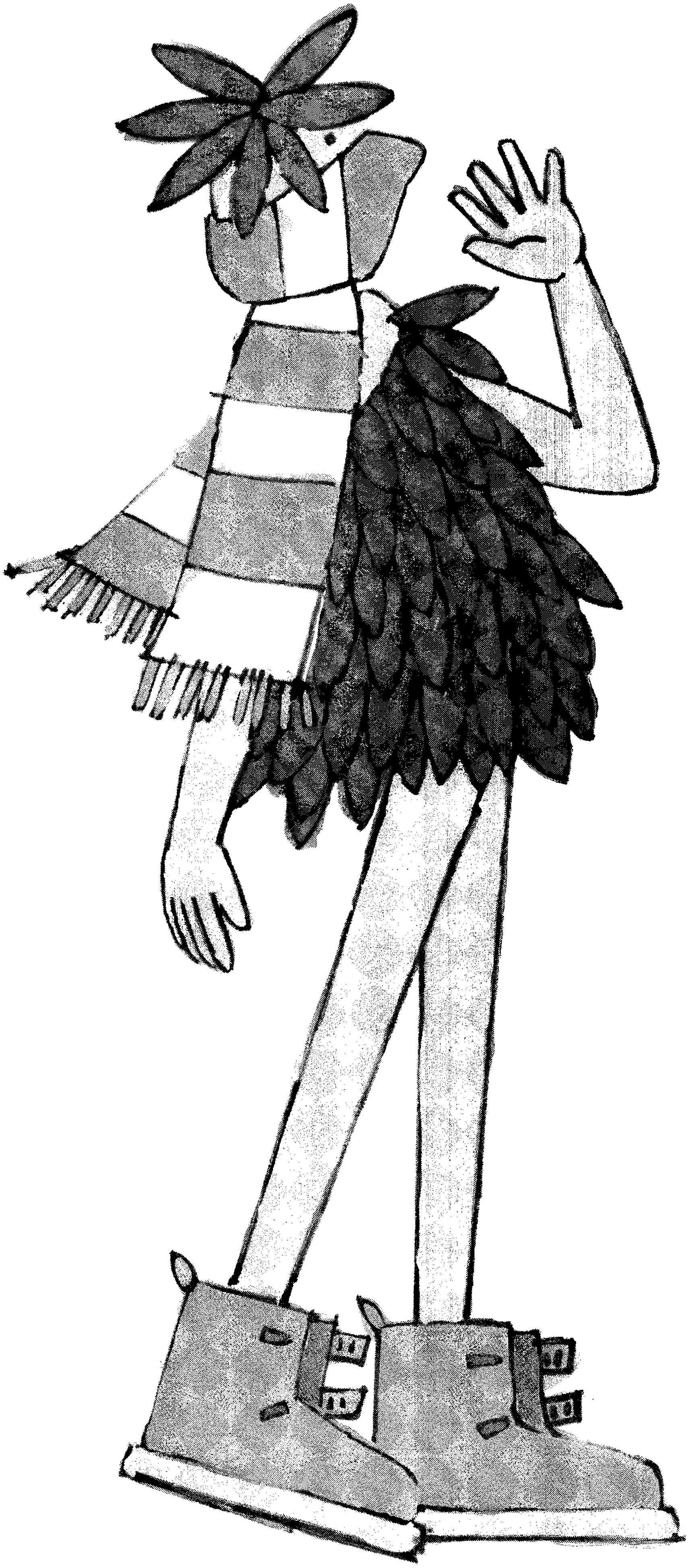


U.S.A. Representatives: East: Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila. 6, Pa.
West: Zacho, 3157 Wilshire, Los Angeles 5, Calif.

lights. On the few occasions when they do remark about the lights, Funt, who calls himself "a master of distraction," almost always can turn off further inquiry with "The painters are coming today," or some similar dodge, stated offhandedly but with authority. The subjects most likely to spot the microphone, the lights, or the camera are children, a group for whom Funt reserves his highest regard.

Ever since Funt began to appear on television, he has run the risk of having potential subjects recognize him, but although this has been a steadily growing problem, he, at least, does not expect it to be a fatal one. His chief ally in the war against recognition is the sheer weight of human numbers. Remarkable as it may seem, a good many Americans do not watch television, and still more do not watch "Candid Camera." Besides, there is a good possibility that people who *have* seen Funt on their screens will not recognize him "out of context," as he puts it, meaning where *they* are not expecting to see *him*—behind the counter of a butcher shop, for instance, with a white apron on and a ham hock in his hand. One reason Funt so often operates in stores is that while he tends to look at home in practically any setting, he has come to realize that he is a universal shopkeeper type. Another reason is that stores assure him a reliably steady flow of subjects on whom to work. Even in periods when business is slack, Funt can provide fodder for his camera by posting himself outside and, brassily as a cut-rate clothier, hailing likely passersby, perhaps with patter along these lines: "Hey, Mac, do me a favor. Just step inside here a minute and help us settle a little argument about politics, will you? . . . That's it. Right over here. . . . Yeah, they are bright, aren't they? We're having the exterminators in, you know. Now—ahem—my partner claims that if it got out that a candidate had a *numismatist* in his immediate family it still wouldn't hurt his chances in the election. *I* say it'd ruin them, no matter how good a man he was. The voters just wouldn't stand for that sort of thing. Now, you settle it for us. Would *you* vote for a man who was closely related to a numismatist? . . . A little louder, would you? I've had some trouble with my hearing."

After thirteen years of sizing up subjects, Funt feels that he is a good quick study of character, at least for his own purposes. While he has lured people of all social levels before his cameras, he frankly tends to look for non-U types. "The lower the class, the more



Big Vegetable Man from the North

"Brrrrr", if you'll pardon the expression. Winter is in the air up in the Green Giant Land of Minnesota. That big boy of ours is now wearing his winter-weight leaves—fur-lined, you know. And he's up to his eyeballs in his trusty muffler. His nose gets cold.

So what does the Green Giant do with himself in this nonvegetable-growing weather? Sit with his feet warming at the pot-bellied stove? Not him. He's a vegetable man right to the heart—and that means 12 months a year.

Along about now he's catching up on his paper work—dictating a new crop of fresh green thoughts. Soon he'll be checking out new fields, studying moisture and growing conditions. And, one of the most important things he does this wintry season is grow a test crop of Green Giant Brand peas.

You see, the Green Giant and his plant doctors are always searching and seeking to make these famous peas even more delicious. And recently they succeeded. They invented a brand-new breed of seed that gives them even more flavor, more sweetness, more tenderness.

Some wearisome, tiresome, slushy, mushy day soon, why don't you have the Green Giant to dinner? He has a very special new kind of peas, too, remember. And both kinds have a way of making spring seem just around the next corner. And since winter hasn't even officially started yet—that's a pretty good trick.

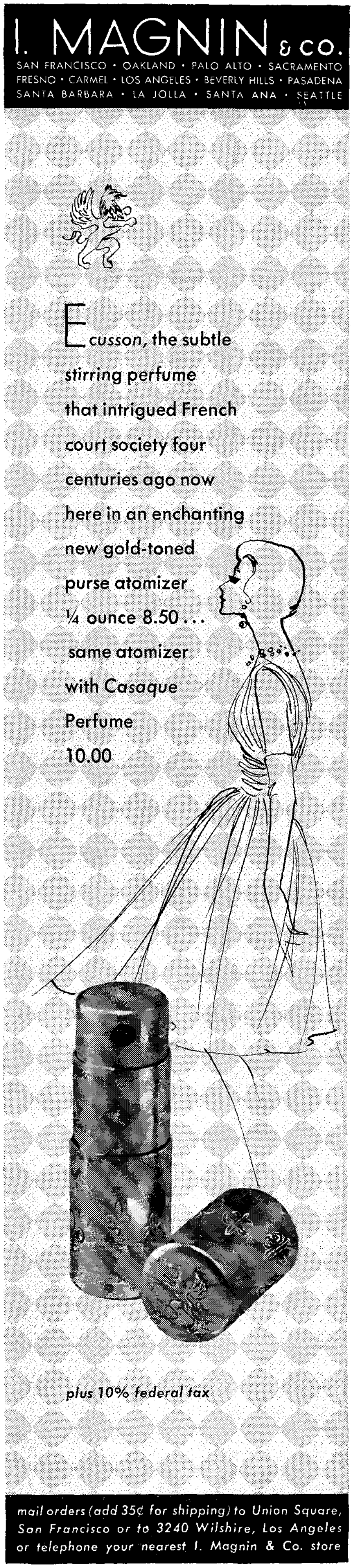
GREEN GIANT
VERY YOUNG TENDER SWEET PEAS

Famous Green Giant Brand very young tender sweet peas now better than ever, thanks to an exclusive new seed.

NEW
GREEN GIANT
EARLY PEAS WITH ONIONS

***NEW** Green Giant Brand medium small early peas with tiny onions, a touch of gourmet seasoning.*

Green Giant Co., hdqrs., LeSueur, Minn.; Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. "Green Giant" is a trademark reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.



I. MAGNIN & co.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

Ecusson, the subtle
stirring perfume
that intrigued French
court society four
centuries ago now
here in an enchanting
new gold-toned
purse atomizer
¼ ounce 8.50 . . .
same atomizer
with Casaque
Perfume
10.00

plus 10% federal tax

mail orders (add 35¢ for shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

comfortable I am,” he says, and despite his Ivy League background his on-camera personality does include a strong element of Stanley Kowalski. Indeed, his common touch undoubtedly makes humbler subjects feel right at home, and thus softens them up for lines of questioning that in the mouths of less earthily gifted interrogators might cause suspicion, resentment, or, worst of all, silence. Funt feels that when actors and comedians have been used as guest inquisitors, they have often unscientifically let their egos run away with them at the expense of the experiment in hand, and he has not yet been convinced that “Candid Camera” can get along without his presence. “The more fantastic the situation, the more you need somebody at the rudder to keep it from collapsing into farce,” he recently asserted.

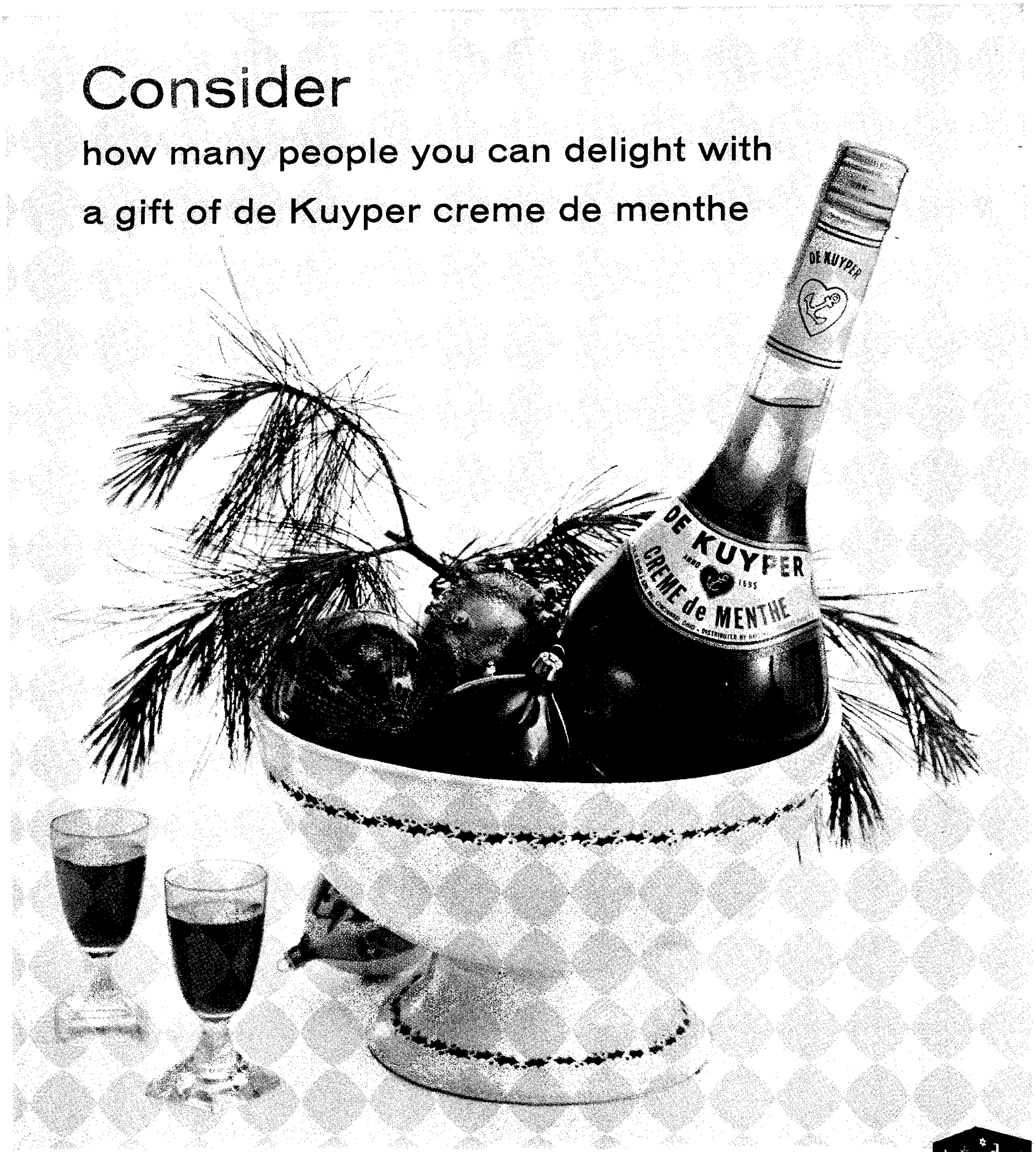
Another faculty that Funt claims to have developed to perfection—and medical records seem to bear him out—is that of detecting what he calls “shock-prone” people, such as heart sufferers and others who are unequipped to withstand the emotional strain that his procedures conceivably could bring on. His skill in avoiding them is fortunate, for although he is upset by the charge of sadism that has sometimes been levelled at him, there is evidence that he *has* been tempted to indulge in brinkmanship with the element of shock. “In a store that sells auto supplies, Allen demonstrates some horns that almost scare a few people out of the store,” reads an official outline of an early “Candid Camera” sequence, while another plot sample tells how a man in a clock-repair shop “gets a shock when Allen ‘fixes’ his clock by smashing it to pieces.” Then, too, there have been moments like the one when Funt, after some preliminary investigation, gave a florist’s clerk an order for flowers to be delivered to a girl—the clerk’s own girl. “You don’t apply just gentle routine stimuli,” Funt himself stated in his book, written during a more rambunctious stage of his career. “If you want to know what holds the man together . . . you apply a real jolt and see where the cracks appear.”

Before any serious fissures have been opened, of course, Funt has always resorted to the reveal—a point at which, he claims, he breathes a deeper sigh of relief than the subject. Long after “Candid Microphone” got under way, he told a reporter, “I still suffer over some of the things I have to do. Two days later, that guy will knock his sides out laughing at it, but while it’s happening—it kills me, believe me. I have to wrench up my courage.” Funt’s work may still be far from over after the reveal, however, for there remains the sometimes delicate problem of securing the subject’s written release, without which the film can be used only at the risk of incurring a civil suit. (There is no law against making a secret film, though.) Most subjects seem eager to sign—afterward some of them keep calling Funt up to find out why he hasn’t yet put them on the screen—but others, even if they can take the little joke, balk at having it aired publicly. Nevertheless, as in the case of the shock-prone, Funt can usually bank on his sixth sense to help him avoid getting tangled up with die-hard “non-releasers,” or, for that matter, with the equally effective spoil-films who go along with the gag only to pull a reverse reveal at the end and announce that they knew it was Funt all the time. “There’s always talk about how we take advantage of people,” Funt has said indignantly. “How about the advantage people take of *us*?” As for waverers, a little sales talk by Funt or an assistant, plus the prospect of fifty dollars—the sum that Funt now agrees to pay if the sequence is used—generally resolves their doubts and sends them away happy.

It troubles Funt that the happiness is not invariable. “Let’s say we film six locksmiths in a day,” he has said. “I figure two of them will get both money *and* fun out of the whole thing, and two will at least enjoy getting the money, but I’m afraid that for the other two it will be a sort of ‘minus experience,’ leaving them with a feeling of emptiness.”

Every now and then, Funt may enlist outside help—most likely from enthusiastic fans—in his effort to get a subject to sign. A few months ago, he conducted a fruitful interrogation of an articulate resident of the previously mentioned old folks’ home—a quite cheerful pri-

Consider
how many people you can delight with a gift of de Kuyper creme de menthe



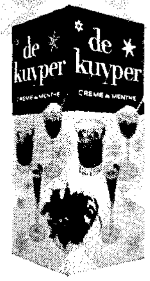
CONSIDER the elegant idea of giving de Kuyper Creme de Menthe this year. Liquor, as a gift, is appreciated by almost everyone you know. There are no wrong sizes or colors. Just thanks.

And de Kuyper Creme de Menthe is even more acceptable to personal friends or business associates. Many homes should have a bottle, but don't. It deserves a place alongside Scotch, Bourbon and Rye.

Above all, de Kuyper is delicious. Its cool, fresh, minty taste is an after-dinner soother. De Kuyper is "the best Creme de Menthe in the world." Yet it is no more expensive than a good whiskey.

As you make out your list, consider de Kuyper Creme de Menthe—green or white.

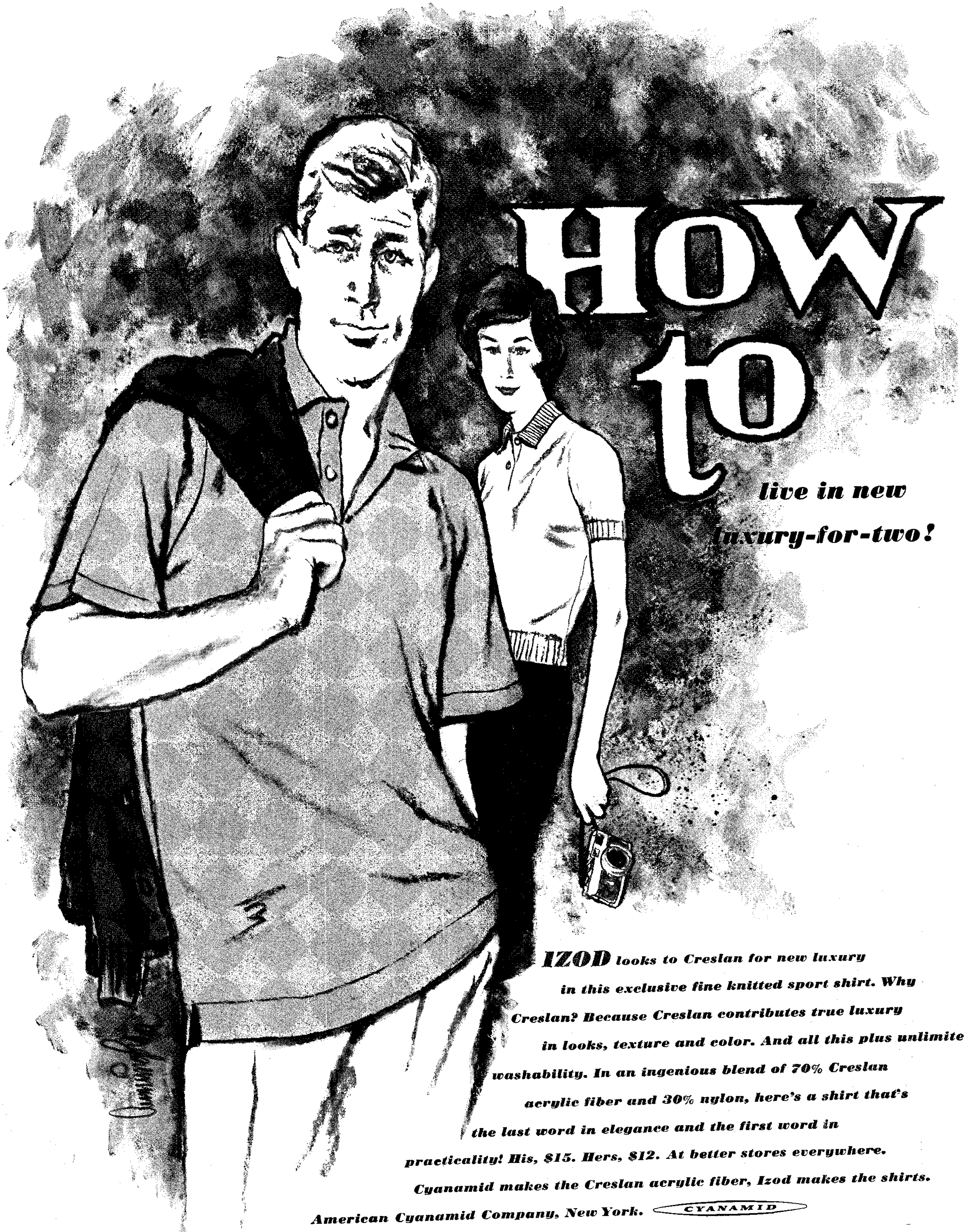
Handsomely gift boxed at no extra cost.



Creme de Menthe and 19 other delicious de Kuyper flavors are made in U.S.A. to the original Dutch formulae.

de kuyper
CREME DE MENTHE

GREEN OR WHITE, 60 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



IZOD looks to Creslan for new luxury in this exclusive fine knitted sport shirt. Why Creslan? Because Creslan contributes true luxury in looks, texture and color. And all this plus unlimite washability. In an ingenious blend of 70% Creslan acrylic fiber and 30% nylon, here's a shirt that's the last word in elegance and the first word in practicality! His, $15. Hers, $12. At better stores everywhere. Cyanamid makes the Creslan acrylic fiber, Izod makes the shirts.

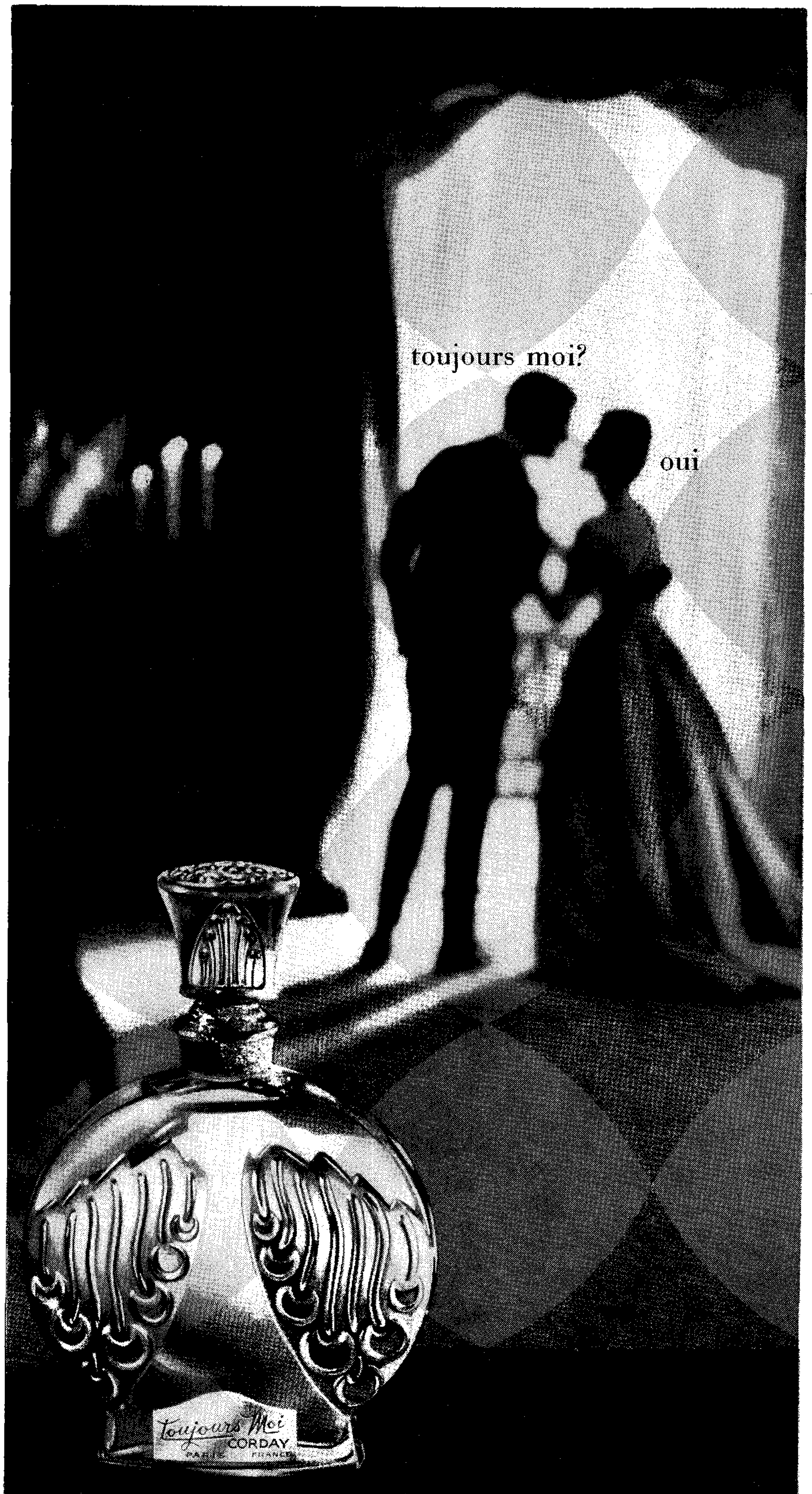
American Cyanamid Company, New York. CYANAMID

Creslan®
ACRYLIC FIBER

vate Catholic institution, where a shooting location and a stream of subjects had been provided by the sisters in charge. ("Try to send us your spriest senior citizens, Sister," Funt had instructed the liaison nun. "No feebles, and the like.") Funt and Garry Moore were posing for the day as decorators, ostensibly eager for the subjects' opinions on whether some wildly abstract art should be hung on the walls. When the subject in question, an anti-abstract old fellow named Savage, was finally told what they had been up to, he replied with great dignity, "Do you think that was an honorable thing to do?" This singular response flustered Funt to the point of momentary aphasia. "It's a very *dis*honorable thing to do," the old man continued. By then, Funt had found his tongue, but the old man remained adamant, in a polite, good-humored way. "You know what we savages say," he remarked, smiling at the pun. " 'If you take my picture, you take away part of my spirit.' " Refusing to accept Funt's offer of money either for himself or for the home, he returned to his quarters. Funt appealed to one of the sisters, and for the rest of the day progress reports on the softening up of Mr. Savage filtered down to the "Candid Camera" crew. Toward wrap-up time, late in the afternoon, he came back to see Funt. "A man can't hold out forever," he said, with cheerful resignation, and signed the release.

FUNT, who has a reflective side to his nature, has often paused to look back over the years and try to figure out how he happened to take up his career, but without very satisfactory results. As far as he can see, he had a normal boyhood in Brooklyn, complete with New Utrecht High School education and unmarred by a penchant for practical jokes or any other sign of aggressiveness more anti-social than punchball in the streets. His father, a diamond trader who came to this country from Poland in 1913, was a bookish sort of man who played the violin, and his mother was happily extroverted. Funt does recall engaging in a mild sibling rivalry with his sister Dorothy, an academic whiz three years his senior, who is now a vice-president of a firm that dispenses advice on pension and welfare funds. The relationship, Funt feels, may have given him a tendency to broodiness during his teens, yet he was no scholastic slouch himself, and skipped enough grades to graduate from New Utrecht at fifteen.

Having begun to show a decided bent for art, he spent a year at Pratt Institute



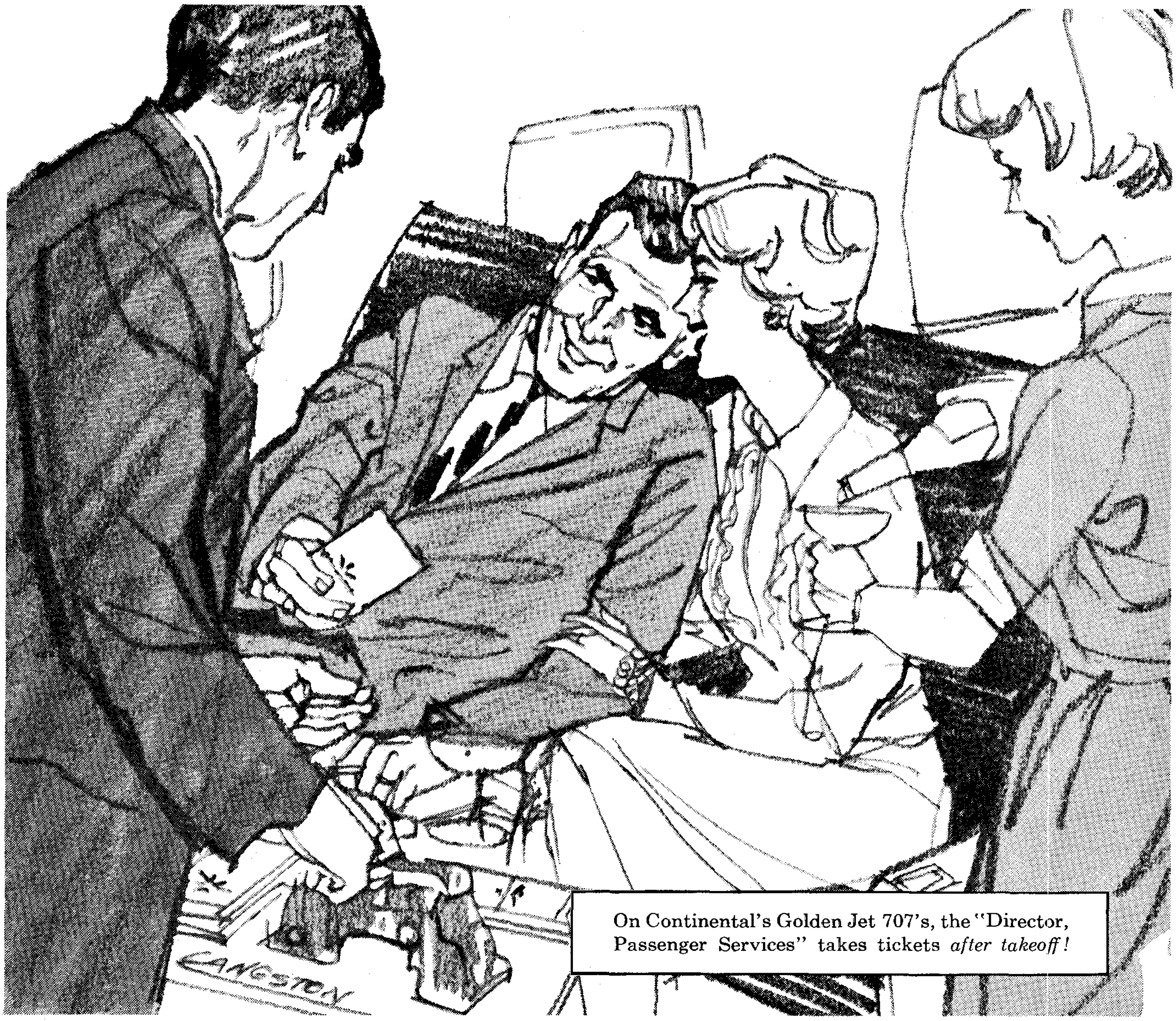
• the world's most lasting parfum •

toujours moi

(ALWAYS ME)

de

created, bottled and sealed in France CORDAY Paris



On Continental's Golden Jet 707's, the "Director, Passenger Services" takes tickets *after takeoff!*

"Instant Boarding" is another exclusive on Continental—most experienced jetline in the West!

STROLL ABOARD...SIT DOWN...THEN CHECK-IN!
THE GOLDEN JET IS SO EASY TO TAKE!

If you like to fly but hate to stand in lines at the airport, "Instant Boarding" is for you. This new Continental system, literally, takes the line from airline travel!

To fly Golden Jet, you just go out to the airport, give us your luggage, give us your name and stroll aboard. The first time you have to show your ticket is *after takeoff*. The new fifth member of our cabin crew—the Director, Passenger Services—will check it then.

Let's suppose you didn't have time to get a ticket beforehand. No problem. You board the same way and simply buy your ticket on the plane. (Either cash, check, Carte Blanche or Diner's Club is fine!)

Actually "Instant Boarding" is just one of the features which distinguishes our Gold Carpet® Service. The cabin crew of five is another Continental exclusive. And so is the new radio-telephone with which our Director can arrange a car rental or a hotel reservation for you *while you fly*.

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

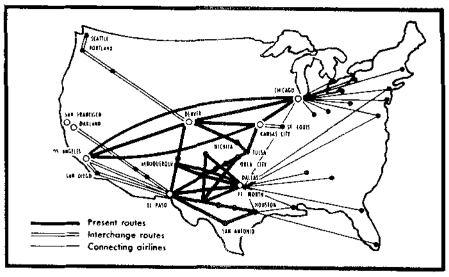
"Gold Carpet"® flights serve

CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES
DENVER
KANSAS CITY

Fly Continental's GOLDEN JET

BOEING 707

It's pure jet and pure luxury! Both First Class and Club Coach—with a spacious lounge for each.

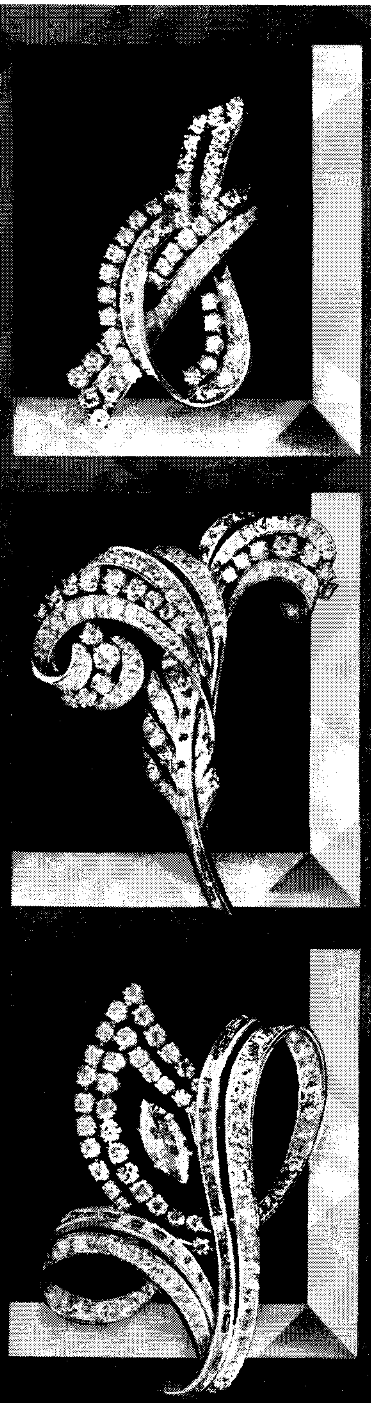


If you live in NEW YORK, DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, CLEVELAND, DAYTON, CINCINNATI, MIAMI, BUFFALO, ATLANTA *or any other city east of Chicago:* simply order your tickets from the airline of your choice. Tell the reservation agent you want to ride Continental's Golden Jet from Chicago west. You may also contact your local Travel Agent.

and then enrolled at Cornell with the intention of majoring in fine arts. The diamond business being what it is, the Funt family had its ups and downs. There was a period during Funt's early childhood when the family could afford annual trips to Europe, but at Cornell during the depression Allen had to wait on tables. The experience left him with both a distinctly New Deal outlook on life and a keen appreciation of its finer things, such as are reflected in his Croton holdings—nineteen hillside acres dotted with a guest house, a sizable studio, a combination garage-apartment, a bathhouse, a swimming pool, a stable housing three horses, a paddock, riding trails, tennis courts, gardens that are attended by a resident groundskeeper, and an eleven-room Colonial-style main house that is served by a butler and a maid and is occupied by Funt, his wife (the former Evelyn Michal, whom he married in 1946), and their three children (a daughter, ten, and two sons, seven and thirteen), who think he is the most fascinating father in the world. Visitors have reported that a Funt family discussion sometimes assumes the form of a benign "Candid Camera" interrogation, to the delight of the children.

Funt began gravitating toward his present career after his graduation from Cornell, in 1934, when, realizing that he was not a Matisse, he took a course in business administration at Columbia, went into advertising, and then got into radio. For a short time, he wrote the continuity for a show featuring one of his few idols, Eleanor Roosevelt, and later he served as a producer and writer of audience-participation shows, a realm in which the gimmick reigned. He did especially well with a property called "The Funny Money Man," the cream of whose jest was that listeners were paid odd amounts for sending in odd objects to the program—for instance, ninety-nine cents for the shirt off somebody's back. "It was the stupidest show on radio," Funt recently remarked, in a not uncommon moment of self-flagellation. Nevertheless, right into the nineteen-fifties Funny Money Men were holding forth on local stations throughout the country with yellowed Funt scripts, the originator having long since split up the franchise and come to serve only as supplier, as Howard Johnson does with fried clams. While Funt managed to make a decent living out of gimmickry, he was left artistically unfulfilled. "I regard the audience-participation days as a degrading, lacklustre period of my life," he has declared.

A three-year wartime hitch in the



Dazzling Diamonds

...in swirling clips of platinum. Twist of ribbon, a double row of round diamonds, $1,980. Curling plume, $2,900. Flower of baguettes and brilliants, a large marquise at its center, $4,800.

Fed. tax incl. Shown actual size.

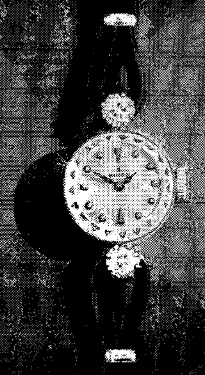
Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111

Army, during which he won a commission, gave Funt little surcease from such demeaning activities. After a stint of training nisei infantrymen, he ended up in Army Special Services, where one of his chores was the staging of participation shows for the War Bond Drive. The low point of this particular phase of his career, he feels, was a public confrontation he arranged between a combat G.I. and his mother, whom the war had separated for five years. To reach her waiting arms at last, the soldier had but to walk from a stage toward the back of an auditorium, but he could do so only if a member of the audience pledged to buy a bond for each step he took. Strong men wept and the money rolled in, but before the G.I. had reached his goal the scene had propelled Funt out of the hall in a state of remorse. "I felt like Nero playing on people's heartstrings," he has recalled.

At one point in his Army service, Funt successfully helped tongue-tied soldiers record messages home by chatting informally with them before a supposedly dead but actually live mike. When the war ended, he talked the Mutual Broadcasting System into advancing him a modest stake for similar experiments with hidden microphones. After six unfruitful months, during which he and three assistants shared half of a one-room office on Vanderbilt Avenue with a dazed accountant, he had just about used up the grubstake and was wondering how to salvage his idea when the immortal lady appeared in the dentist's office. Mutual never did pick up Funt's option, but in 1947 "Candid Microphone" was contracted for by the American Broadcasting Company network, which broadcast it for two years. Then, in the fall months of

Guerlain
Paris
SHALIMAR
change
things!
GUERLAIN • Shalimar Perfume • $6, $10, $18, $30, $50. Prices plus tax.


C.D.Peacock
JEWELERS • ESTABLISHED 1837

For her Christmas...

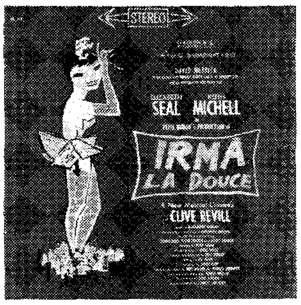
the wonderful surprise of a new watch.
This one, a classic of great beauty by Rolex, presented
in the Peacock manner, is an impeccable choice.
Of 14k white gold, set with two, full cut, brilliant diamonds
totaling 1/4 carat, distinguished by its faceted synthetic
sapphire crystal, 17 jewels, suede cord, $325.
Shown actual size • Prices include Federal Tax • Mail orders given prompt attention

C. D. PEACOCK
State and Monroe in Chicago

IN THE SUBURBS • OLD ORCHARD • HUBBARD WOODS • LA GRANGE PARK

Gift Wrapping Service

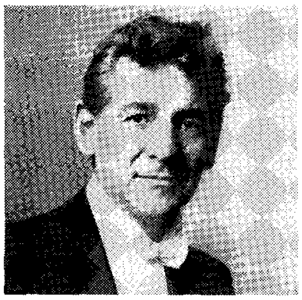
THE NEWEST SOUNDS



EVERYBODY'S GIRL IRMA

IRMA LA DOUCE is a wayward but good-hearted little Paris girl, the heroine of a smash Broadway musical of the same name. The show is a kind of French "Guys and Dolls," brash but adorable, full of beguiling songs. Fresh off the New York stage in an Original Cast Recording.

IRMA LA DOUCE / ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST / OL 5560 / OS 2029*

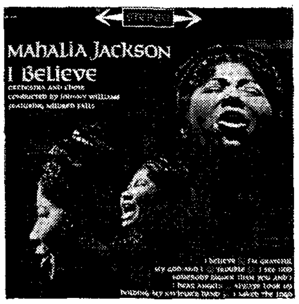


ABOUT "PETER AND THE WOLF"

Conductor Leonard Bernstein doubles as the warm and witty narrator-guide to Prokofiev's buoyant escapade, "Peter and the Wolf." The companion piece is Tchaikovsky's familiar "Nutcracker Suite," in which Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic find refreshingly elegant surprise . . . Bernstein, an impassioned Mahlerite, also leads the PHILHARMONIC and soprano JENNIE TOUREL in the composer's moving elegy, "Kindertotenlieder."

PROKOFIEV/PETER AND THE WOLF/ TCHAIKOVSKY/NUTCRACKER SUITE/ LEONARD BERNSTEIN/NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC/ML 5593/MS 6193*

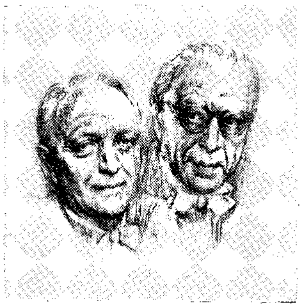
MAHLER/KINDERTOTENLIEDER/ TOUREL/NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC/ BERNSTEIN/ML 5597/MS 6197*



"I BELIEVE"

MAHALIA JACKSON'S voice is an instrument of glory, revealed in an inspired new collection, "I Believe." Norman Rockwell's album cover painting mirrors her devotion.

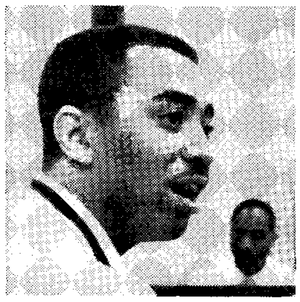
I BELIEVE / MAHALIA JACKSON / CL 1549 / CS 8349*



MOZART, CASADESUS AND SZELL

A happy meeting of musical minds –piano virtuoso Robert Casadesus and conductor George Szell in crystalline performances of two Mozart concertos.

MOZART: CONCERTOS NO. 22 & 23/ CASADESUS/SZELL/COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA/ML 5594/MS 6194*



"SIN AND SOUL"

OSCAR BROWN is a stunning poet-actor, a composer-philosopher. He swings a classic fable, writes a powerful work song, reenacts the slave auctioneer's *shocking chant. It's all a uniquely* startling blend of folk song and jazz styles.

SIN AND SOUL/OSCAR BROWN/ 1577/CS 8377*

FAIR "CAMELOT"

Lerner and Loewe, the magicians who conjured up "My Fair Lady," cast an even lovelier spell with their latest musical triumph, "CAMELOT." It's a happy mixture of old English legend and enchanted new melodies, presented by Richard Burton, Julie Andrews and the entire Broadway Original Cast.

CAMELOT/ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING/KOL 5620/KOS 2031* / Tape: TOB 100 (2-track) OQ 344 (4-track)

STEREO
RICHARD BURTON
JULIE ANDREWS
Camelot
ALAN JAY LERNER
FREDERICK LOEWE
MOSS HART
RODDY McDOWALL
ROBERT COOTE
ROBERT GOULET

STEREO
Percy Faith
Music from Lerner & Loewe's
CAMELOT

There are other splendid sounds of "CAMELOT" too. PERCY FAITH arranges and conducts a suave instrumental version of the score.

MUSIC FROM LERNER AND LOEWE'S CAMELOT/PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CL 1570 / CS 8370*

stereo
Andre Previn
Play Music From Lerner & Loewe's
CAMELOT

Pianist ANDRE PREVIN and his jazz trio joust merrily with the tunes.

ANDRE PREVIN/CL 1569/ CS 8369*

SIBELIUS AND THE "SEASONS"

A mighty musical force of 450 – The Philadelphia Orchestra, *Eugene Ormandy, The Mormon* Tabernacle Choir – bring forth the massive majesty of Sibelius' "Finlandia." . . . More delicately scaled but equally invigorating is the ORMANDY-PHILADELPHIA interpretation of Vivaldi's "The Seasons."

VIVALDI/THE SEASONS/ML 5595/ MS 6195*
SIBELIUS/FINLANDIA/ML 5596/ MS 6196*

---

33 singles: A happy new note. Many of your favorite singers and their songs are now available too on neat 7-inch single records at your favorite speed — 33.

THE QUINTET OF THE YEAR

It's an historic occasion when the spirited DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET is joined by a singing voice – the sturdy baritone of JIMMY RUSHING. The resulting Quintet produces a rousing jazz "Collaboration."

THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET FEATURING JIMMY RUSHING CL 1553/ CS 8353*

*STEREO

yours on COLUMBIA RECORDS

® "Columbia", Ⓡ Marcas Reg. Printed in U. S. A.

ankle deep in sheep (skin)

Perfectionists prefer these impeccable British boots for easy winter walking or after-ski toasting. Morlands famed fleece inside, finest supple suede outside — with anti-slip rubber soles, removable sock linings — and years of warm, wonderful wear.

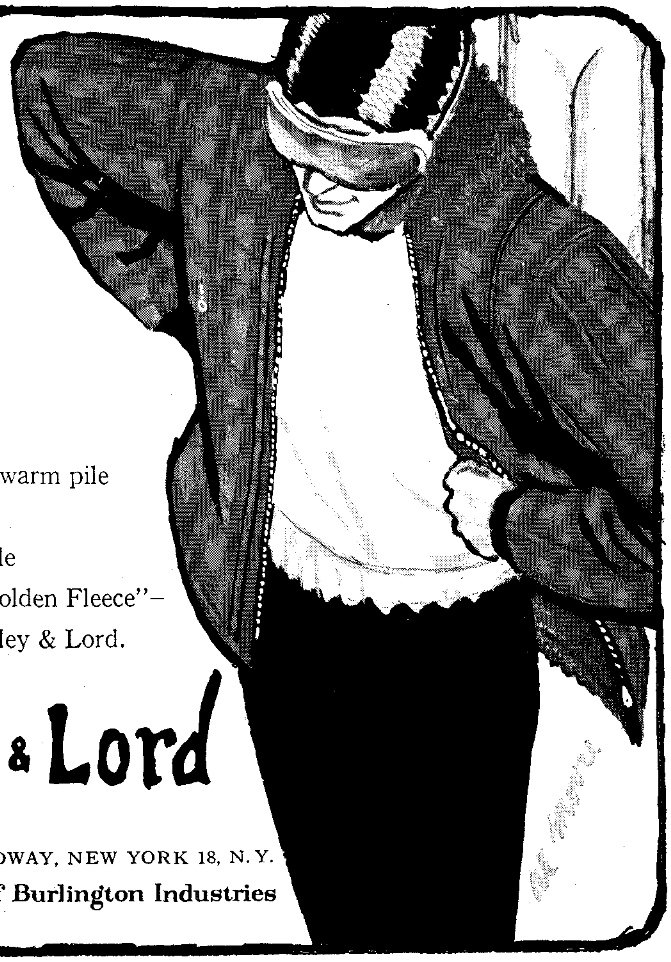
Slim, trim, ladies' zipper boot. Black or Nut.
(Also 3 eyelet tie, Black or Moss Green)
Half sizes 5-10½. $14.95 add 45¢ postage please

Morlands
Glastonbury, England

Men's cold weather classic tie. Black or Olive.
(Also zipper style, Black or Nut)
Full sizes 7-13. $19.95 add 45¢ postage please

satisfaction assured *catalogue on request*

Carroll Reed
SHOPS
NORTH CONWAY 11, NEW HAMPSHIRE



Sturdy cotton and warm pile
reverse in this
completely washable
Swiss Blouse by "Golden Fleece"—
cotton plaid by Galey & Lord.

Galey & Lord
Burlington
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

1949, it evolved into "Candid Camera." "In those days, 'Candid Camera' was truly ahead of its time," Funt said recently. "The *exposed* camera was offering wonders enough for the television audience."

When "Candid Camera," having run its precocious course, went off the air in 1954, Funt was not unhappy. For one thing, he says that by then he had lost his own enthusiasm for the show and the practical-joke format into which it had settled, and, for another, there were savings from the profits of the program, as well as from a series of "Candid Camera" movie shorts and "Candid Microphone" record albums, to live on, in addition to the proceeds that he could expect from occasional guest appearances, reruns of his past performances, and commercial films. (Funt has come to specialize in what might be called negative sales- and industrial-training films, since he is unexcelled, of course, at illustrating how *not* to sell something or perform a job. He has also made sales-promotion films, showing that subjects prefer, say, a particular brand of whiskey; the process of editing out subjects who do not happen to prefer that brand he calls "truth by selection.") For a third thing, Funt, who has always had an urge to lend his strange muse to loftier projects (one of his proudest experiments was a hidden-camera study of disturbed children under clinical observation), hoped to stir up backing for some of them. A cherished objective of his was, and still is, a full-length "Candid" film depicting the working day of an average twentieth-century American—a document that he feels would be an invaluable contribution to any time capsule. Another was somehow to employ his camera with the educational aim of breaking down harmful national stereotypes. And, quite aside from such schemes, Funt wanted eventually to get back on commercial television with a worthier version of "Candid Camera."

Unfortunately, by the time prospective backers to whom Funt submitted his ideas got through making suggestions, the result invariably turned out to be the *old* "Candid Camera," with its heavy load of tried-and-true joke situations. Scorning a return to such mean labors, Funt worked out his frustrations during those six years in three-hour tennis games and massive do-it-yourself projects at Croton. He once spent the better part of three months putting together a model-railroad system seemingly intended to rival the Mott Haven Yard in size and com-

ON GREAT SKIS

A DISSERTATION

A ski is less innocent than it looks. A rascal, an enigma—an uncommon complex of shape, camber, flexibility, weight, tip, running surface, groove, edge—expressed in materials of more or less beauty and durability.

Ah, you say, you know the devious nature of a ski. You know the way it drags or floats, overturns or stubbornly refuses to turn at all, grabs now or lets go just when you need its bite. Then you've been using an ordinary ski—not a great one.

An ordinary ski may hide its knavish character from a casual glance, so examine carefully before taking a ski to your heart. Are its edges flush and square with the running surface? Are they single strips of tempered steel with no sections, screws, or rivets to drag and loosen? When flexed, does the ski form a flowing curve from tip to tail, or does its awkward angular bend foretell gawky action on the snow? Does the tip turn up elegantly just right, neither gaping open prematurely nor breaking tardily with snubnosed abruptness? When you press the bottoms together does the entire length close at once with a lovely whispered snap?

A great ski combines precisely the right form and fusion of all these elements, and thus becomes a thing of beauty. Use it, and discover its magical ability to turn with a breath or equally follow without question your bidding to track. Buy it, and years from now rejoice in the final attribute of a great ski—that it lasts as long as your devotion.

and who makes great skis?

HEAD of course.

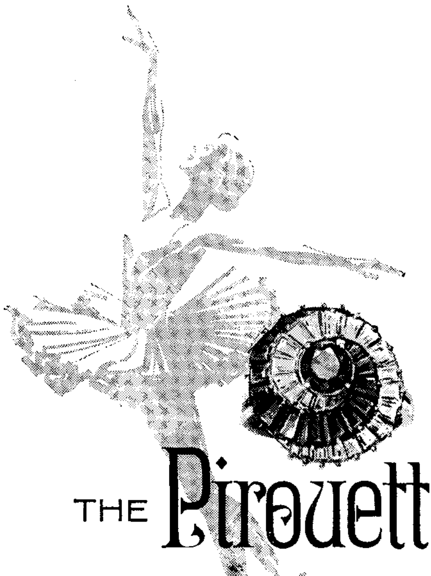
HEAD

HEAD SKI CO., INC.
Timonium, Maryland

HEAD STANDARD—$94.50
HEAD VECTOR—$117.50
HEAD SKI POLE—$24.50

plexity, and he also burned off great bursts of energy in construction projects—building a wing onto his stable with his own hands and fashioning huge marble-inlaid outdoor dining tables. In calmer moments, he turned out some tasteful painting and sculpture. At last, two years ago, he found a satisfactory compromise in an arrangement with Robert Banner, a thirty-eight-year-old Texan who is the head of a highly successful television program-packaging company called Bob Banner Associates and who undertook to mediate between Madison Avenue and Funt. Banner, a former instructor in the Theatre Department of Northwestern University, saw to it that "Candid Camera" got back on the air—first with Garry Moore and then on its own—and in a form that suited Funt. Banner now serves as the executive producer of the program, and Funt credits him with invaluable assistance in raising the "Candid" shows to a nobler level. "He's sort of my mental bodyguard," says Funt. On the other hand, Funt is not without pride in his own studious restraint, and not long ago he came up with what he considered an appropriate tribute to it. "I think that I've at least kept 'Candid Camera' from deteriorating to the quiz-show level," he said.

OVER the years, Funt's endeavors have drawn quite a spread of critical comment, much of it, like David Riesman's, highly favorable. At the beginning, the late *PM* was his biggest booster among the local newspapers, hailing "Candid Microphone" in 1947 as "that too good to be true radio program," and frequently reproducing verbatim transcriptions of its episodes, which the paper regarded as being full of social significance. One *PM* feature writer found that Funt was "voyaging . . . into the human dimension" and evoking "unrealized poetry in ordinary speech . . . unconscious grandeur in some ordinary people." On another level, Funt has always been popular with a good many reviewers—especially from out of town—who are less interested in the meaning of his work than in its entertainment value. Indeed, his hinterland public has, in general, been gratifyingly enthusiastic, possibly because most of the subjects that he has verbally trimmed have been people in or around New York. "Fresh, natural, spontaneous, healthy humor," an Episcopal minister in the Deep South wrote Funt not long ago. "Good therapy for a somewhat confused and bewildered society." While other correspondents sel-



THE Pirouette RING

Shreve's newest creation inspired by one of the oldest forms of art — ballet. Dramatic, beautifully designed ring ablaze with sapphire centre, sapphire and diamond baguettes, $2950 — ruby centre, ruby and diamond baguettes, $3950 — diamond centre, diamond and emerald baguettes, $5200.

Federal Tax included. Ring Shown Actual Size.

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass.
Tel. COpley 7-9100
Send for Gift Catalog

Femme
Moustache
Femme
Perfume
Pursatomizer
Eau de Cologne
Moustache
Eau de Cologne
After-Shave Lotion
One for your love... and one for you!
PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS AND NEW YORK

PIANO BY BALDWIN

at the request of Leonard Bernstein

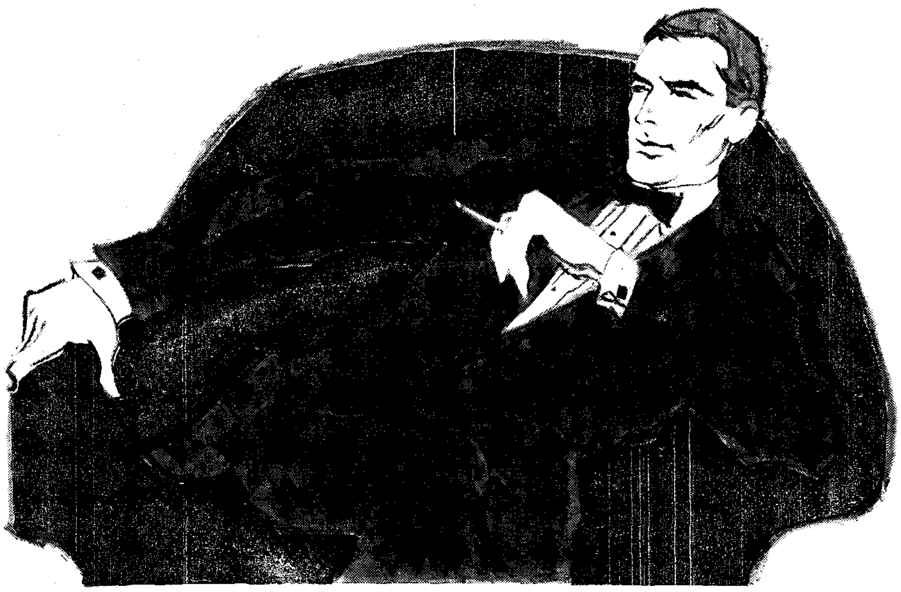
TONE is one of the principal standards by which fine pianos are judged. Tone of Baldwin stature can be achieved only through use of the finest materials in the hands of dedicated craftsmen. For example, the patented Baldwin pinblock contains forty layers of select hardwood, so strong that the modern Baldwin Grand stays tuned as no piano ever did before. Admire it at your Baldwin Dealer's today.

Linett Evening Clothes—the mark of well dressed men – come into any of these fine stores – call or write Linett for the store nearest you.

85 Fifth Avenue
New York 3, *N. Y.*
ALgonquin 5-8230

Lord & Taylor, Alumni Shop, New York; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Boyd's, St. Louis; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Julius Garfinckle & Co., Washington, D. C.; Edw. Miller, Hempstead, L. I.; Henry Miller, Ltd., Hartford; White, Inc., New Haven; Atkinson's, Los Angeles; Rob't Kirk, Ltd., San Francisco; Rosenblum's, Jacksonville; Jack Henry, Kansas City, Mo.; Gano-Downs, Denver; Norton Ditto, Houston.

Linett



to Cherish
to Enjoy
to Own

The Golden Ribbon
All 18 K. Gold with Handmade Bracelet
Retail $650 F.T.I.

The Diamond Star
52 full cut flawless gem diamonds
Total weight one and three quarter carats
Retail $1240 F.T.I.

CORUM
The key to perfect time
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.
A complete Swiss import sold by leading jewelers all over the world

dom cite the healing qualities of Funt's program, many frequently recall with relish their "Candid" favorites from the past (a nostalgic letter writer recently yearned to relive the ecstatic moment when Funt entered a swank perfume shop with an unwrapped piece of Limburger cheese in his pocket), and practically all make suggestions for new situations, usually more fiendish than anything Funt has ever ventured to try—fake holdups, for instance, or embarrassing tricks on teachers (favorites with schoolchildren). While Funt concedes that he may occasionally have gone too far in the old days (he drew a particularly adverse audience response when he recorded for "Candid Microphone" an aide dictating a suicide note to a startled public stenographer), only one of his recent routines has seemed to upset a lot of his viewers. By way of proving once again the power of suggestion—a lesson that he apparently feels can't be driven home too often—he tricked an inductee at Fort Dix into responding insubordinately to the orders of two "officers" (Funt and Moore) in emulation of the example set by four other soldiers, who had been acting on instructions from the "Candid Camera" crew. Although Funt had the full coöperation of the military authorities, and although the New York University School of Education gave the episode a rave review in the form of a request to use the film, quite a few people failed to see the joke, among them a lady who noted that her son had once been an inductee and had subsequently been killed in combat, and another who said that the commanding officer of the post should have been court-martialled. Funt marked the incident down for future reference, not as a reflection on his own sense of delicacy but as an example of the unreliability of government issue in

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
Merry Christmas!
GIVE THE ONE
WITH THE
3 REAL BLADES

Nothing shaves like a blade—

that's why Sunbeam puts 3 real blades in this great new Shavemaster shaver

THE NEW Sunbeam Shavemaster introduces a basic new design that gives you a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave than any electric ever could before. This new Sunbeam shaves you with real blades.

Three real blades—locked inside its rounded head—give you a shave so close, it has to be compared with the results you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade. No matter how you hold it, you don't feel the slightest pull or irritation. For your convenience, it has a sideburn trimmer, flip-open shaving head and on-off switch. **A handsome presentation case** makes the Shavemaster perfect for Christmas giving! See it at dealers now.

NEW SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER
ELECTRIC SHAVER

Sunbeam Corporation, Chicago 50, Ill. Canada: Toronto 18. *Sunbeam, Shavemaster

matters of taste. "I was leery of the idea myself right from the start," he ruefully commented a few weeks later, "but the Pentagon was so coöperative that I figured it must be all right."

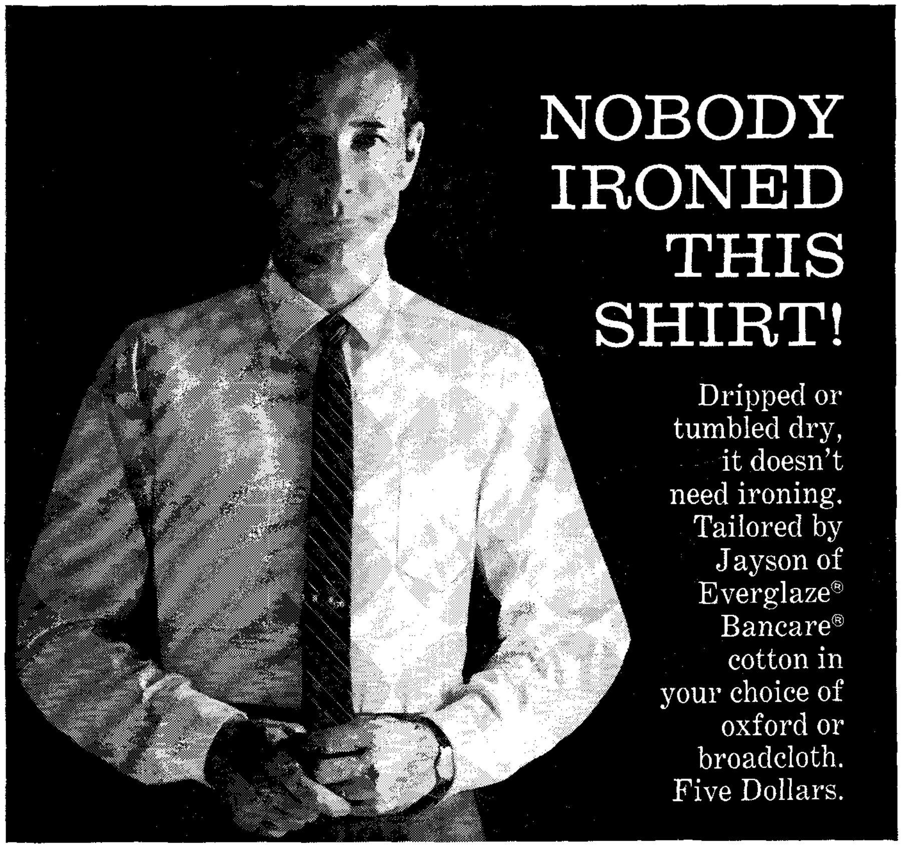
If Funt has managed to stay on the right side of most observers, he has also attracted from the beginning a minority body of adverse criticism. A bit of this has emanated from the usually enthralled outback. "With this new Machiavellian inspiration, radio crosses the last threshold of privacy," the *Berkshire Eagle*, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, asserted when "Candid Microphone" made its début. At around the same time, John Crosby remarked in the *Herald Tribune*, "The possibilities are limitless, the prospect is horrifying." In a retrospective comment on "Candid Camera's" first years on television, published in this magazine last year, the late John Lardner wrote, "His work in candor, as I recall it, amounted to a frontal attack on the dignity of man. His attitude toward society was coarse, nagging, suspicious, and misanthropic—and, to make matters worse, zestfully so." There has been a scattering of critical complaints on other scores as well. Some watchers and listeners have found the shows' episodes—either collectively or severally—dull, trivial, tasteless, or seemingly rigged, and others simply haven't been able to stomach Funt. Funt tends to find the last sentiment more fathomable than the others. "Often I'll see myself on film and be appalled," he has remarked with an air of resignation.

On the whole, though, Funt bruises as easily as the next performer. A Lowell, Massachusetts, television critic who last season virtually charged that "Candid Camera" was rigged, printed an abject retraction a few days later, following a phone call from Funt. It is Funt's contention not only that his working methods assure him an adequate supply of unconscious talent but that ersatz subjects would be useless for his purposes anyway. He concedes that he may occasionally seine from the flow of humanity a natural-born actor who, recognizing the situation, nevertheless exhibitionistically goes along with it and actually succeeds in fooling Funt at the moment. However, Funt firmly believes that no impostor can fool him once he sees the film. Furthermore, just to be on the safe side, he often throws out footage on subjects who he is quite sure *are* innocent but who inadvertently *look* as if they had spotted the camera. He makes these discoveries, and others, while running the film through a

IF TODAY IS YOUR BIRTHDAY AND NO ONE REMEMBERED
BUY YOURSELF AN $8.50 TIE AT SULKA

(if you'd just as soon they forget . . . buy two!)

THREE EXCEPTIONAL NEW PATTERNS FROM OUR LOOMS IN LYONS, ON GROUNDS OF BLUE, GREY, BROWN, WHITE, BLACK AND RED, $8.50.
A. Sulka & Company
New York, 405 Park Avenue at 54 Street.
Chicago, 6 S. Michigan Ave.
San Francisco, 278 Post Street.
CATALOGUE ON REQUEST



NOBODY IRONED THIS SHIRT!

Dripped or tumbled dry, it doesn't need ironing. Tailored by Jayson of Everglaze® Bancare® cotton in your choice of oxford or broadcloth. Five Dollars.

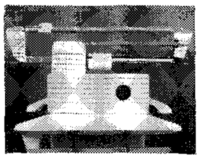
JAYSON BANCARE®

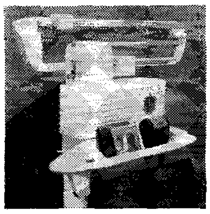
Available at: WEBER & HEILBRONER, New York • HALLE BROS., Cleveland
and other leading stores, or write: JAYSON, Inc., 390 Fifth Ave., New York 18

"My Fairbanks Morse Valet Scale is a perfectly precisioned, extraordinarily accurate weighing instrument, but . . .

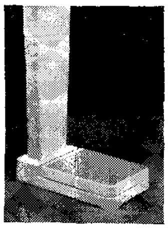
". . . it is also a handsomely dignified, charmingly personable, properly mannered silent servant who, at 8 A. M., is absolutely inaccessible without an appointment.

☐ "Sure . . . it's a scale. A reliable, durable, fractionally accurate scale, dedicated to the proper recording of my weight. It is a guardian of my health and well-being. But that's true of all Fairbanks Morse scales. That's why you see them in hospitals and in doctors' offices. My Valet Scale is all this and more. It's a gentleman's gentleman who not only weighs me . . . he waits upon me. He holds my coat, my trousers, my tie . . . my watch, my keys, my change. And, most important . . . he keeps my clothes looking freshly pressed.





☐ "Why am I complaining? Because this mechanical schizophrenic, this metallic Jekyll and Hyde, this only-thing-of-its-kind-in-the-world has stolen the affections of my entire family!



☐ "I can place my suit upon it the night before and have it wrinkle-free in the morning. I can choose my tie eight hours before arising and not stumble through the closet to pick out the one with the minestrone stains. I can insert my cuff links into my sleeves while my fingers are still awake . . . but I can't get to them in the morning! Because suddenly my family is weight-conscious. And suddenly they're utilizing my Valet Scale as a hat rack, sweater drier, gum holder, jewelry box, ice cream dish, shoe kit and speaker's rostrum!

☐ ". . . They gave me my Valet Scale for my birthday. They told me it was mine, to do with as I pleased . . . to step sure-footedly onto its non-skid platform, right from the shower, without fear of a fatal fall . . . to gaze upon its machine-precisioned scale beam, angled for easier viewing and calibrating . . . to revere, as did Thaddeus Fairbanks in 1830, when he invented its ancestor: the first beam-type scale ever built . . .

☐ "But I was misled. Such was not my luck. And now there are but two ways in which I can fight what has since occurred. I can put my Valet Scale into my office where only the shoeshine man can vie with me for its affections. Or, I can ignore my weight, ignore my attire . . . and return to my former fat and sloppy status."

"For further information on all the fun I'm having with my new *Fairbanks Morse Valet Scale*, write to me, Mr. Valet, Fairbanks Morse and Co., 600 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 5, Illinois."

Fairbanks Morse

A MAJOR COMPONENT OF **FAIRBANKS WHITNEY CORPORATION**

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS (SLIGHTLY HIGHER, WEST OF THE ROCKIES) • MARSHALL FIELD & CO. • I. MAGNIN & CO. • THE H. & S. POGUE CO. • THE HALLE BROS. CO. F. & R. LAZARUS • AND OTHER FINE STORES.

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

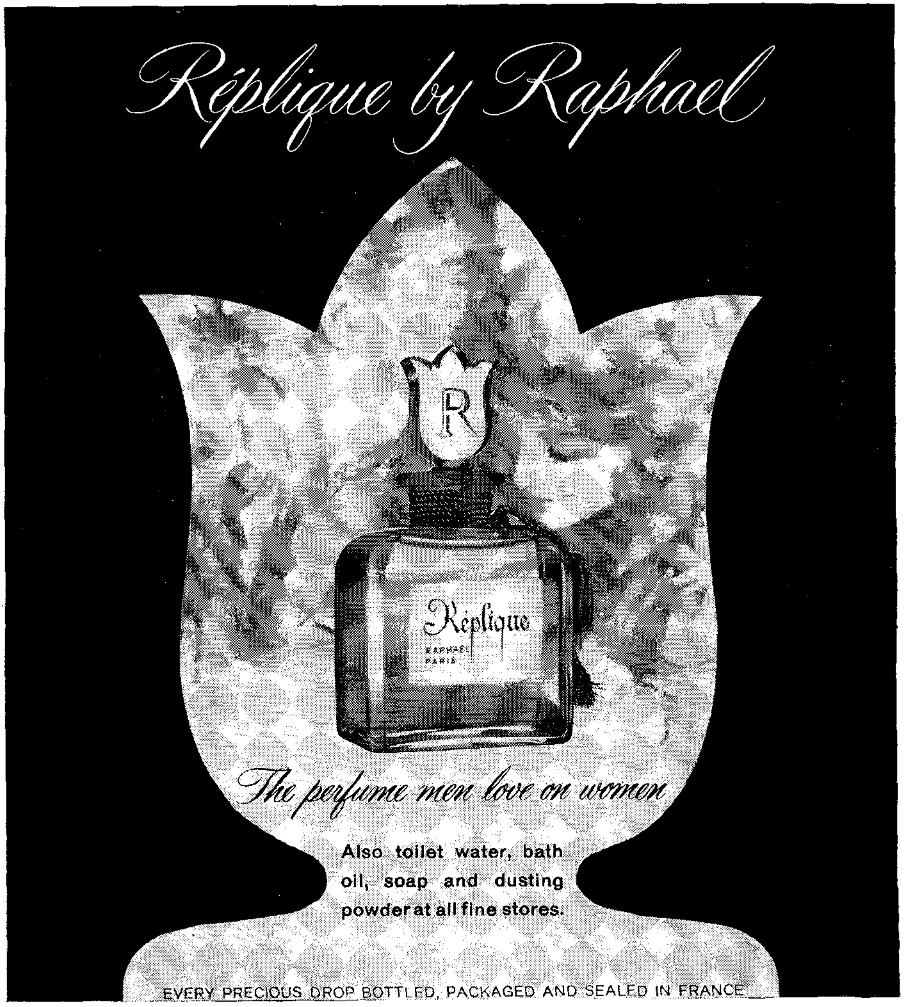
Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality
J&B

J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

"World's Finest" 86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20


Réplique by Raphael

The perfume men love on women

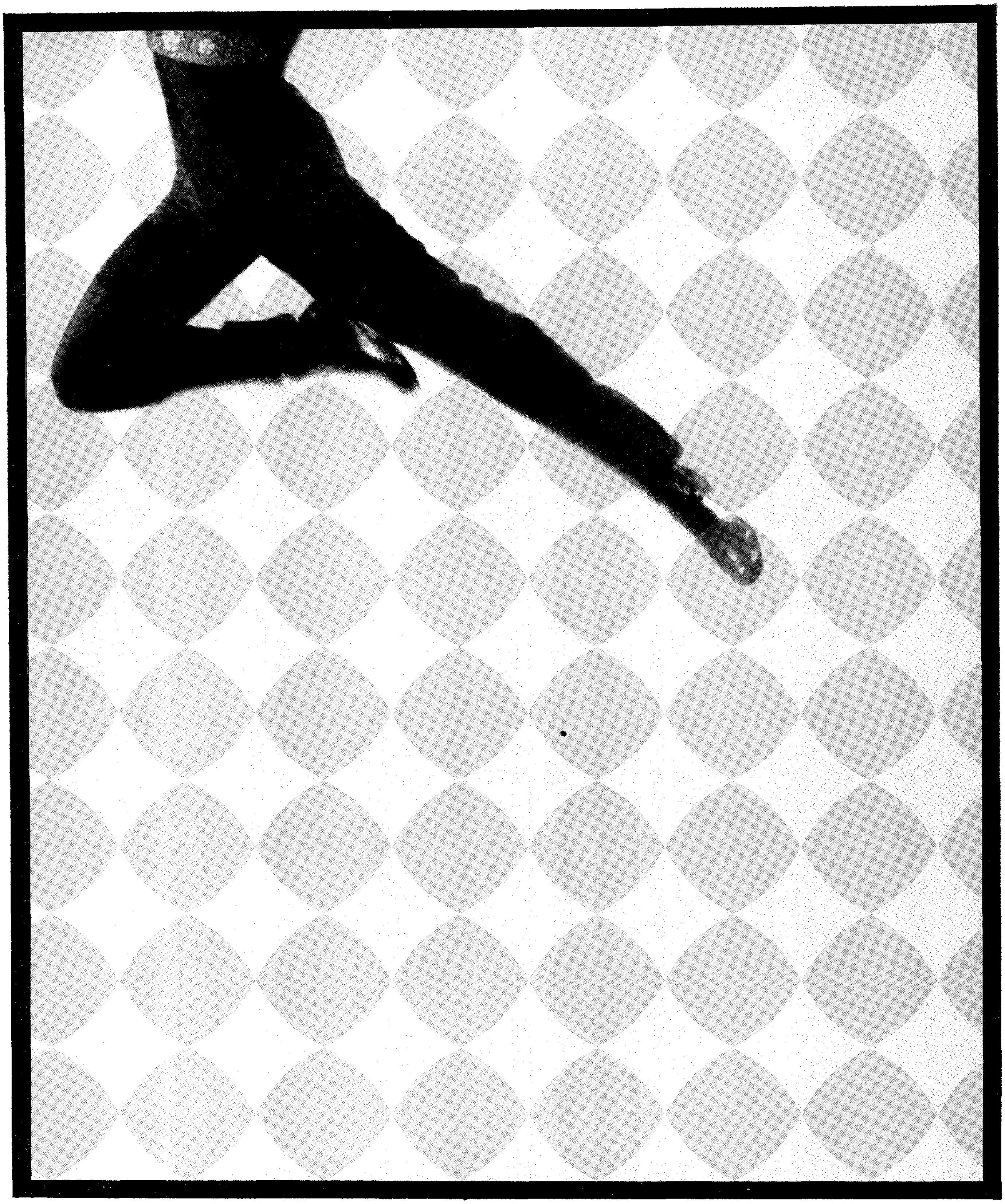
Also toilet water, bath oil, soap and dusting powder at all fine stores.

EVERY PRECIOUS DROP BOTTLED, PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

Moviola; after playing film and sound forward and backward—perhaps as many as thirty times per sequence—he throws out, for reasons of implausibility or plain dullness, perhaps ninety per cent of the material acquired in the average day's shooting. Since this amounts to eight or nine thousand feet of film, Funt is reluctant to throw away *all* the overshoot, and he often salvages parts of it by splicing together what he calls "essay-type shows," such as one on dirty looks that he has received.

Short of giving up his career entirely, there is not much that Funt can do to satisfy the hard core of knockers, who will probably always see "Candid Camera" as basically an outrageous invasion of privacy (the paid consent of complacent victims notwithstanding), and one that denotes an all too easy public acceptance of the drift toward 1984 and Big Brotherism. As a matter of fact, Funt himself does not dismiss the invasion-of-privacy argument lightly, as he indicated recently in the course of an informal apologia that answered some questions about his work and begged others. "I've spent a good deal of time worrying about people I may be hurting—more than the critics do," he said. "But after a lot of soul-searching in the beginning, I came to the conclusion that for one stranger to approach another in a public place is perfectly normal, and that the show would be objectionable only if we depicted something that a person *wanted* to conceal. So what we do is *candid*, rather than secret. I never touch on any confidential areas of a person's life. Furthermore, if we don't get a release we don't even develop the film. Under the circumstances, if a person wants his privacy from 'Candid Camera' he can easily get it. Anyway, I don't think we sin as much on this score as news photographers or newsreel cameramen. What they take is more for entertainment than for news, as far as I can see, but the law doesn't require them to get releases."

Funt went on to indicate, though, that he is at one with the news people in believing that modern man goes too far if he expects total immunity from the all-devouring eye of the camera. "The only types we bother are those who carry privacy to excess," he declared. He also made it plain that he views himself and his camera as just another hazard of our times, like a detour over a bumpy road or, he said, an operator cutting in on a telephone conversation. "I duck behind the fact that life is full of inconveniences," he concluded, "and I also take solace from the ministers who



The Persian Room presents **ROBERTO IGLESIAS** & his troupe in an electric exhibition of classic Spanish dancing & flamenco. Shows at 9:00 and 12:15.

¡OLE!

With Ted Straeter, his songs, piano and orchestra, and Mark Monte's Continentals. Call PL 9-3000 for reservations. **The Persian Room at The Plaza**

Opening Wed., Dec. 14

write to me. For some reason or other, clergymen are among my biggest fans. 'No one is ever *unwatched*,' they tell me. 'God is watching you.' "

—J. M. FLAGLER

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(BOMBS AWAY DIVISION)

[*English translation of the synopsis of a Spanish film*]

BOMBS FOR PEACE

SYNOPSIS

Alfredo, young chemist and assistant of a wise man, becomes the heir of this, when he is dying, obtaining the secret of a product which changes the egoist and brutal character of people into generous and benefactor. With this new chemical the bomb for peace can be manufactured and throwing it into a political assembly of representants of every country that takes place in Paris, is capable to oblige them to reach a peace agreement. But this secret is only revealed partially as the wise professor dyes when he is communicating it to Alfredo.

Alfredo's private life is disturbed for his engagement with Paquita, insignificant and crazy creature who always goes in tow of her violent and authoritarian mother's character, and consequently to one of Alfredo's test they get him to a psychiatrist's and he is nearly shut up in a Hospital when escapes.

In this moment Alfredo makes acquaintance with Celia, a pretty stewardess. It happens that Celia serves in the same airplane that Alfredo and the guard are going to Paris in order to attend the political assembly. In the same plane travels a mad man escaped from a Hospital who is a belligerant and believes that everything is settled by war.

In Paris, through a series of circumstances, such four persons attend the assembly representing Celia, Alfredo and the guard a country they have invented, while the mad camuflaged as a reporter, in the photographers gallery, carries the bomb in the camera, althoug he believes, as Alfredo has told him, that this bomb is going to destroy the whole assembly.

After several comics debates of the delegates, Alfredo makes signal to the mad who throws the bomb just when it seems everybody is going to declare the war. Automatically everything changes and peace is agreed.

Alfredo who loves Celia and he is not able to declare so her by shyness, takes this occasion to lead her into a telephone stall when he esplodes the last bomb and finally declares his love to her.

When they arrive Madrid, Alfredo leads Celia to his laboratory where he has been intending to manufacture an impossible thing meanwhile the last man on earth does not disappear. So he throws the matrass which contains the substance of the professor that explodes violently destroying the building as Alfredo kisses Celia.

When the smoke is away Alfredo and Celia are still kissing without realizing what has happened. So, over the chemistry, the politics and war there is only one thing that can save us: love.

HANDSOME

Suburban Coat

Luxurious, velvety soft imported dark grey Loden cloth (70% wool, 30% mohair), fully lined with wine red nylon pile Black pile collar (removable) over finished Loden cloth collar Deep pockets. Leather buttons. Side vents

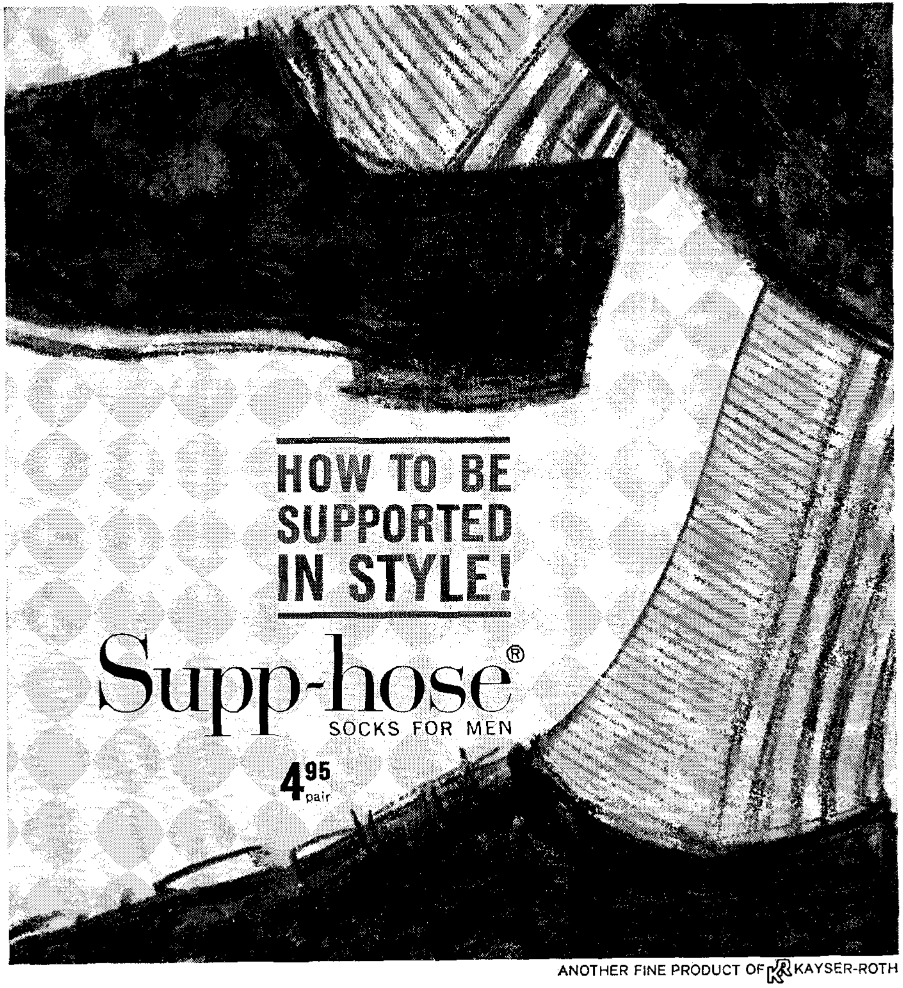
SIZES: 38 TO 46

$100

"EMBASSY" CAP, of Mouton.
Black, taupe, white
$15

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVE. AT 46TH ST. · NEW YORK 17



U. S. PAT. NO. 2739467

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

We didn't hesitate to call it a Buick

Most new-size cars have unusual new names. They don't look like, act like or provide the pride of their big brother counterparts. This isn't so in the case of the Buick Special.

We were proud to call it a Buick, a name reserved for fine cars for over 50 years, because it *is* a Buick . . . in room, in ride, in go, in pride.

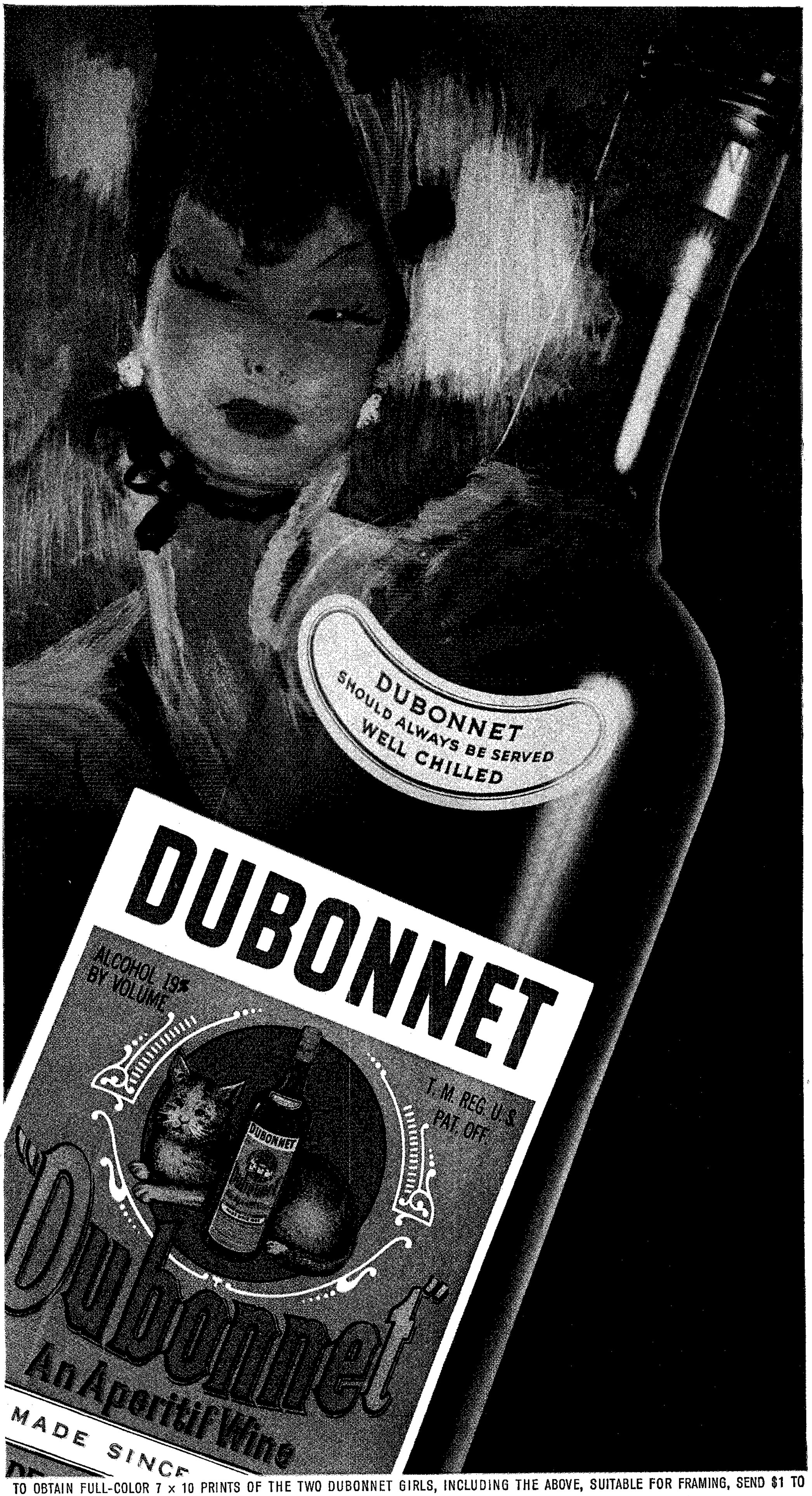
Sure it gives you the savings and ease of the small cars. But, the Buick Special's no stand-in for the real thing.

You can't mistake that Buick Clean Look of action. And, it *moves* like a Buick! Its new aluminum V-8 and aluminum transmission* give you more pow per pound than the engine of any compact (*twice* as much as most). Not to mention Buick's 4-coil Control Arm suspension for a smooth "all-day" ride . . . Buick's sumptuous Comfort Zone with more total head, leg and hip room than any compact . . . Buick's Hide-Away driveshaft for a flatter floor.

In short, the Special's a Buick in every sense. Best of all, this fun-sized beauty is priced just a whisper above the compacts. Take a spin today. Buick Motor Division — General Motors Corporation.

BUICK SPECIAL

**Aluminum Dual-Path Turbine Drive—optional at extra cost.*


DUBONNET
SHOULD ALWAYS BE SERVED
WELL CHILLED
DUBONNET
ALCOHOL 19%
BY VOLUME
T. M. REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine
MADE SINCE

TO OBTAIN FULL-COLOR 7 × 10 PRINTS OF THE TWO DUBONNET GIRLS, INCLUDING THE ABOVE, SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, SEND $1 TO SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., CASHIER'S DEPT. 5D, 350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y. • AVAILABLE ONLY IN STATES WHERE LEGAL •

APERITIF WINE BY DUBONNET, PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

It's Smart To Serve **Dubonnet** *So Many Ways...*

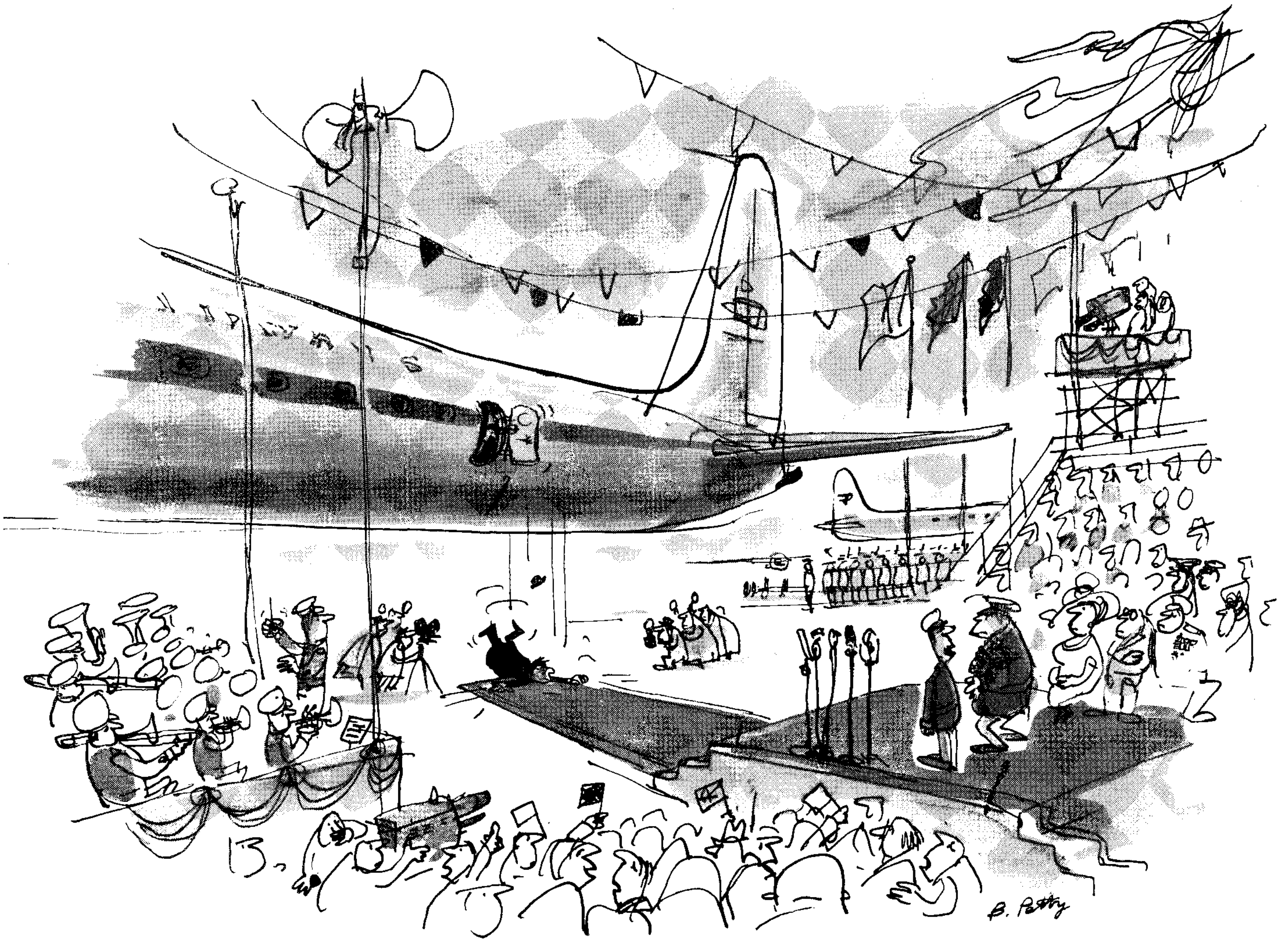
straight,
on-the-rocks,
or in soda!

Along the boulevards of Paris, before lunch or dinner, you'll find fashionable people enjoying gentle Dubonnet. Whatever the drink, there's a Parisian adventure in every sip!

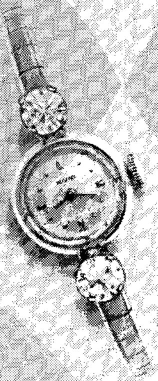
THE THEATRE

SQUARING THE CIRCLE

"IN short, there's not a more congenial spot than Camelot," runs a line from—you've guessed it—"Camelot," the new musical at the Majestic. Well, I'm not so sure about that. Certainly this depiction of King Arthur's court is mighty pretty, but, alas, it isn't very witty, and while the melodies that float through good King Arthur's realm are easy to listen to, they are just as easy to forget. It is surprising that the team (Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart) responsible for "My Fair Lady," a joy that I hope will endure forever, could scramble its signals as it seems to have done here. When Mr. Lerner was shaping Shaw's "Pygmalion" for musical presentation as "My Fair Lady," he had an opportunity to combine his ingenious rhymes with Shaw's redoubtable reason, but in "Camelot," which derives, rather loosely, from T. H. White's novel "The Once and Future King," he has gone in for a kind of donnish whimsey, and the result is a book more suitable for an undergraduate romp than for a project involving a staggering outlay of talent and cash. Mr. Loewe, who is, of course, Mr. Lerner's musical partner, has contributed appropriately light airs, but the memorable bounce and vigor of some of his past performances are lamentably lacking. And to wind up this short discussion of the top trio of the enterprise I might say that Mr. Hart, the director, presumably overwhelmed by the splashiness of it all, has abandoned any precise treatment of the characters in favor of a grand and colorful sprawl, pleasing to the eye but not very stimulating to the intelligence of anyone who has outgrown the Macy Thanksgiving Day parade. Lord knows, the sets, by Oliver Smith; the costumes, by Tony Duquette and the late Adrian; and the lighting, by Feder, add up to a spectacular business, but, after all, we've come to see a play, not a pageant, and so, at the conclusion, we leave "Camelot" dazzled but sorely disappointed. In the grandiose clutch of circumstance, Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Robert Goulet, and Roddy McDowall, who portray Arthur, Guenevere, Lancelot, and Mordred, respectively, never wince, and when they do cry aloud, they usually do all right by Mr. Loewe's music. As part of the archness of the affair, Arthur is known familiarly as Wart, Guenevere as Jenny, and Lancelot as Lance. Mordred, the villain of the piece, suffers, lucky fellow, no nomenclatural indignity. As Lance pursues Jenny behind Wart's back, Mordred is moved to remark that the Round Table is really a



"I had a feeling we'd forgotten something."



the F. J. Cooper watch—a magnificent gesture at Christmas

Two fiery Carat Diamonds accent this regal, white gold Cooper watch with precision Swiss movement by Concord. Two thousand dollars, including federal tax.

F·J·COOPER INC.
jewelers by birth...since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 2,
and F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

The Timeless Lines

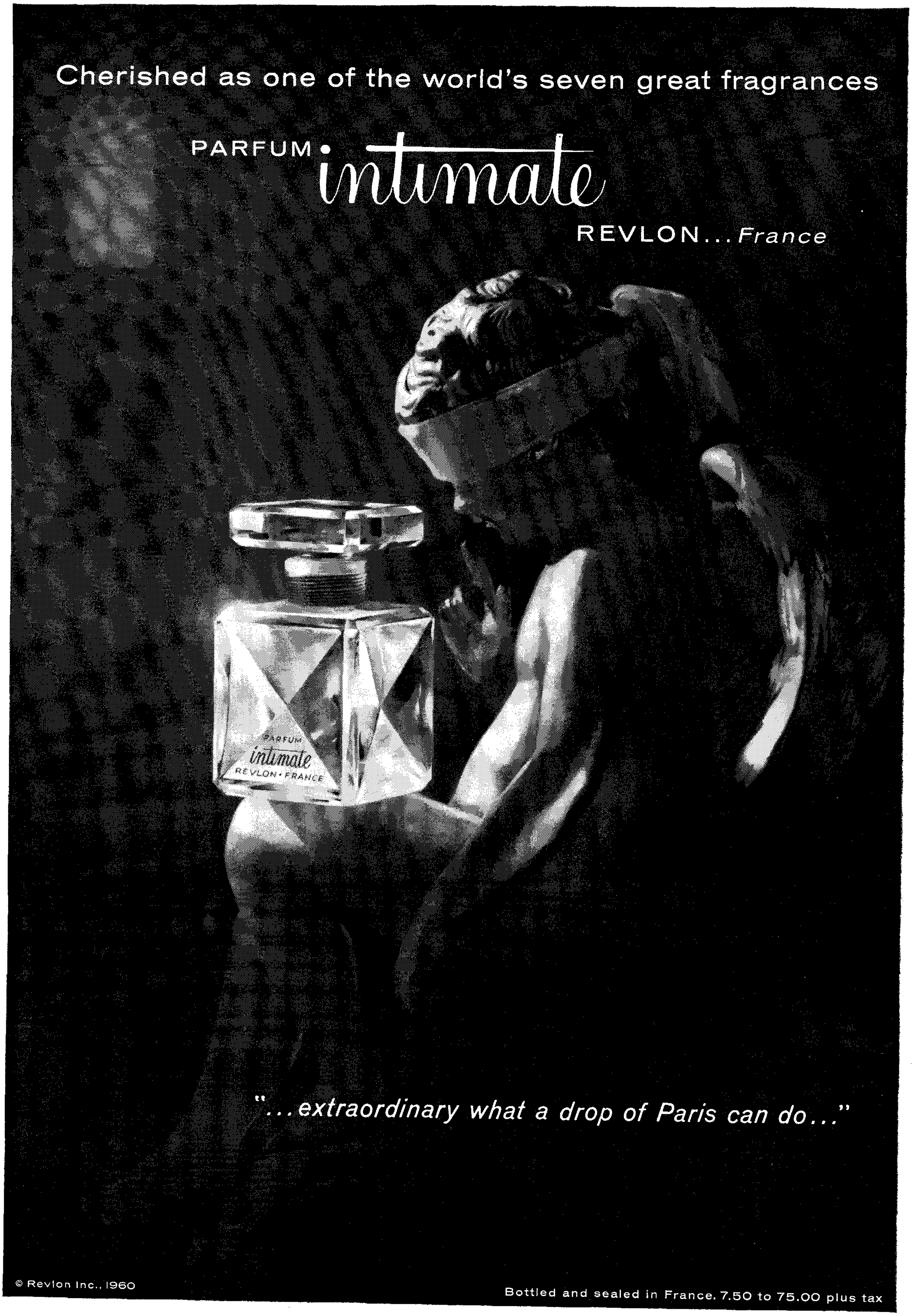
A meeting of the classics! The Villager shirtdress, so good that no line may be altered, comes forth covered with authentic antique touring cars (and their radiators) in the grand old manner. Sleek combed cotton in combinations of Blues/Green . . . or Browns/Beige. Sizes 8 to 16.
About twenty-three dollars at good stores and college shops.

The Villager T.M.REG.

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

triangle; personally, I found it square. At any rate, there are some dashing scenes in which the innumerable knights have at each other and in which Morgan Le Fey, the sorceress—played by a lady with the elfin name of M'el Dowd—plots against King Arthur in her magic forest fastness.

IT is heartening to report that "All the Way Home," which had a shaky start at the Belasco, will now continue for a while. This is a good thing, because the play is a great deal better than most of the offerings displayed so far this season, although it obviously did not fetch the sure-thing financial operators of the theatre, who appear to be firm in the belief that a drama should have a pattern as readily identifiable as a design for a Hollywood swimming pool. "All the Way Home" takes us into the bosom of a Knoxville family whose members are real and stimulating, and, as written by Tad Mosel, who based his drama on "A Death in the Family," the novel by the late James Agee, it is leisurely in introducing the domestic circle—a group called the Follets—but it picks up speed as it goes along, and in the second act the death of Jay Follet, a gentle reformed alcoholic devoted to his wife, whose Catholicism baffles him, and to an imaginative son, aged six, brings on a crisis among his survivors that is tragic, comic, and plausible. His wife reacts with hard-bitten anger, his father and mother with resignation, his in-laws with bewilderment, and his son with a childish boastfulness among his contemporaries at having gained the status of an orphan. "My daddy's dead, my daddy's dead," the little boy carols, and then is hit with the realization that death is a terrible absolute, and that his father will never again amuse him by pretending to see the North Pole, glowing like a barber's sign, just over the horizon. There is nothing pat about Mr. Mosel's adaptation, and although there are occasional moments when his control of the Agee material is uncertain, there is never anything shoddy about it, either; when he demands tears, as he often does, he supplies a legitimate reason for doing so. I'd like to believe that this cast will be doing this show for a long time—Colleen Dewhurst, as the mother; Arthur Hill, as the father; John Megna, as the son; Aline MacMahon, as a sympathetic aunt; Lillian Gish, as Miss Dewhurst's deaf and addled mother; Thomas Chalmers, as her father; and all the rest of a splendid group of performers, including Lylah Tiffany, who



Cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances

PARFUM • intimate

REVLON . . . *France*

"... extraordinary what a drop of Paris can do..."

© Revlon Inc., 1960

Bottled and sealed in France. 7.50 to 75.00 plus tax

PARFUM
intimate
REVLON • FRANCE

Long on warmth,
short on length,
Jaeger's British lounger

All wool, all ours! Handsome, heavy robe designed by Jaeger in a new, shorter length that combines the comforts of a smoking jacket and robe. A noble gift for the king on your list in black with gold, black with red, or red with black. Sizes: S, M, L. **32.50**

Mail and phone orders filled

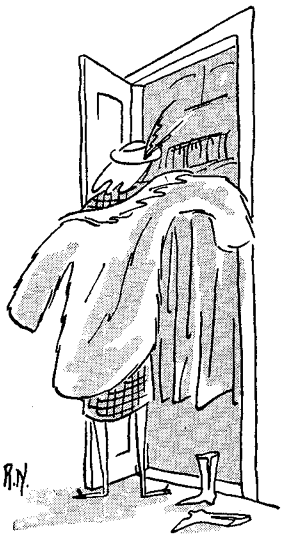
Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

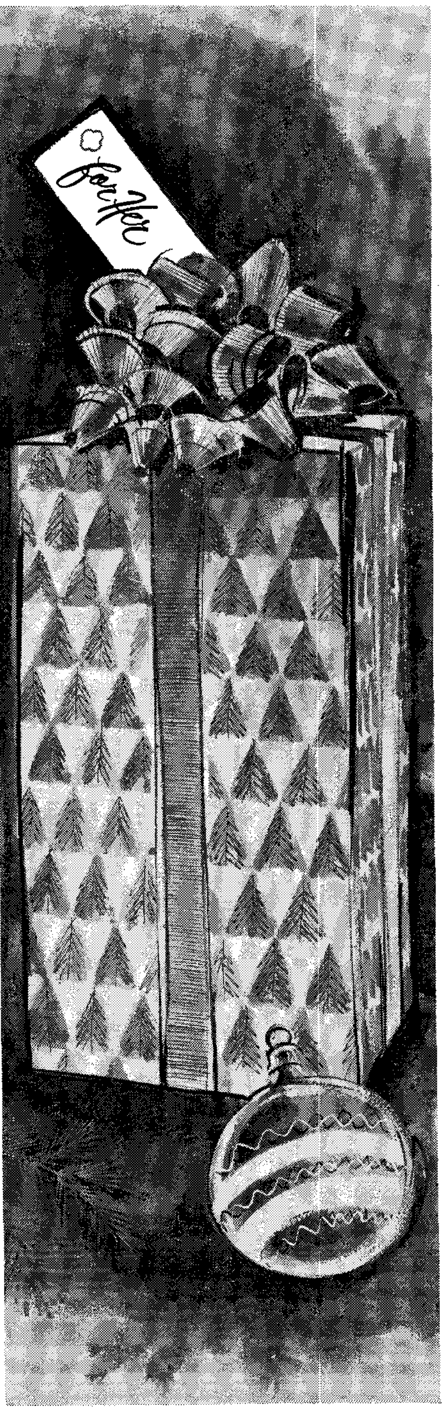
New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

at eighty-one, after years as a street musician outside Carnegie Hall, has made her début in "All the Way Home," in the role of a hundred-and-three-year-old great-great-grandmother.

THE Irish trouble with the English, which reached very grim proportions between 1919 and 1922, has inspired many a fine play by Irishmen, but it is almost impossible at this late date to harrow what the likes of O'Casey have plowed, and certainly James Costigan, the author of "Little Moon of Alban," at the Longacre, is not the man to follow the original furrow. Mr. Costigan's drama was first presented on television, and I am told, was very effective in that medium. However, it seems too tiny a thing to occupy the vast, ominously lighted reaches of the setting that Jo Mielziner has provided for it on Broadway, and its theme of religious redemption through love isn't expounded with any particular skill. Mr. Costigan, who is not sparing with his dialogue, outlines the plight of a pretty colleen who renounces God when her beloved is shot down by an English patrol in Dublin, quickly makes up with the Deity under the sympathetic handling of a priest and of Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and eventually finds herself a postulant nurse of the order, ministering to the needs of a wounded English lieutenant. Her heart goes out to this man even though he is an agnostic, a chatterbox, and a great one for attempting to create epigrams—an effort that does little to propel the action. He is also, it develops, the officer who led the soldiers that expunged our postulant's fiancé. There are extensive colloquies between the hero and the heroine as he lies presumably dying, but their philosophical, theological, and emotional content is meagre. At any rate, after a





Gift idea
(THAT CAN'T MISS!)

She's always wanted one . . . but she's thought of it as a "luxury". Something she wouldn't just go out and buy for herself. Why not pamper her this year . . . give her the magic only a Waring can bring. For a Waring Blendor is the key to those excitingly delectable drinks and dishes she's always wanted to make . . . foods with that gourmet touch her guests will envy, her family adore. Be a shrewd Santa . . . make up your mind to get her a Waring . . . *this* Christmas. *Waring Products Corporation, Winsted, Connecticut.*

deathbed scene that makes Little Eva's seem a brisk shuffle-off to the beyond, the lieutenant, having agreed with his nurse that her God will be his God, puts his fate in the hands of a despairing doctor while the sad young lady who loves him raises her voice in prayer. The combined talents of the local doctor and the Great Physician pull the patient through, but when he proposes holy matrimony, the heroine says that although she will always love him, she will nevertheless take her vows as a nun.

As the forlorn Irish girl, Julie Harris is highly attractive, although she is too often plangently overwrought to keep any audience except a group of psychiatrists entirely entranced. As the English lieutenant, John Justin grows monotonous as he lines out his pseudo-stylish British dialogue. The supporting cast, representing assorted postulants, sisters, rebels, soldiers, and medical types, is as effective as the play permits, even though some of its members employ accents that seem rather remote from the speech of Dublin.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

WHOSE COUNT WAS SLOW?

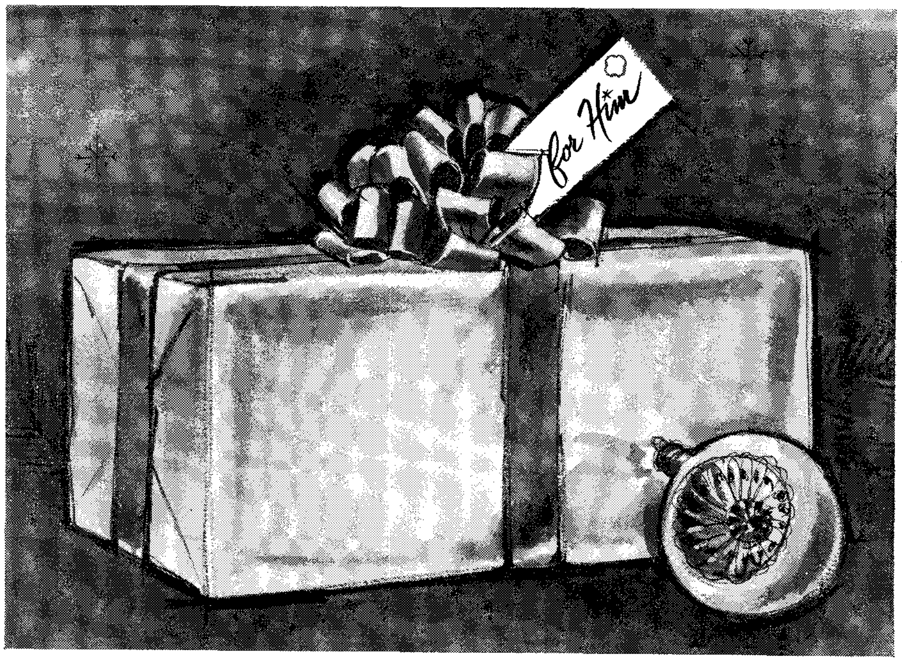
Mr. Abrams [George Abrams, chief investigator for the Honest Ballot Association] and HBA fingered the 1928 election of Franklin D. Roosevelt to be governor of New York, citing "the famous slow count." FDR beat Republican Albert Ottinger.

"Democratic boss Ed Flynn's cronies," said Mr. Abrams, "sat quietly in the Bronx counting ballots at a snail's pace until 2 A.M., when the traditionally Republican upstate returns showed Mr. Ottinger's exact margin.

"When the boys knew how many votes were needed, they went to work. Republican ballots [in the Bronx] were thrown out under any pretext. Lead concealed under the finger nail and every other trick [to invalidate Republican ballots] were used. Mr. Roosevelt woke up governor with a 26,000 state-wide plurality. He had a whopping 95,000-vote margin in the Bronx."—*Lyle C. Wilson in the Washington Daily News, Nov. 11, 1960.*

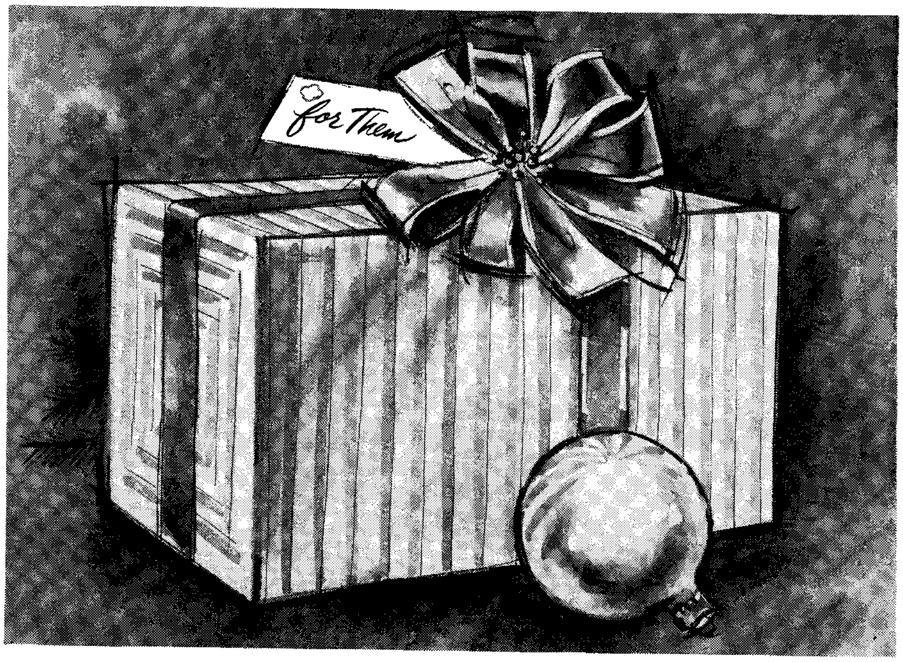
. . . From early returns, it looked as if Roosevelt was beaten. . . . Then the candidate, noticing unusual delays in reports from upstate, began to wonder whether local officials were slowing up the count in order to be in a position to alter the returns, if that should prove necessary to elect a Republican governor. Picking up the phone, he called sheriffs in upstate counties: "I want you personally to see that the ballots are not tampered with." The maneuver worked, and the returns began to come in more rapidly.

By morning they knew that . . . Roosevelt had carried New York by 25,000. —*Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in "The Age of Roosevelt, The Crisis of the Old Order."*



Gift idea
(THAT CAN'T MISS!)

Does *your* favorite bartender run a "shuttle service" from kitchen to guests? Does he miss half the fun? Why not pamper him *this* year . . . give him the host's answer to minglin' while mixin'. It's the smart new Waring portable Drink Mixer . . . the mixer-server that plugs in anywhere, stirs up the temptingest drinks and cocktails, right on the spot. He'll praise the inspiration that led you to this smartest gift, for all good mixers. Decorator colors in durable Durez. 32-page recipe book included. At better stores. *Waring Products Corporation, Winsted, Connecticut.*



Gift idea
(THAT CAN'T MISS!)

Pampered proboscises will testify to the efficacy of this imaginative gift. Beneath the gay wrappings it's the amazing Waring Guardaire air sanitizer. Handsomely-styled, it electronically bathes the very air you breathe . . . filters out smoke, dust, odors, irritants. It's a gift that's perfect for both family and friends, as fine for the office as for the home. Plugs in anywhere, does its healthful job noiselessly . . . at the flick of a switch. Truly, the gift that lets you breathe easy. At better stores. *Waring Products Corp., Winsted, Conn.*

the year's most brilliant gift-thought!

GOLDEN STARS by Evyan

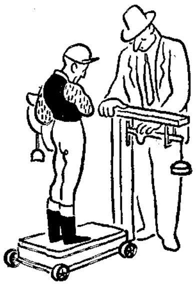
$5 plus tax

☆GREAT LADY
☆MOST PRECIOUS
☆WHITE SHOULDERS

Colognes in three of the world's most elegant fragrances, in a keep-forever box of golden metal!

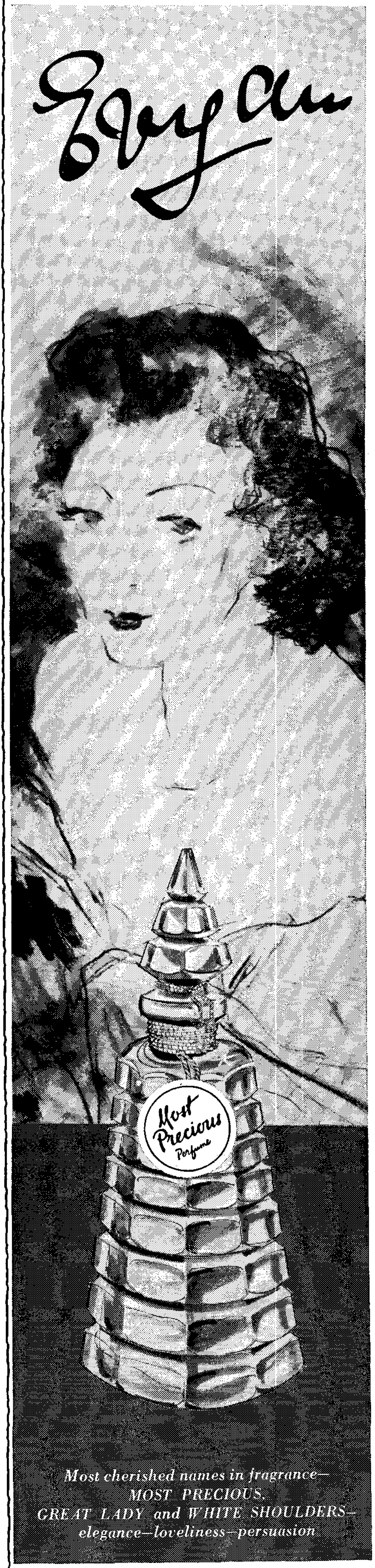
THE RACE TRACK

Dollar Flow



WITHOUT too much deep thought, you can put it down that this was the New York Racing Association's golden year. During the long season that ended at Aqueduct last week, 5,588,779 paying guests wagered $531,528,201, setting new records for both attendance and betting. Indeed, you might call this a platinum year for New York's Department of Taxation and Finance. The pari-mutuel handle at the eight harness-racing tracks, where 7,380,840 aficionados spent their evenings, was $505,663,483, and Albany's take from the betting on the flats and the trots, which added up to more than a billion dollars, was ten per cent. No doubt about it, horseplayers are keener, more courageous, and more numerous nowadays. In 1940, the first year of the mutuels, $103,259,359 went into the tote at Jamaica, Belmont, Aqueduct, Empire City, and Saratoga. There were only a hundred and seventy-four racing days that season, and the turnstile count was 2,054,314. Contrast that with Aqueduct's first meeting last spring, which ran for sixty-two days; the attendance was 1,791,261, and the betting was $177,653,964. Whopping, I believe, would be the word for it.

I daresay the Racing Association expects business to be at least ten per cent better in 1961. At any rate, it is making great plans, among them a list of eighty-nine stake races, not counting the big steeplechases—though I wonder how many of those there will be. I was delighted to see that the Flash Stakes will open the Saratoga meeting, as it did for more than half a century until this year, when the famous fixture for two-year-olds was dropped. We old-timers raised such a hullabaloo that it has been restored. Having made that point, we can now start wishing that the mighty would shorten the time between races. After all, with thirty-minute intervals (more than that on Saturdays), and nine races on the card, an afternoon at the track is a pretty long one if you stay till the end. Lots of people don't; they begin leaving in droves after the seventh race. Jack Randall, who used to run things at Portland Meadows, in Ore-


Evyan

Most cherished names in fragrance—
MOST PRECIOUS,
GREAT LADY and WHITE SHOULDERS—
elegance—loveliness—persuasion

MUSIC—ON MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE —IS A LIFETIME GIFT

STEREO
MARIA MENEGHINI
CALLAS
HIGHLIGHTS FROM
MEDEA
BY LUIGI CHERUBINI
TEATRO ALLA SCALA
TULLIO SERAFIN CONDUCTOR
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR90233/MG50233

STEREO
Teatro alla Scala
DONIZETTI
LUCIA
DI LAMMERMOOR
GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO
RENATA SCOTTO
ETTORE BASTIANINI
NINO SANZOGNO conductor
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR2-9008/OL2-108

STEREO
TCHAIKOVSKY
PIANO CONCERTO No. 1
BYRON JANIS
LONDON SYMPHONY
HERBERT MENGES
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR90266/MG50266

STEREO
BYRON JANIS
RACHMANINOFF
CONCERTO NO. 2 in C minor
ANTAL DORATI Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra
PRELUDE in C sharp minor PRELUDE in E flat major
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR90260/MG50260

STEREO
GOULD
FALL RIVER
LEGEND
BALLET SUITE
SPIRITUALS
EASTMAN-ROCHESTER
ORCHESTRA
HOWARD
HANSON
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR90263/MG50263

STEREO
ANTAL DORATI
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
STRAVINSKY COMPLETE BALLET
THE FIREBIRD
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR90226/MG50226

STEREO
STRAVINSKY
PETROUCHKA
ANTAL DORATI
MINNEAPOLIS
SYMPHONY
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR90216/MG50216

STEREO
IGOR STRAVINSKY
LE SACRE
DU PRINTEMPS
ANTAL DORATI
MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY
Mercury RECORDS
MERCURY LIVING PRESENCE

SR90253/MG50253

MERCURY BRINGS YOU TWO OPERATIC "FIRSTS" — STEREO RECORDINGS (AVAILABLE IN MONAURAL ALBUMS TOO) OF ANTIQUE ITALIAN DROLLERY WHICH YOU WILL WANT TO HEAR, OWN, AND GIVE:

PAISIELLO The Barber of Seville. Sciutti, Monti, Capecchi, Panerai; the Virtuosi di Roma, Fasano. SR2-9010/OL2-110. Beaumarchais's broad comedy of errors, set to sparkling music. The *only* recording.

PERGOLESI La Serva Padrona. Scotto, Bruscantini; the Virtuosi di Roma, Fasano. The famous courtship of a crusty bachelor and a crafty maidservant. SR90240/MG50240

TWO MORE OPERA SUGGESTIONS ARE PICTURED AT THE LEFT. MERCURY'S PACKAGES ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE MUSIC, WITH LAVISH LIBRETTO BOOKLETS:

CHERUBINI Medea. Maria Callas in her self-admitted finest rôle, recorded with La Scala artists at La Scala. The only complete recording. SR3-9000/OL3-104. Also a single disk of Highlights. SR90233/MG50233

DONIZETTI Lucia di Lammermoor. Another La Scala production, with rising star Renata Scotto, and veterans diStefano and Bastianini. *High Fidelity* says, "This is a *Lucia* with all the stops pulled out." *The American Record Guide*, "This is the best one we have ever had to listen to at home." SR2-9008/OL2-108

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PIANO CONCERTOS, PLAYED BY AMERICA'S BYRON JANIS, NOW ENJOYING AN UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH IN HIS TOUR OF RUSSIA:

TCHAIKOVSKY Piano Concerto No. 1. With Menges and the London Symphony. SR90266/MG50266

RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No. 2. With Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony. SR90260/MG50260

HISTORY-MAKING BALLET SCORES, RICHLY CONDUCTED BY TWO OF MERCURY'S FINEST ARTISTS, SPECTACULARLY ENGINEERED IN MERCURY'S EXTRAORDINARILY VITAL SOUND:

GOULD Fall River Legend. The story of Lizzie Borden, retold in music. With "Spirituals for Orchestra." Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson. SR90263/MG50263

STRAVINSKY. Transcendent performances of three masterpieces, more colorful and rhythmic than you have ever heard them before, in Mercury Living Presence:

The Firebird (complete). London Symphony, Dorati. SR90226/MG50226

Petrouchka. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90216/MG50216

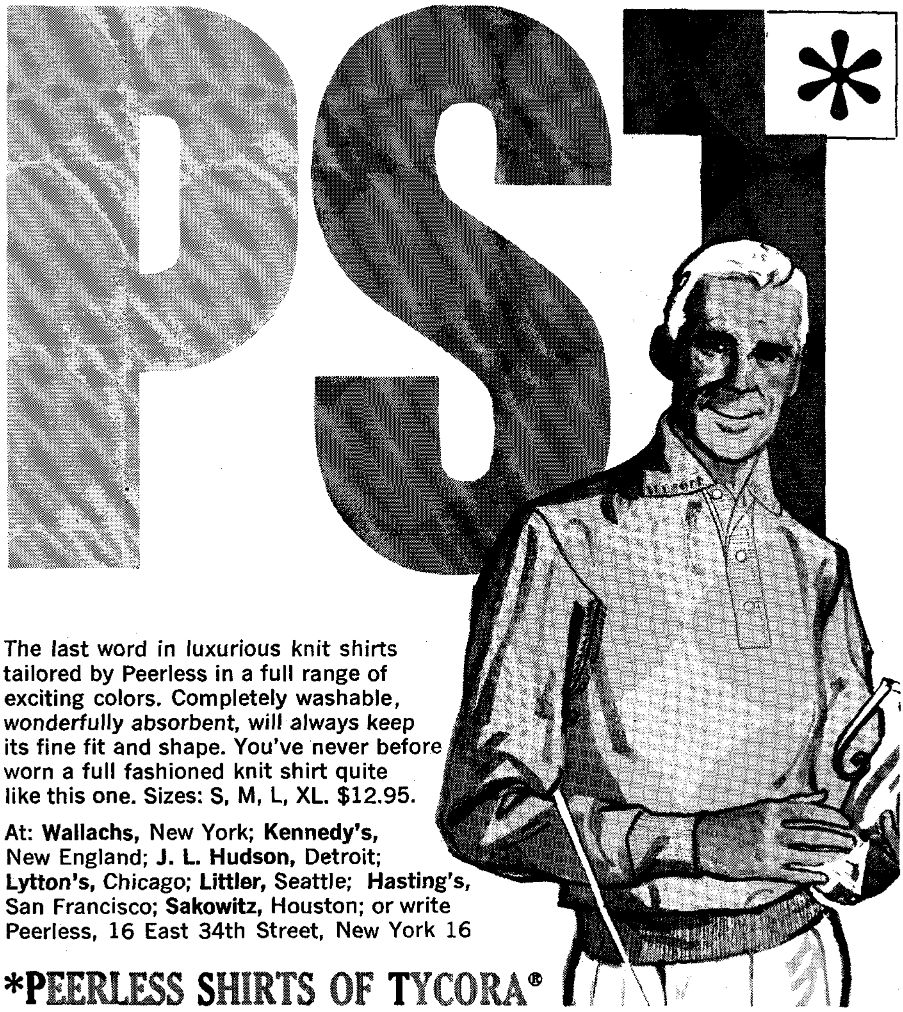
The Rite of Spring. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90253/MG50253

MORE RECENT MERCURY RECORDINGS ARE DISPLAYED AT GOOD RECORD SHOPS EVERYWHERE. JUST LOOK FOR THE WORDS "LIVING PRESENCE" ON EACH ALBUM.

SR indicates the stereo album number; MG, the monaural album number.

Mercury RECORDS

MERCURY RECORD CORPORATION
745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



The last word in luxurious knit shirts tailored by Peerless in a full range of exciting colors. Completely washable, wonderfully absorbent, will always keep its fine fit and shape. You've never before worn a full fashioned knit shirt quite like this one. Sizes: S, M, L, XL. $12.95.

At: **Wallachs,** New York; **Kennedy's,** New England; **J. L. Hudson,** Detroit; **Lytton's,** Chicago; **Littler,** Seattle; **Hasting's,** San Francisco; **Sakowitz,** Houston; or write Peerless, 16 East 34th Street, New York 16

***PEERLESS SHIRTS OF TYCORA®**

BASS WEEJUNS*

— the nicest Gift under the tree —

For HIM — For HER

No size problem — just give a Bass Gift Certificate from your favorite store.

Bass
OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR

originators of Weejuns*

*T.M. Reg.

G. H. BASS & CO., 2012 Main Street, Wilton, Maine

gon (he's operating a couple of tracks in Vancouver now), had an interesting arrangement when I was there last summer; as the horses in the first race went to the post, those in the second came into the saddling paddock, and when those in the second went out, those in the third came in, and so on. It saved from five to seven minutes on every race. This would work out very well at Aqueduct, but I don't suppose it will be tried. One of the firmer notions at the Big A is that the longer the tote is open, the more dollars drop in.

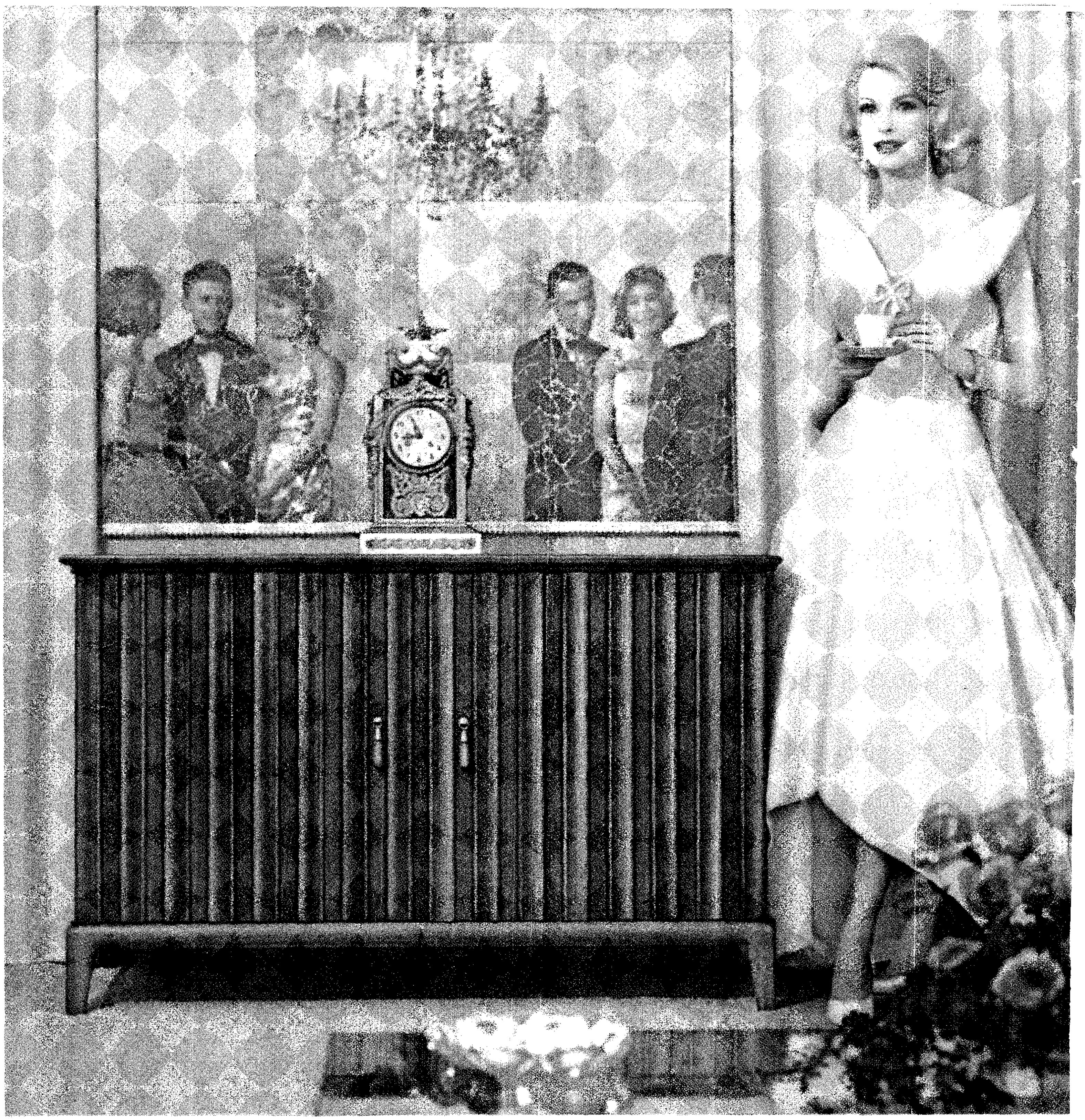
WINNERS do pop up at long odds at this time of year, but who would have dreamed that Cranberry Sauce, who took the Queens County Handicap on the closing day at Aqueduct, would pay a $43.70 mutuel? He'd won four of his eight starts this season and finished in the money in two others, and besides, he'd beaten some useful animals in his last appearance, but in the betting on the Queens County Handicap almost everybody fancied All Hands, with Mail Order next in demand. Unfortunately for their backers, All Hands and Mail Order ran out of speed, and Cranberry Sauce, coming up fast in the last quarter, won by half a length from Promised Land. Talent Show was third. Cranberry Sauce, as you may have heard, was bought by Max Gluck, who races in the name and colors of Elmendorf, his stud farm in Kentucky, for $22,000 at a sale of horses in training at Belmont in October. In his three starts for Elmendorf, he has won himself out, as the horsemen say. By the way, it was the Elmendorf stable's second plum at Aqueduct in less than a week; its Nickel Boy won the Display Handicap.

A SPY who has been telling me that I really ought to have a look at Pimlico's new clubhouse (and I shall, very soon) reports that the Gallorette Stakes at the Baltimore track last Saturday was as lively a number for fillies and mares as he'd seen in some time. Sister Antoine, Loyal Lady II, My Dear Girl, and Sun Glint finished, heads apart, in the order named, with Soldadesca, the favorite, fifth, and the six other runners not far behind. The winner is owned by Mrs. Hirsch Jacobs and is, of course, trained by her husband. Like all the horses in that stable, Sister Antoine has never been short of work. The Gallorette was her thirty-third start this year. That's a lot for a filly.

—AUDAX MINOR

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®
guardian of Britain's traditional treasures
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LON
DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

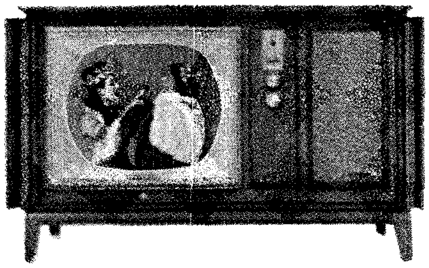
UNEQUALLED SINCE 1820 ■ BEEFEATER DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN ■ IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y. ■ 94 PROOF ■ 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



The Manchester color model (shown open below), in hand-rubbed walnut veneers and solids. Dress by Estévez.

DESTINED FOR AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES...

New RCA VICTOR COLOR Television in cabinetry from the exclusive collection of HENREDON fine furniture



This cabinet from Henredon's Circa 60* collection houses the finest television set in RCA Victor history.

It is a "limited edition" masterpiece of exceptional performance and styling—the best, in fact, of both. For only RCA Victor offers so many modern advances, including even a *seven function* remote control. And only Henredon* could create this decorator series of fine television cabinets. There are three cabinets for black and white TV, too.

See them at your RCA Victor dealer.

*®Henredon Furniture Industries, Inc. TMK(s)®

The Most Trusted Name in Television

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

LETTERING FREE, PLUS POSTAGE

FOR a number of years, I have watched with growing interest the effect of Christmas on the columns of certain publications that, carried away by the gift-giving aspect of the season, tell their readers what sort of present they should give each other. I am sure the effort of getting up these lists is meant kindly, but I am constantly astonished at the things they contain. I ask myself if these are the presents Americans really do exchange on Christmas Day, and always the answer is no. They may suit a handful of arch-sophisticates, but they do not represent the rest of us.

For this reason, I have ventured to write a supplement. It's as American as the nutburger. I have selected *my* presents (and many of my words) from the catalogues of the great Christmas mail-order houses that dot our land and that in a real sense symbolize American-style giving. Every single item can be purchased anywhere in the country—as easily here in Thetford, Vermont, or down in Arkansas as on Fifth Avenue. But enough. It's time to get started. I've organized my list in categories, and since I'm a man, I'll start with presents for us.

ONE of the very nicest things a man can receive is something with his own name on it. For example, any man who wears shoes and socks (and these days which of us doesn't?) would be glad to have a Personalized Sox Box from Bancroft's, 2170 South Canalport Avenue, Chicago 8. The Sox Box, which closely resembles a subway chewing-gum dispenser, will hang on any wall, and it holds a full week's supply of hose. The first name of the recipient is boldly hand-lettered across the top, thus: "Henry's Sox Box." The Box sells for $2.95 plus fifty cents postage.

Bancroft's, which has plenty of imagination, also offers a personalized holster for what it calls pipe-totin' papas. Made of high-quality saddle leather, the holster attaches to belt or suspenders and neatly holds a man's favorite pipe, stem down. Dominating the holster, even with a pipe *in situ*, are the smoker's initials, a good inch high. The price is $1.30 plus thirty-five cents postage. (Be sure to specify the initials when ordering.)

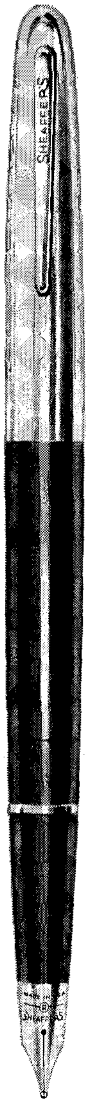
A more unusual present for the outdoor man is a personal branding iron. It's an eleven-inch bronze-and-wood affair, which, when properly heated, will burn three trim Gothic initials into almost anything. Breck's, 100 Breck Building, Boston 10, which sells them for $3.95 postage paid, suggests that they be used to mark luggage and sports equipment, but presumably they would work just as well on the children or one's own ankles.

A handsome paperweight for a businessman's desk is available from Sunset House, Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California. This, sensibly, does not come personalized. In Sunset's own words, it "looks like polished granite, but it's just a heavy, realistic tombstone in miniature hydrocal." The necrophilic little fellows (they're four and three-quarters inches high) sell for $1 plus thirty-five cents postage.

A very masculine present from Sunset House that *does* come personalized is its famous Snooty Plaque. Gleaming in nickel plate, these small (one by three inches) plaques are a sort of riposte to the age of mass production. For example, suppose you are one among the millions of Chevrolet owners in the country but you'd like to feel a little—well, different. Sunset will send you a Snooty Plaque that says, "This car made especially for———" and whatever your name is, they'll engrave it deep in the metal. They have similar little individualizers for boats, houses, trailers, and even phonographs. All come with adhesive backs for easy attaching, and all are $1 plus a thirty-five-cent mailing charge.

Finally, for men who have trouble winning at cards, I suggest a marked bridge deck from Emma and Jed's Country Store, Hillside 1, New Jersey. The markings are so discreet that even experts will be baffled, Emma and Jed say. Just to keep them baffled—whether with card tricks or in the course of making a redoubled grand slam—the store includes an elaborate set of instructions with each pack. Deck and directions cost $1.25 plus thirty-five cents postage.

TURNING now to women, I've an abundance of personalized treasures for them, too. One that has especially caught my fancy is a made-to-order plastic mold for desserts. "Now! Your Name in Jell-O for Personal Holiday Entertaining," says the house that sells it, and that's as good a description as any. A friendly message may be stamped right in the bottom of the mold along with any woman's name. Bancroft's has



How to play Santa for $5^00

Give the fountain pen that never goes near an ink bottle! Sheaffer's cartridge fountain pen refills cleanly and quickly with drop-in cartridges of *Skrip* writing fluid. Writes free and easy... has a precision-ground tapered, wrap-around point. Choice of colors and point gradations. The pen is $5; handsomely boxed set with matching pencil is priced at $8.75.

SHEAFFER'S®

©1960, W.A.S.P. CO., SHEAFFER PENS, MAICO HEARING AIDS

(An Irish Whiskey Testimonial of Sorts)

H. F. McCOOL; A GOOD DOG

[VOL. III Nº XII]

YES, he is an Irish Wolfhound and such a fine, kindly fellow. His name, Huckleberry Finn McCool, is a happy blend of American and Irish heroes; much happier, we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] think, than William Jennings Brian Boru. ❧ If he seems a trifle out-size it is because Irish Wolfhounds are the largest dogs in the world; although H. F. McCool is only eight months old and will not attain his growth for another year yet. Originally they were bred to hunt wolves and so they did until the last wolf in Ireland was dispatched around 1745. They have had little to do since except be charming, flahoolick, and statuesque. ❧ Now, this has little to do with Irish Whiskey or with its burnished, emphatic flavour (somewhere between Scotch Whisky and American Whiskey). However, there is a story goes with it. ❧ One day, then, Mr. Billy Pearson, the art collector & gentleman jockey who rode many's the race Over Here, volunteered he would be highly pleased to put in a good word for his favourite drink: Irish Water. That is to say Irish Whiskey with the water added. So we arranged to have his picture taken. But at this point our H. F. McCool wandered in and Mr. Pearson decided nothing would do but the cameraman snap him too. ❧ That was a bad decision. ❧ For while, as you can see, H. F.'s portrait turned out marvellously well, Mr. Pearson scarcely got in the picture at all. Still, his left hand is apparently quite photogenic.

❦

© 1960, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND, BOX J186, DUBLIN

PHOTO BY JESPER HØM

the molds for $2.50 plus thirty-five cents postage.

For less domestic name-spreaders, there's a gay red personalized umbrella on the market. Made of sturdy acetate, these umbrellas come with some lucky girl's or woman's name lettered in huge white script across the top. The script is so large that, as the catalogue points out, every passerby "will know the identity of the *gay sprite lilting through the* rain." The umbrellas are $2.49, postage included, from Miles Kimball, 41 Eighth Avenue, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

We all know that women like to be considerate. A new height in consideration is made possible by Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., right down there in New York. Schling has a handsome alarm clock that enables a woman to wake herself up in the middle of the night (perhaps to go make some Jell-O) without rousing her husband. How has it been managed? By dividing the clock into two parts. The main portion, looking like any other clock, sits on a bedside table. But the actual alarm fits into a separate heart-shaped case that can be slipped under one's pillow. (It's connected to the rest of the clock by a cord called the "heartstring.") The gentle summons is thus audible only to one sleeper. Known as Love Alarm, the clock costs $13.95, plus a seventy-five-cent handling charge. Schling's address is 538 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

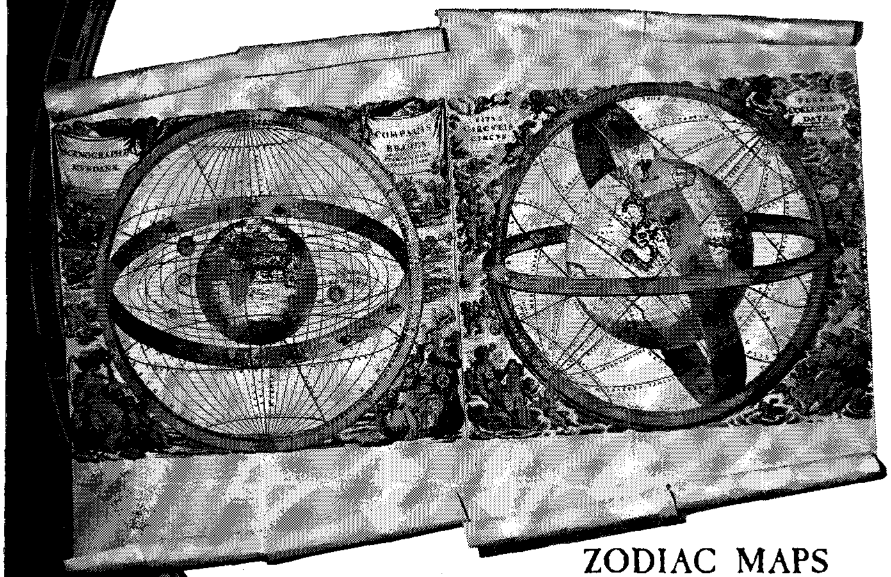
Another nice present for a woman is a nosegay of whiskey-scented artificial tulips, from Emma and Jed. Each of these long-lasting plastic tulips has a hidden vial at the bottom of the stem that will hold a month's smelling supply of any liquor. A special channel draws the aroma up to the flower and keeps it in full force for thirty days. For a weak-headed woman, it would be like going to thirty cocktail parties a month. The tulips are $1.49 each; a bouquet of four would come to $5.96 plus forty-five cents postage.

PRESENTS for children are unusually plentiful this year. One of my favorites comes from Mercury Products, 1265 Broadway, New York 1. It's a miniature television chair for toddlers, made of natural-finish hardwood with gay painted slats. Stencilled on the back and seat—two lines to each—is a charming child's verse:

My name is BILLY and when I rest
I like this little Chair the best.
It's just the proper size for me
To see the shows on my TV.

Mercury is prepared to put any child's name, up to and including Bartholo-

Create BACKGROUND INTEREST with this
FASCINATING SCENIC WALLPAPER



ZODIAC MAPS

Fine reproduction of rare antique maps (circa 1652)...in soft, original colors. 4 panel set, as shown, covers 9' of wall space. Half sets with single map available...extra matching background paper included.

At better decorators and dealers everywhere.

Albert Van Luit & Co.
WALLPAPER

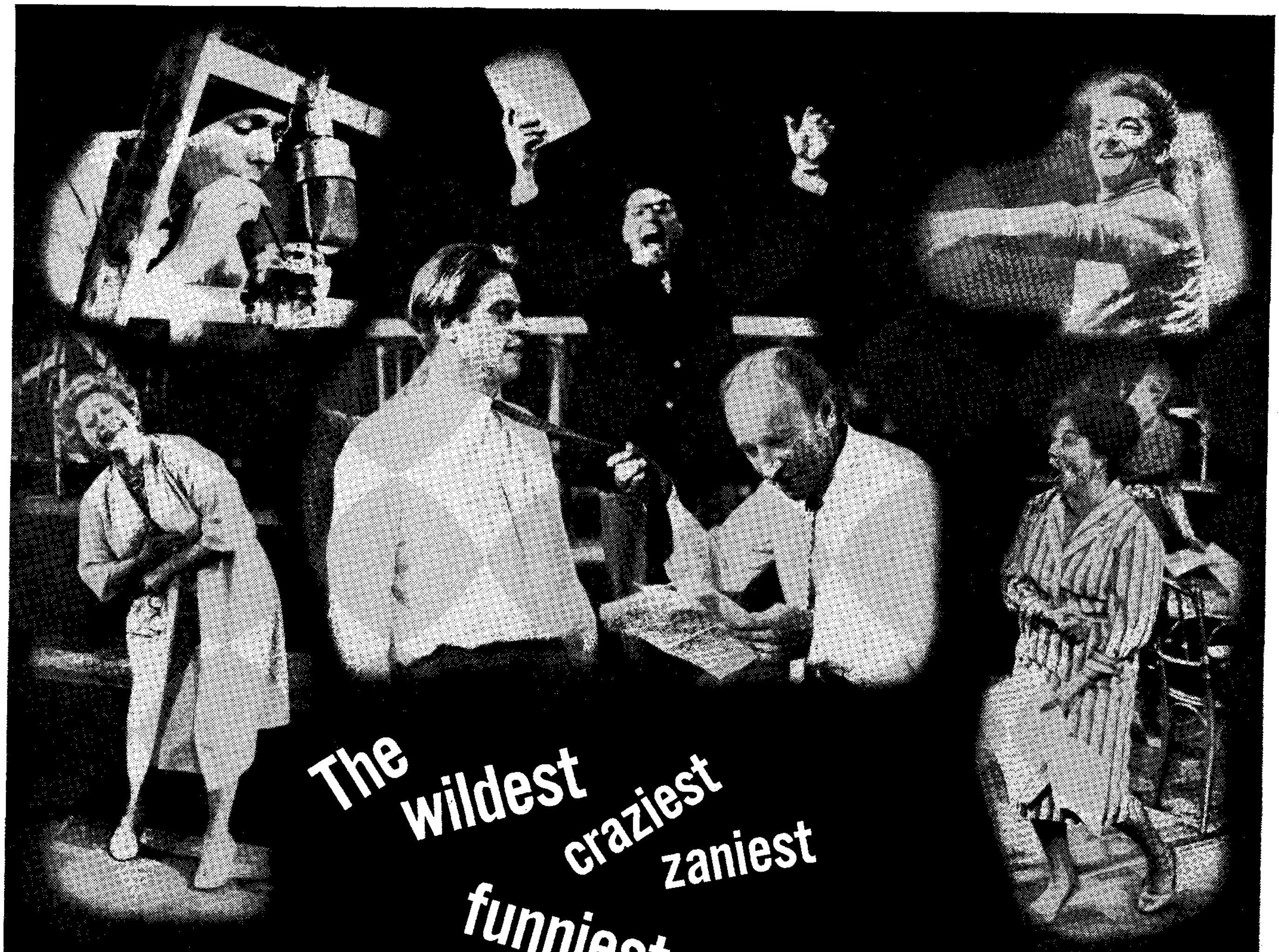
Van Luit
Showrooms:
NEW YORK
515 Madison Ave.
CLEVELAND
1240 Huron Rd.
CHICAGO
325 N. Wells St.
LOS ANGELES
100 S. Robertson

Send 50¢ for full color miniature, or $1 for miniature PLUS Decorator's Kit of samples, sketches, photos and decorating ideas to
4000-ZN CHEVY CHASE DRIVE...LOS ANGELES 39

CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK



The wildest craziest zaniest funniest

. . . the most unusual operatic recording ever made

FLEDERMAUS GALA PERFORMANCE

Conducted by Herbert von Karajan

A brilliant cast from the Vienna State Opera

- Hilde Gueden
- Erika Köth
- Regina Resnik
- Erich Kunz
- Giusseppe Zampieri
- Waldemar Kmentt
- Walter Berry
- Eberhard Waechter

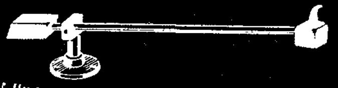
Surprise performances by such renowned artists as

- Renata Tebaldi
- Birgit Nilsson
- Giulietta Simionato
- Joan Sutherland
- Teresa Berganza
- Leontyne Price
- Mario Del Monaco
- Jussi Bjoerling
- Ettore Bastianini
- Fernando Corena

and

- Ljuba Welitsch

Write for free complete catalog

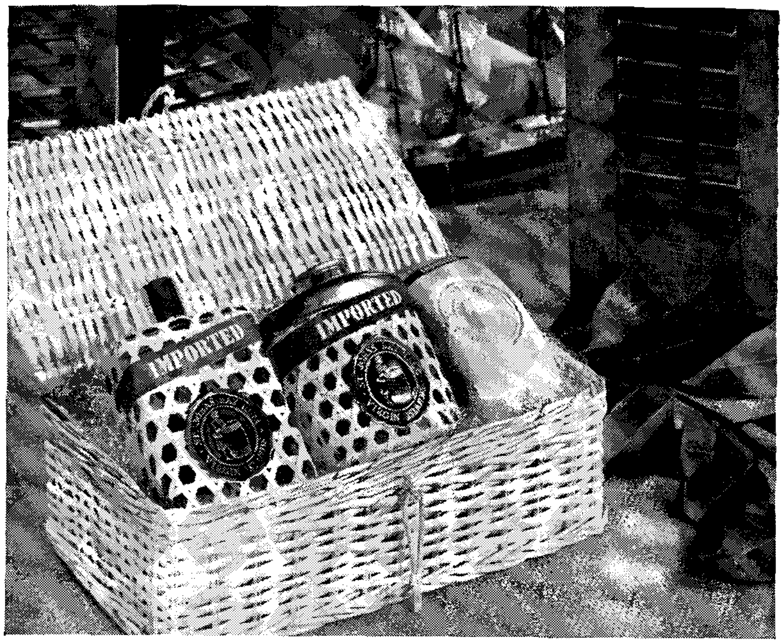


STEREOPHONIC ffss PICK UP h.h. Scott LONDON RECORDS

To take full advantage of the remarkable technical excellence of ffss records, we recommend the new London-Scott stereophonic Pickup and Arm.

ffrr mono LONDON ® RECORDS ffss stereo

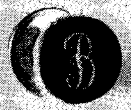
Dept. DX, 539 West 25th Street, New York 1, N. Y.



cunningly contrived

. . . to capture the most discriminating man's fancy. St. Johns Gift Set: an eight-ounce bottle of St. Johns Bay Rum, for after shave, after bath . . . a six-ounce tin of St. Johns Bay Talc, gently deodorant . . . and a man-sized bar of St. Johns Bay Soap. All are made from authentic Virgin Island formulas. Each container wears a hand-woven palm frond jacket. Together they're handsomely packaged in a distinctively crafted hamper. In fine shops. Seven dollars and fifty cents, plus tax.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
U. S. Agent: Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Ave., New York



ELEGANT TOUCH

THIS INITIAL TIE TACK—HAND CARVED IN ONYX
SEVEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, PLUS TAX
AVAILABLE AT ALFRED DUNHILL, ALL STORES
SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON—MARTINI-CARL, BOSTON

definitely DESTINO

FOR OTHER STORES, WRITE RALPH DESTINO, LTD., 10 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK

mew, in the first line, and to send you the chair for $3.95 plus fifty cents postage.

For wear while sitting in the miniature TV chair, I am recommending a remarkable new slipper called the Luxurious Puppy Sluffie. Though made of spun plastic and rubber, each Sluffie strikingly resembles an actual dog's head, complete with ears, eyes, nose, and mouth; the toes of the small wearer supply the effect of teeth. But the catalogue puts it better than I can: "Fluffy, furry bow-wow slippers snuggle tots' feet—li'l toes peek out mouth!" The Sluffies come in pink or white and are $2.49, postage paid, from Breck's.

Older children will like personalized T shirts, which come in a greater range this year than I ever remember. Glasscraft, 920 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, for example, has special ones for grandparents to give. They are good-quality cotton shirts with a personal message lettered prominently on the chest, such as "Grandma Loves Jimmy" or "Grandpa Loves Debbie." The "o" in "Loves" is shaped like a heart with an arrow through it. The shirts are $1.25 apiece plus fifteen cents postage.

Another appealing present for children, from Bancroft's, is a "Bike Put-Put," which can be attached to any bicycle or tricycle. "Though not a motor," says Bancroft's, "it sounds like the real thing. Can be heard at long distances, warning motorists of your child's presence." It presumably performs this function for non-motorists as well. The Put-Put costs seventy-nine cents plus thirty-five cents postage.

A PROBLEM we all face at Christmastime is what to do about married couples. Where, oh, where can we find joint presents that won't outrageously favor one spouse over the other? Well, one place is Helen Gallagher-Foster House, 413 Fulton Street, Peoria, Illinois. A pleasantly sentimental please-them-both present from Gallagher-Foster would be a Kissin' Kitten Cottage Cheese Jar. As the name implies, the jar, which is white with gay trim, has a brace of embracing kittens on the lid. Besides serving a decorative function, the affectionate kittens make a convenient handle. The jar costs ninety-nine cents plus fifty cents postage.

If you've real money to spend and you know a young couple who dance, you might want to ship them a Fabulous Jr. Juke from Emma and Jed's. It will remind them of their courting

WHAT DOES THE PRESS THINK?

How do newspapers and magazines like our complete-range programming? You'll find the answers in these few quotes taken from unsolicited articles published since 1959:

"More than 500 letters a month and the praise of local critics testify to the success of WJR's adult programming in the fine arts."

NEW YORK TIMES, August 14, 1960

"This 50 KW, clear-channel station is successfully programming in the grand manner with shows that are expensive, live, carefully produced and dignified."

BROADCASTING, Oct. 12, 1959

"[WJR's] Radiance fans out . . . to cover a wide Midwestern area, reaching into Canada, focusing wherever there are people who love really good music—and are interested in discussion."

TV-RADIO MIRROR, May, 1960

"From the response . . . and the other AM radio stations which are starting to follow WJR's lead, the station . . . has proved its point."

DETROIT FREE PRESS, Feb. 28, 1960

"We like the new WJR principally because it treats its listeners as mature adults. Acting on the widely neglected premise that radio listeners are intelligent beings, the directors have used good judgment and refreshing imagination in formulating their programs. Varied entertainment, culture and instruction are available, brightly packaged and wittily presented."

MICHIGAN CATHOLIC, March 31, 1960

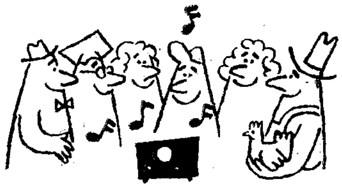
"Detroit's WJR—Heard Here Is an Oasis in Radio's Sameness."

CLEVELAND PRESS, July 22, 1959

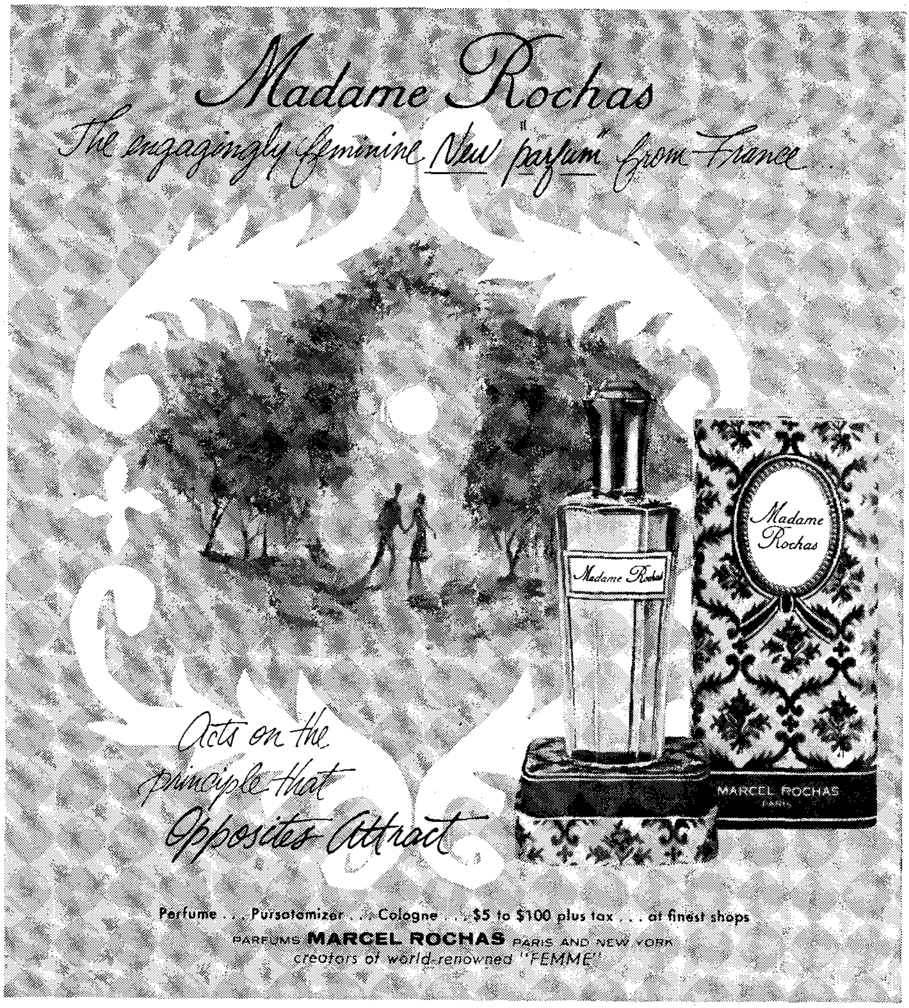
". . . WJR is the prophetic voice of the future if AM radio is to survive as a medium deserving and receiving the attention of adults."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR,
Boston, June 23, 1959

WJR DETROIT
760 KC 50,000 WATTS
RADIO WITH ADULT APPEAL

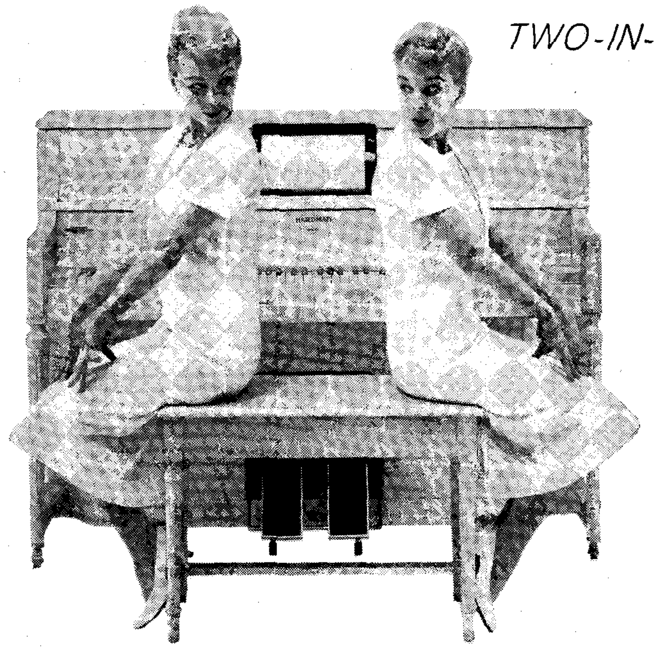


Call WJR or your Henry I. Christal representative and see what WJR offers you.


Madame Rochas
The engagingly feminine New parfum from France...
Madame Rochas
Madame Rochas
MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS
Acts on the principle that Opposites Attract

Perfume . . . Pursatomizer . . . Cologne . . . $5 to $100 plus tax . . . at finest shops
PARFUMS **MARCEL ROCHAS** PARIS AND NEW YORK
creators of world-renowned "FEMME"

IT'S TWICE THE FUN . . . WHEN YOUR PIANO IS TWO-IN-ONE



THE HARDMAN DUO® PLAYER PIANO

With this newest of pianos — already charming a multitude of owners — you have all the fun of a player piano and a manual console.

You can even add a tinge of spice with the bewitching sound of mandolin-like tones from the Ukelano, an optional extra. All these features are yours in a piano extraordinarily compact in design and styled for modern living.

If you like to entertain with a real flair, see the Duo today. Or write: Dept. N-7.

HARDMAN, PECK & COMPANY, 33 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York

days. This three-foot-tall, many-colored music-maker does not have the select-o-matic feature of real jukeboxes, but it looks as if it did. Agleam with chromium and bright lights, it sports a double row of simulated push buttons all across the front. And it actually does play records. Emma and Jed will deliver a Jr. Juke anywhere in the country for $49.95. A de-luxe model with automatic record-changer costs $79.95.

My final suggestion is a very practical gift for a couple (or an entire household, for that matter), and one that should be particularly welcome after the excitement of opening gifts—a precision sphygmomanometer from Damar's, 270 Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey. With this handy device (and using the easy-to-follow instructions), the rankest amateur can take blood pressures with surprising accuracy. Husband and wife can check each other daily—even oftener, if they wish. After the first few times, they'll be reading off the pressure without fuss or bother, Damar's says. (It recommends constant checks.) The sphygmomanometer, which comes in a handsome zippered case, is $19.95 plus postage. I am ordering one for myself, along with a new headgear to wear while using it—Kissin' Mistle, The Space Age Buzz Bonnet, Damar's, $1.50 plus postage. A headband of glittering plastic supports a simply gigantic piece of mistletoe about three inches above the wearer's head. "Have more fun than anyone," Damar's urges, and I intend to.

See you under the Christmas tree!

—NOEL PERRIN

•

For a while she and Peg operated a broading school for girls there.—*Vassar Alumnae Magazine.*

A surprising number are self-educated, just the same.

•

More than top stock is needed. A breeder must have a thorough knowledge of the Mendelssohnian theories of heredity.

—*Germantown* (*Pa.*) *Courier.*

Theories or no theories, Mendelssohn has paved the way for a lot of breeding.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Writer's Market*]

The story with the background of a mission, or a missionary's experiences, are sure-sale stories. Stories in which our hero is mentally debating whether to become a businessman, or to follow in the path of Jesus Christ, are regular sellers.

The season is ripe for these gourmet gifts!

Cherry Marnier
LIQUEUR
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
MARNIER-LAPOSTOLLE
NEW YORK
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
CORDON ROUGE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Triple Orange
PARIS
FRANCE
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF
NET CONTENTS

ow's the time to give Grand Marnier, France's noblest after-dinner liqueur—and herry Marnier, its delicious companion! Both are available in handsome gift packages.

Gift Supreme: Grand Marnier in the opaline decanter—replica of one owned by Napoleon Bonaparte.

RAND MARNIER ⚜ CHERRY MARNIER

ND MARNIER / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CHERRY MARNIER / 48 PROOF / PRODUCTS OF FRANCE / CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Classic beauty in a smart new size

Lincoln Continental for 1961...ideal in size...styled in the Continental tradition ...engineered for unprecedented reliability

Today, Lincoln Continental presents a new concept in fine cars...a full six-passenger luxury automobile with the fundamental convenience of rational size...a car that is designed to handle, turn and park with superb ease.

The 1961 Lincoln Continental is built to unprecedented standards of quality and reliability—standards shared with no other car in America.

Extraordinary reliability

A trouble-free car is the essential foundation of true motoring satisfaction. That is why every single car is given a 12-mile road test (and the inspection list has 189 check points!). Why parking brake conduits are lined with nylon so cables cannot rust and stick. Why front suspension points that formerly required lubrication every 2,000 miles now have a sealed lubrication system that needs attention only at 30,000-mile intervals. Why, in fact, we insist on several thousand extra operations that we could eliminate without any visible change in the car. All these extra operations are performed on every 1961 Lincoln Continental to make it as trouble-free as possible.

As a result, your Lincoln Continental dealer is extending his warranty on 1961 Lincoln Continentals to 24,000 miles or two full years, whichever comes first. See him to obtain full information. He will be glad to show you a copy of his new warranty.

Other specific features contribute to the comfort and convenience of the 1961 Lincoln Continental: The only center-opening doors on any American automobile—counterbalanced for a wonderful new ease of entrance, and all safety-locked at a flick of the driver's finger. Seats cushioned in nearly three times the amount of foam rubber used on other luxury automobiles. And the 1961 Lincoln Continental has been so thoughtfully engineered and so carefully built that maintenance servicing, including oil changes, is necessary only at 6,000-mile intervals—just twice a year under normal driving conditions.

The merit of ideal size

Interior space is astonishing in so sleek a vehicle (front seat hip room is virtually the same, even though the car is narrower; the driver's leg room is increased, though the car is 14 inches shorter over-all). Equipment is so complete that power brakes, power steering, even power window lifts are *standard*. And, particularly noteworthy, the line includes America's only four-door convertible.

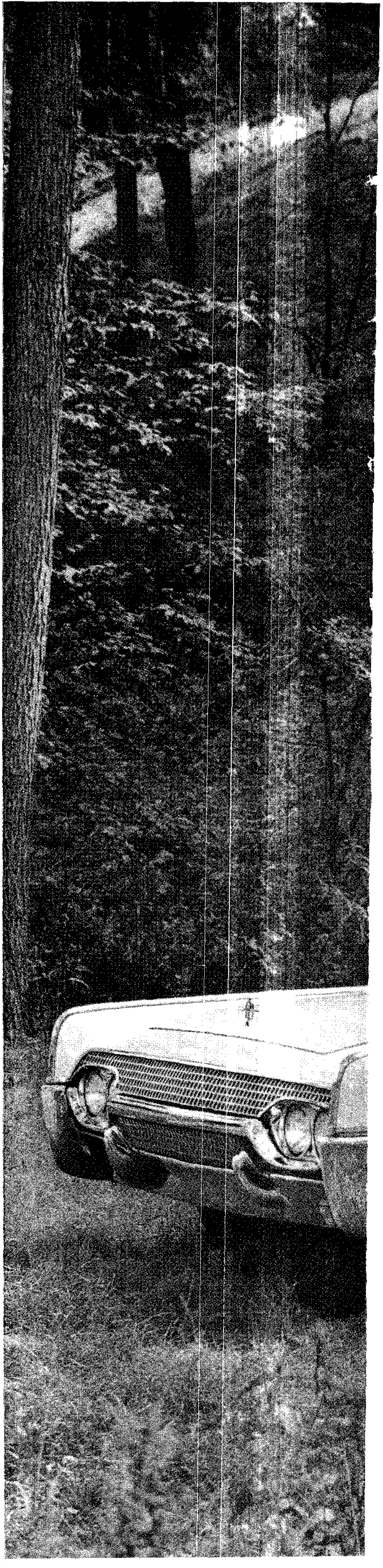
Enduring Continental styling

Here is the modern convenience of sensible size brilliantly set forth in the enduring beauty of a new concept of Continental styling. This classic design makes possible an authentic luxury car that is not one inch longer than it absolutely must be to convey six passengers in deep-cushioned ease and superlative smoothness.

Frankly, if you love beautiful machinery, you owe yourself an hour at the wheel of the new Lincoln Continental. For only those who have driven it can begin to know how completely it outmodes everything that has gone before it. Lincoln-Mercury Division *Ford Motor Company*

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

America's first ideally sized fine car

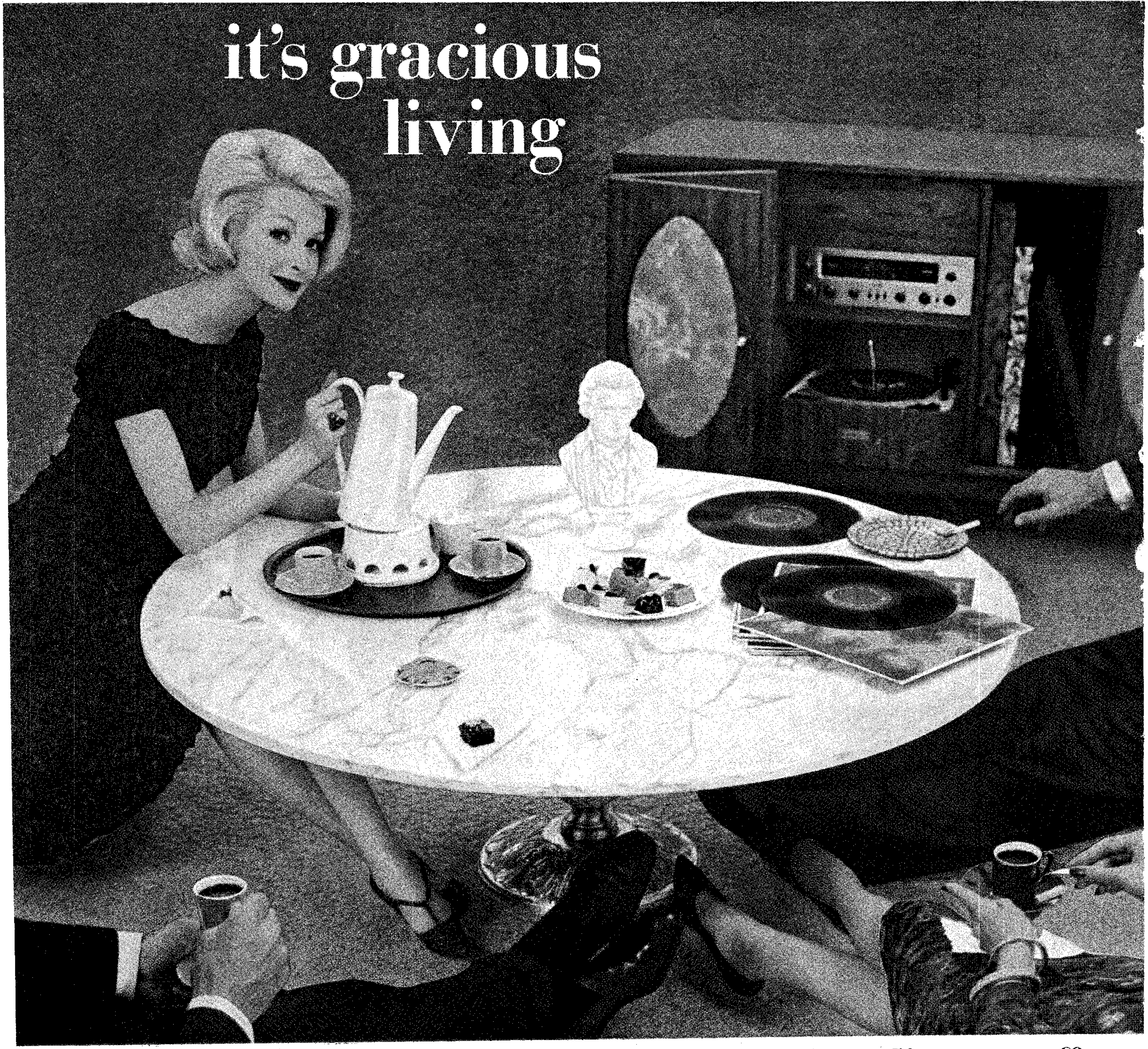


Continental

More than a coffee...

INSTANT
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
3 OZ.
after-dinner coffee
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
12 OZ. NET

Life is so much richer when you're wise in the ways of gracious living. Take the deep, invigorating luxury of Medaglia d'Oro Espresso. Its robust flavor and aroma give your spirits a lift, the way no mere breakfast coffee ever could—(or any other drink, for that matter). After dinner or any time stimulating people get together, nothing can take the place of internationally famous Medaglia d'Oro Espresso. Enjoy it soon!


it's gracious living

Medaglia d'Oro Espresso is the correct after-dinner coffee

S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, N. J.—Est. 1899

A REPORTER ON WHEELS

COME SEE US AGAIN SOON

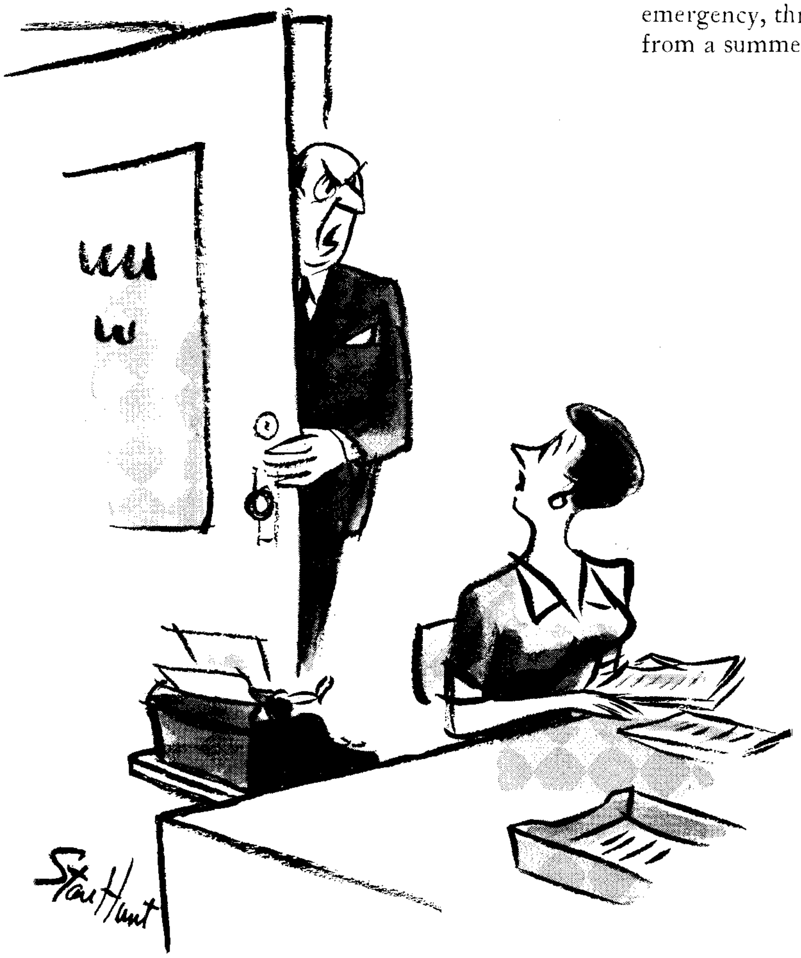
MORE than a year ago, my wife and I promised our three sons, now aged thirteen, eleven, and eight, a trip to the 1960 Olympics. We spent a good deal of time and trouble making the appropriate arrangements, but at close to the last minute, disheartened by, among other things, the prospect of a tremendous crush in Rome and the larcenous demands of hotel-keepers there, we called everything off. The boys were, naturally, most unhappy, and to appease them we proposed instead to drive them somewhere. They chose Disneyland.

By the time we left our home, in Westchester County, late in the summer, we had certain other more or less defined goals. The thirteen-year-old wanted to see some state fairs, the sideshows of which he understood were pretty hot stuff. It was his notion that our best chance of making this dream come true would be to travel to California by a southerly route—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona—and return via Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, South Dakota, Iowa, and so on. This seemed a sensible enough course regardless of fairs, and we adopted it. The eleven-year-old had never seen a National League baseball game except on television, the Giants and Dodgers having both decamped while he was napping, so he spoke up for, in no special order, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The eight-year-old had his heart set on Indians and National Parks—particularly National Parks harboring bears. My wife hankered to buy some authentic examples of native American craftsmanship. My own modest aim was to ascertain whether somewhere in this vast and varied nation it was possible—as I had long since discovered it was not in the East—to order a club sandwich without mayonnaise and get it without mayonnaise.

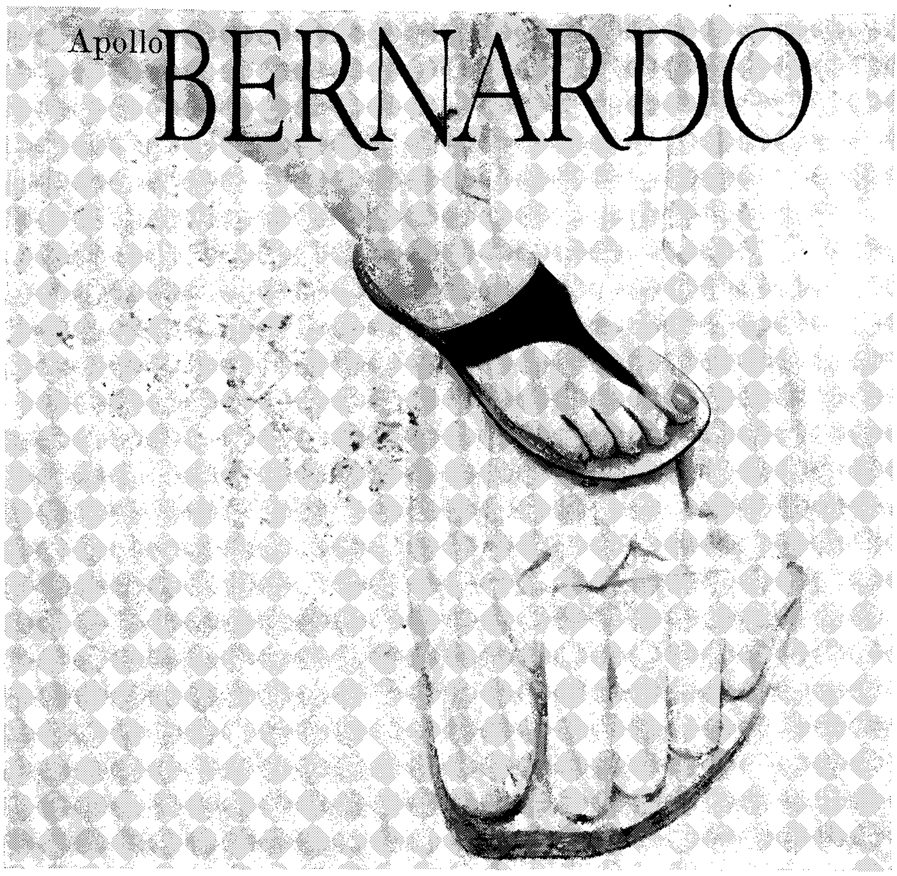
One unifying thread ran through all our disparate intentions. In June, my wife and I had received from our sons' school a mimeographed list headed "Four Hundred Demon Spelling Words"—among them "accompanying," "necessary," "address," "perseverance," "etc.," etc.—with an accompanying note telling us it was necessary that the boys address themselves to all these stickers with perseverance before the fall term began. We therefore resolved to make our journey a worthwhile educational experience in more ways than one by conducting a daily mobile spelling bee, hot or cold, rain or shine, mountain or dessert—I mean desert. By the time we returned home, after six weeks, nine thousand miles, twenty-three states, and two foreign countries, many of the devilish words on our roster had played so dominant a role in our routine that they seemed to have become a part of the trip itself, and perhaps our hodgepodge American adventure can best be recounted under some of these loose but suitably demonic headings.

PREPARATIONS. Seeing no virtue in needless discomfort, we bought a roomy station wagon with an air-conditioner tucked under its hood. Some of our friends who had made similar jaunts had camped out along the way, and they denounced this accessory as not merely extravagant but effete; they urged us, if only to atone for our self-indulgence, to take along a tent and the accessories to go with *that*. One well-intentioned counsellor even gave my wife an apron and two pot holders as a bon-voyage gift. But we are not a field-and-stream family, and with a deliberateness in which I heartily concurred, my wife left this gear behind, though she did buy a portable icebox out of which we could picnic on the road. The only other concession we made to the more or less rugged life was to carry, in case of emergency, three sleeping bags left over from a summer that the boys had spent in camp. We transported these on top of the car in a luggage rack that also held five large suitcases containing our dress-up clothes, in case of festivity.

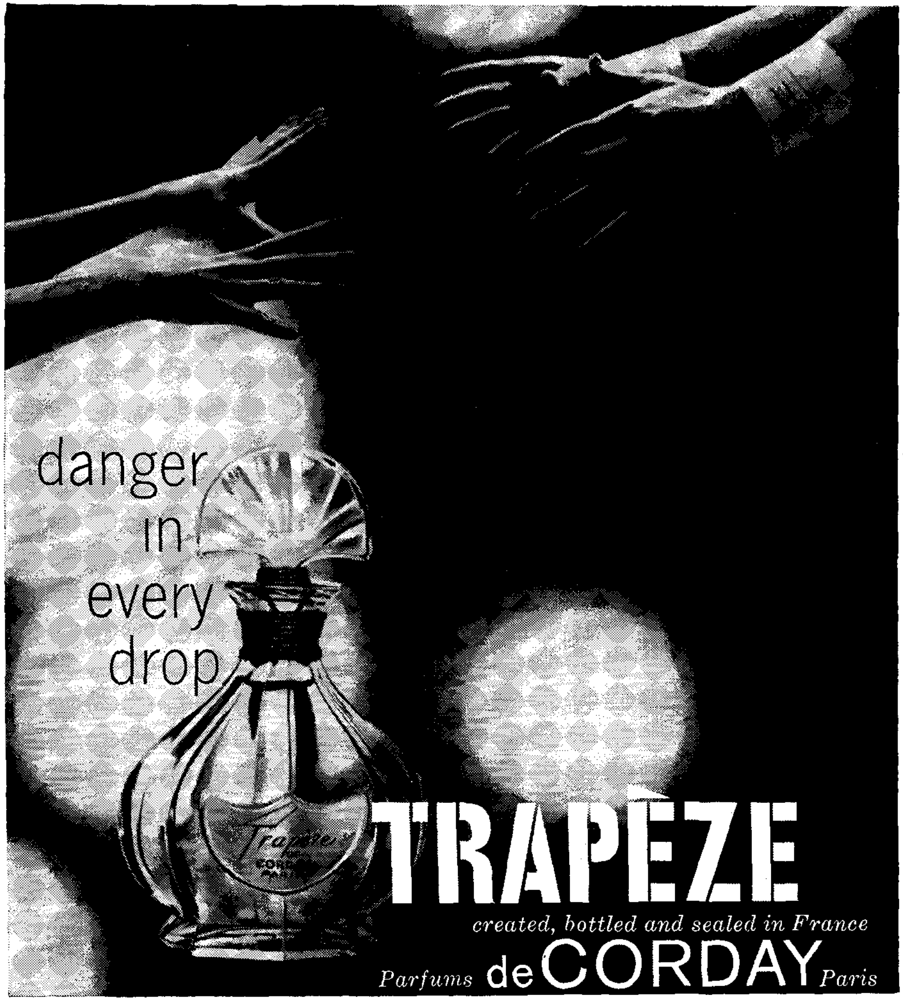
My wife (who believes that one good custom-made frock, however costly, will outlast a closetful of ready-mades) commissioned a local craftsman to create a waterproof tarpaulin whose edges were supposed to snap snugly around the metal rails of the luggage rack. When I went to the fellow's atelier to pick the thing up, he assured me that the snaps would hold, no matter how far or how fast we drove; as an extra precaution, though, he added some grommets so that it could be tied on if need be. This was just as well. Our first day out,



"I'm disgruntled today, Miss Meecher. Warn everybody!"



From the Bernardo collection, $6.95 to $18.95.
At: Bonwit Teller, Boston, Mass.; Sakowitz, Houston, Tex.; Burdine's, Miami, Fla.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Bullock's Wilshire . . . and other fine stores.
Bernardo Sandals, Inc., 17 East 22nd Street, New York 10.



the snaps began popping loose, and the only tie lines we could find to keep the covering from floating away were our shoelaces. Even after we had stopped at a hardware store and bought clothesline to replace these improvised bindings, the tarp kept flapping wildly. In Missouri, heading west on the celebrated U. S. 66, we halted to lash down one billowing corner, and a car that had been following ours pulled alongside. Its driver said he had seen a sleeping bag catapult off our roof twenty miles back. It was late in the day, and we were anxious to find a comfortable motel, so we didn't bother to turn around. In a way, it was a relief to have our capacity for roughing it thus providentially diminished.

Keeping our exterior luggage in place was such a nuisance that whenever we had it more or less firmly secured we were loath to tamper with it. So we found ourselves almost entirely confined to the skimpy wardrobes we had stowed inside the car. Informality is the keynote of most tourist stops these days anyway. To be sure, I was barred from the dining room of an Oklahoma City motel when I attempted to enter it in a pair of immaculate Bermuda shorts, but on changing into grease-spattered ankle-length khakis I was welcomed. We felt that we did have to unload the roof in La Jolla, California, when some friends invited us to dinner at a fancy restaurant. For the first time in a couple of weeks, my wife put on a dress, the boys put on socks, and I put on a jacket, a shirt, a necktie, and clean long pants. It came as a blow when, after dinner, the hat-check girl accosted me and asked for my tie; she was under the impression it was one she had lent me to make me presentable enough to enter the place.

In La Jolla, too, our water pump gave out, possibly because of the demands made on it, through day after day of near-hundred-degree temperature, by the air-conditioner. (The mechanic who made the repair said as he was finishing up that he was forever leaving his tools in engines. He rummaged through ours carefully, smiled, and bade us Godspeed. A few weeks later, in Waverly, Iowa, we found his screwdriver.) Frequently, our radiator would get so hot that service-station attendants only dared approach it behind the cooling splash of a hose, like firemen. An attendant in Texas, after spraying our radiator, sprayed his own feet. "These are the hottest boots I ever had on," he told us. "Coldest in winter, too." The boys had heard that Texas

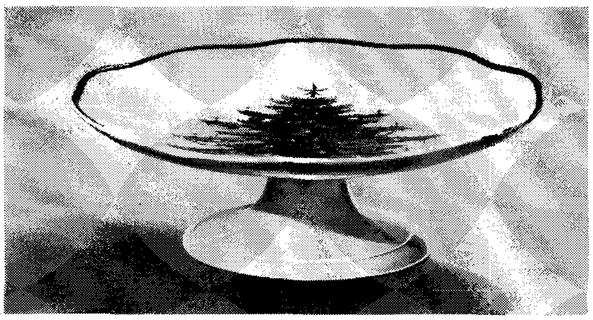
Plummer

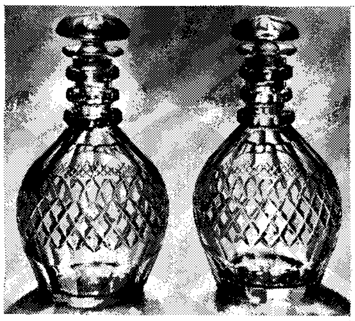
Gift Ideas Reflecting Elegance

HURRICANE LAMPS designed to bring a warm glow to Christmas tables. Of fine crystal with candle and mistletoe decoration in Yule colors. 12″ high, **$20** pair.

MINIATURE TEA SET in English Bone China—exquisitely modeled with tiny sweetheart roses scattered on white. Set consists of 2 cups and saucers, teapot, covered sugar, creamer and tray. 10-pc. set, **$25.**

SILVER PLATED 10-PC. PUNCH SET composed of 6-qt. bowl, 18½″ tray and 8 cups, **$99.50.** Separately: Bowl, **$35...** Tray, **$25...** Cups, **$5.50** each. All prices incl. fed. tax.

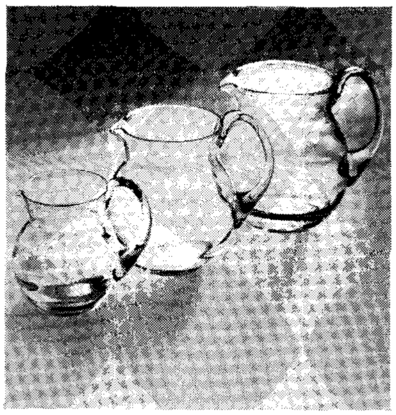


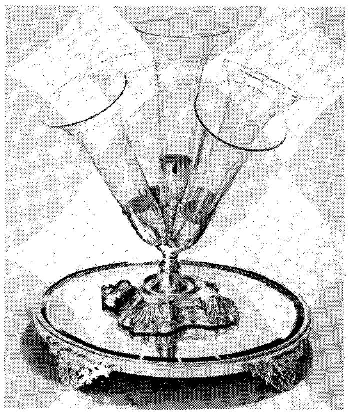


CHRISTMAS TREE CHINA from our famous Plummer-designed collection. 9½″ Footed Comport for cake, canapes, etc., **$6.75.**

IMPORTED SWEDISH DECANTERS in brilliant hand-cut crystal. Each, **$15... pair, $28.**

CREAMER AND SUGAR BOWL in English Bone China. Hand-painted fruit motifs in glowing colors on white, 2″ high, **$6.50** set.





SWEDISH OPTIC CRYSTAL JUGS—Plummer-exclusive set of 3 in pint, quart, 1½-quart sizes. Fabulous value at **$9** set.

GEORGIAN STYLE EPERGNE with 5 removabe crystal vases rising from heavy silver plated holders and base. 10½″ high, 10″ spread, **$25. MIRRORED PLATEAU** styled in harmony with delicately designed silver plated feet. 10″ dia., **$20.**

STERLING SILVER COFFEE SET in an exquisite Jack Shepard design. Pot holds 8 breakfast cups. 3-pc. set, **$150** incl. fed. tax.

Mail and phone orders promptly filled—ST 4-5625.

Plummer LTD.
Fifth Avenue at 57th St
New York 19

WESTCHESTER — WHITE PLAINS ROAD AT WILMOT

Famous for Fine China • Crystal • Silver • Lamps • Antiques • Jewelry • Stationery • Objets d' Art

Hello from Macki

This is a charming little German doll called Macki. He's as much a part of Germany as let's say, The German Federal Railroad. You'll see Macki and many other unique and enchanting things, that make Germany a land of great personality and beauty.

We hope you're planning to take the train. For this is the way to see everything, get the feel of the country, without losing a kilometer of comfort or enjoyment. German Federal Railroad has much on board to offer you. It is extremely modern, fast, efficient and prompt. It is designed to delight, and it goes just everywhere... perhaps these are the reasons why most people travel by rail.

We extend our arms to you, just like Macki, and look forward to escorting you through Germany.

See your Travel Agent and ask about EURAILPASS — the first-class ticket through 13 West European countries.

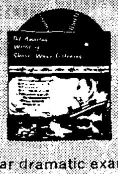
GERMAN FEDERAL RAILROAD DEUTSCHE DB BUNDESBAHN

GENERAL AGENCY FOR NORTH AMERICA, 11 W. 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
JOACHIM WENZEL, GENERAL REPRESENTATIVE • PHONE: LONGACRE 5-7545-6-7-8

How to be a world traveler *in your own library*

Name the most exciting foreign country on the globe. Tonight, with a Hallicrafters short wave receiver, *you can be there*—while the shape of history is being changed. Hear overseas news, direct from the source . . . foreign languages and authentic native music . . . ships, planes, emergency calls. It's a new world of adventure and learning.

Model S-120, newest design in Hallicrafters' world-famous line of high-performance receivers. Three short wave bands plus extended range AM. Only $69.95. Other precision receivers from $59.95 to $395.00. Sold through selected suppliers of professional radio equipment. Names on request.



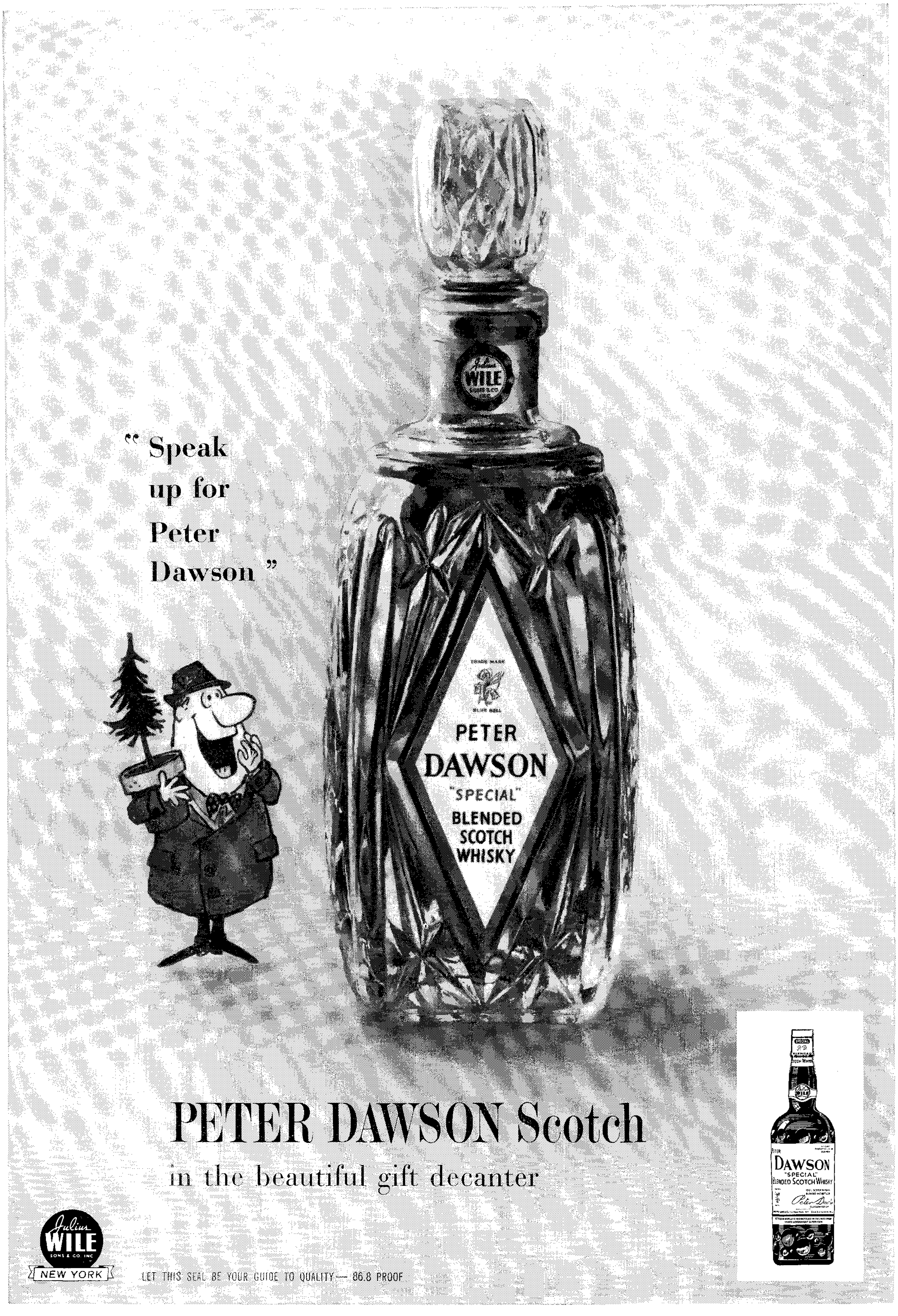
Hear dramatic examples on "The Amazing World of Short Wave Listening"—limited edition recording. Please send 25¢ to Hallicrafters, Dept. 33, Chicago 11, Illinois.

hallicrafters h **short wave radio**

was a state partial to superlatives, and they were overjoyed to have this confirmation of the theory—as they also were when they read an item in the Dallas *Morning News* (the same issue contained the headline "FISH HIDE FROM HEAT") about a local oil man who had shot seven thousand jack rabbits since the first of the year. The thirteen-year-old and the eleven-year-old, voluntarily brushing up off season on their arithmetic, calculated that this came to a thousand jack rabbits a month, or about thirty a day. They were equally impressed by an advertisement for a Texas drive-in movie establishment that was showing three full-length features, plus cartoons. Texas proved *not* to be pre-eminent in all things, however. Near Chamberlain, South Dakota (a state that proclaims itself a "land of infinite variety"), we came upon a drive-in that boasted *four* full-length features, running from dusk till dawn.

ACCIDENTALLY. Americans are notoriously obsessed with speed, and since our return home our friends, as American as anybody's, have been asking us how fast we went. I have never exceeded ninety miles an hour in an automobile and don't much care to, but the nation's roads today are tempters, if not outright seducers, and between Flagstaff and Holbrook, Arizona, while my wife was dozing, the boys cajoled me into accelerating until the speedometer needle reached eighty-five. At that point, another car overtook me with ease, and I was too chagrined to play the game any longer. Later, my wife confessed that in Nevada, while *I* was dozing, she had hit ninety. We had our big chance to show off on the Bonneville Salt Flats, in Utah, where cars were romping around at between three and four hundred miles an hour all summer long, but when we were in a position to let her rip, all three of the *boys* were dozing, and their mother and I didn't want to risk jiggling them into wakefulness.

On the Bonneville Flats, though, by way of recompense, my wife espied our fiftieth state license plate—Alaska. The children had begun collecting plates, as I imagine most cross-country motorists do, at the very start. Our eight-year-old got discouraged just half an hour out, on the George Washington Bridge, when we zipped by an interstate trailer-truck so festooned with plates that there wasn't time to identify them all. Without exerting ourselves, we had spotted all the states save Alaska and Hawaii by our second day on the road. We


"Speak up for Peter Dawson"
TRADE MARK
BLUE BELL
PETER DAWSON "SPECIAL" BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PETER DAWSON Scotch
in the beautiful gift decanter
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC
NEW YORK
LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY— 86.8 PROOF
DAWSON "SPECIAL" BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Give new **TITLEISTS**

De luxe case of 1 dozen **$14.85,** *½ dozen* **$7.60.** *No personalizing on half dozens.*

Give the new Titleist . . . 1960's most popular golf ball among pros and amateurs in big-time competition. This makes twelve straight years on top for Titleist.

GIVE NEW TITLEISTS, PERSONALIZED* with owner's name at *no extra charge.* Just print name (no more than 18 letters and spaces) and send it to us with check or money order.

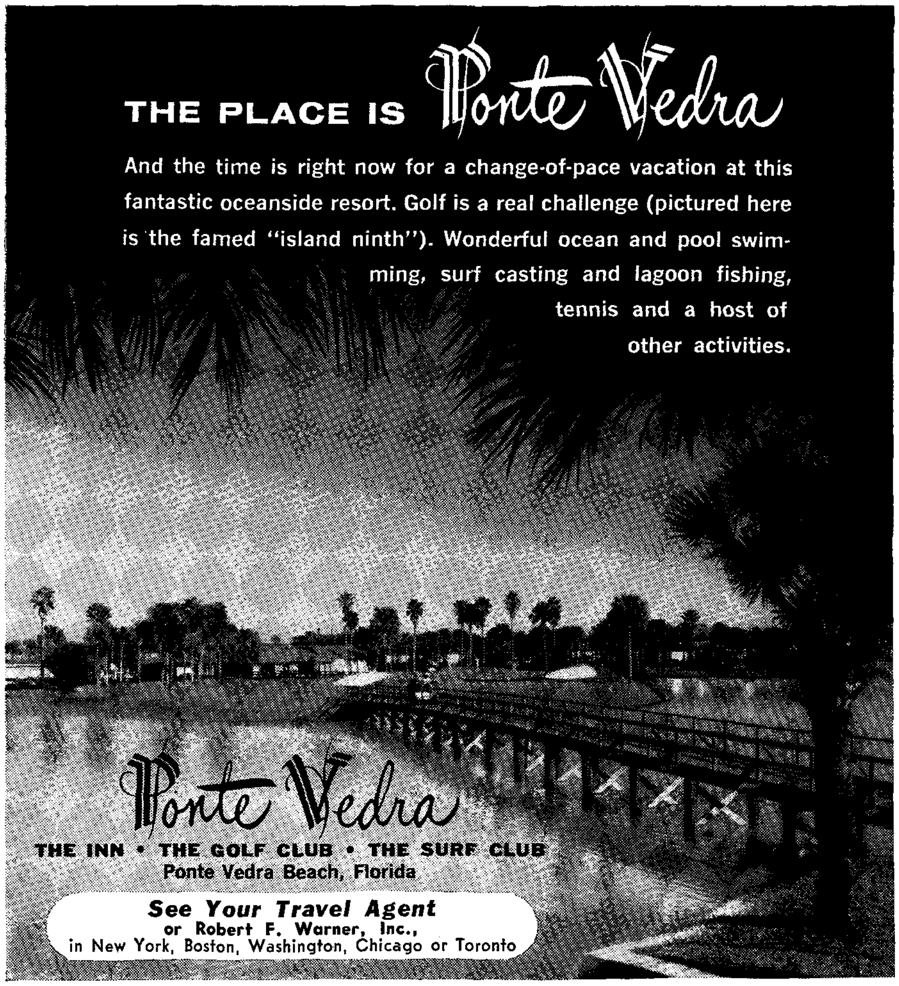
**Please remember, for personalizing, at least one dozen must be ordered for each name.*

BEST-LOOKING GIFT CASES EVER!—rich, green, gold-embossed, leather-like boxes with gleaming brass trim, rayon satin lining—a wonderful gift in itself.

ORDER NOW to assure Christmas delivery. Specify *which* Titleist—Titleist Regular or Titleist 100 or Titleist Red.

Please be sure to include your golf professional's name so we can credit him with the sale as Acushnet's policy is to sell through golf course pro shops only.

Dept. NY-3, Acushnet Process Sales Company, New Bedford, Mass.



THE PLACE IS Ponte Vedra

And the time is right now for a change-of-pace vacation at this fantastic oceanside resort. Golf is a real challenge (pictured here is the famed "island ninth"). Wonderful ocean and pool swimming, surf casting and lagoon fishing, tennis and a host of other activities.

Ponte Vedra
THE INN • THE GOLF CLUB • THE SURF CLUB
Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida

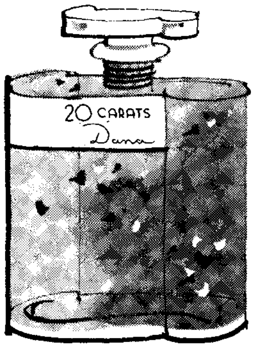
See Your Travel Agent
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.,
in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago or Toronto

captured Hawaii at Cody, Wyoming. The boys were proudest of a rare Guam they bagged in Ely, Nevada, where I sought to teach them a memorable lesson by losing two dollars in a dime slot machine on our way into a hotel dining room. My wife undid some of the good by winning two jackpots after dinner. Also at Cody—Buffalo Bill's home town—we saw our only double rainbow. Our hunt for a pot of gold took us first to a miniature golf course, which we searched, vainly, in forty-five minutes and an average of fifty-five strokes. Our quest then led us to a general store that offered for sale, in testimonial to the Wild West love of violence, Indian Whackum Paddles and matching tomahawks and sheath knives, and also, in somewhat tamer vein, clip-on cowboy ties and Buffalo Bill bookends. Our thirteen-year-old bought a tomahawk set. He later discovered that it was made in Germany, and, disgruntled, tossed it into a leather purse that my wife had bought in Albuquerque and had considered a delightful piece of Indian workmanship until she discovered that it was made in Italy.

The double rainbow was just one of the many colorful attractions of the journey. Not far from Meteor Crater, Arizona, which is an impressive sight without any special embellishments, our eight-year-old pointed out a freight train with seven cabooses. The first blind hitchhiker any of us had ever seen was hopefully waving a white cane beside a Clabber Girl Baking Powder billboard on an otherwise desolate stretch of highway near Nebraska, Indiana. We saw our first roundup (a goat pursuing five cows) in Texas, and our first range-riding cowboy in Oklahoma. Our first (and only) hillbilly was a woman eating watermelon with her husband at a roadside rest stop in New Mexico. She was wearing shoes; she was very neat about spitting out the seeds, and her car had California plates, but she insisted to us, notwithstanding all this, that she was a hillbilly. In New Mexico, too, we saw our first elderly female Indian gas-station attendant.

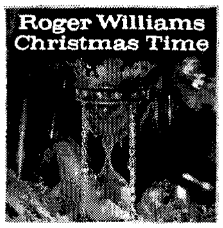
We first saw a wrecked automobile on the road, in a nation known for its high incidence of accidents, on our first day out, in Pennsylvania; we braced ourselves for repetitions of the sight, but we didn't come upon another smashup until we had reached California, two weeks later. And we witnessed only three accidents *there,* which the natives told us was far below normal. Actually, we didn't worry much about the hazards of driving until one day on our homestretch when, as we were rolling along a two-lane road in eastern Iowa, a teen-ager barrelled past us, ignoring the double solid yellow line on a blind downhill curve where there wasn't any shoulder. If there had been anybody coming the other way, we would all have ended up as National Safety Council statistics. In Beverly Hills (where, unsurprisingly, we saw our first blonde talking into a cream-colored telephone while driving a lavender Cadillac), we had our one other close shave. Woman driver tried to pass on the right. I had to brake hard to avoid her, and I was pretty sore, until a long-time resident of the area who was riding with us identified the party of the second part as Simone Signoret. The boys were so proud I couldn't stay mad.

ACCOMMODATIONS. Like most Americans who tour by car these summers, we stayed overnight mainly at motels. They were astonishingly clean and comfortable; only once did we end up at a spot we wouldn't willingly have slept at again. (It was after dark, and we were tired, and there was no alternative within miles; and at that the place wasn't too bad.) Sometimes we made reservations a day ahead, but whether we did or not, it was rare that we found lodgings that failed to meet our sons' three minimum specifications: television, air-conditioning, and swimming pool. (We were almost too successful in finding the last of these. In California, the eight-year-old came down with an infection that a doctor diagnosed as pool fever.) By now, so many motels have this trinity of essentials—or luxuries that travelling children think of as essentials—that their proprietors hold out as further lures to the prospecting motorist a glittering assortment of fringe benefits, among them alarm clocks, electric irons, soft water, rubber sheets, laundromats, wall-to-wall carpeting, ice machines, and Coke machines. At our motel in Oklahoma City, a settlement where mixed drinks may not be sold, there was even a draught-beer machine. Oklahoma City also had Massage-a-Matic beds; if you put twenty-five cents in a slot near the headboard, your bed would pulsate gently for twenty-five minutes. St. Louis had temperature controls, colored telephones, a heated wading pool, and a dog kennel. Amarillo had *free* vibrating beds, and the phones lit up, as well as rang, to signal incoming calls. One motel in Phoenix



The invisible cosmetic that brings out the beauty in you, 20 CARATS perfume...the essence of elegance

Dana
PARIS—NEW YORK


Roger Williams
Christmas Time

ROGER WILLIAMS • Silent Night • O, Little Town of Bethlehem • Winter Wonderland • Adeste Fideles • White Christmas • Deck The Hall • Joy To the World • Jingle Bells • & many others KL-1164 • KS-3048

CHRISTMAS SONGS FOR CHILDREN
THE MARTY GOLD CHILDREN'S CHORUS

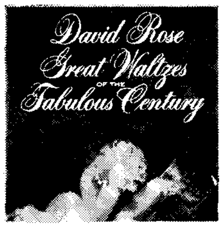
THE MARTY GOLD CHILDREN'S CHOIR • Silent Night • Frosty The Snowman • Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer • Donde Esta Santa Claus? • The Chipmunk Song • White Christmas • & others KL-1154 • KS-3037

CHRISTMAS TIME
THE PETE KING CHORALE

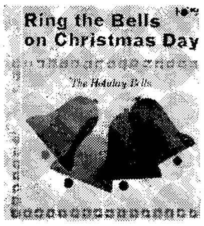
THE PETE KING CHORALE • My Favorite Things • God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen • Joy To The World • Sleighride • Silent Night • The Night Before Christmas • The First Noel • & others KL-1214 • KS-3214

SILENT NIGHT
JOHN GART

JOHN GART at the Conn Electronic Organ with the Yuletiders • Adeste Fideles • The First Noel • Joy To The World • Silver Bells • Silent Night • Sleighride • Winter Wonderland • & others KL-1161 • KS-3045


David Rose
Great Waltzes
of the
Fabulous Century

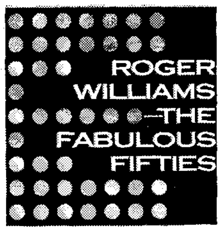
DAVID ROSE & HIS ORCHESTRA • Diane • Intermezzo • Around The World • Deep In My Heart • Cruising Down The River • Fledermaus Waltz • Missouri Waltz • Fascination • & many others KL-1100 • KS-3010


Ring the Bells
on Christmas Day
The Holiday Bells

THE HOLIDAY BELLS • Sile Night • Angels We Have Hea On High • The First Noel • J To The World • Jingle Bells & others KL-1155 • KS-30

THE BEST
CHA
CHA
CHA
OF THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

RALPH FONT ORCH. & BILL DIABLO SEXTET • Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White • The Man From Jamaica • Poco Pelo • Pedro Pablo • & others KL-1060


ROGER
WILLIAMS
—THE
FABULOUS
FIFTIES

ROGER WILLIAMS • High Noon • Mona Lisa • Goodnight Irene • Secret Love • Unchained Melody • Tennessee Waltz • I Believe • and many others
2 record set • KXL-5000(S)

VERA
BRYNNER
Russian
Gypsy
Folk
Songs

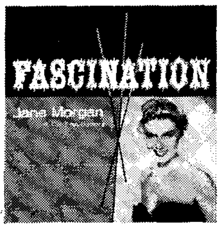
RUSSIAN GYPSY FOLK SONGS • Fisherman's Song • I Dreamed Of A Garden • Oh, Those Beautiful Eyes • Katiusha • Gypsy Spirit • Black Shawl • Love Is Gone • & others KL-1116(S)

SONGS OF THE
EXODUS
HILLEL AND THE SONS OF GALILEE

HILLEL AND THE SONS OF GALILEE • Songs which tell the story of modern Israel — Its victories over the land and those who oppose its growth • Betset Israel Mimitzriam • Gavor Gavar • Moladeti • & others KL-1174 • KS-3058

ARTIE BARSAMIAN
The
Seventh
Veil

ARTIE BARSAMIAN & HIS ORCHESTRA • Echoes From The Orient • Oriental Moods • Procession Of The Sardar • The Candy Maker • Oriental Jump • & others KL-1090 • KS-3044


FASCINATION
Jane Morgan

JANE MORGAN & The Troubadors • An Affair to Remember • It's Not For Me To Say • Around The World • The River Seine • Two Different Worlds • & others KL-1066 • KS-3017

Eartha Kitt
Revisited

EARTHA KITT • I Wantcha Around • Uska Dara • Let's Do It • C'Est Si Bon • I Want To Be Evil • My Heart Belongs To Daddy • Santa Baby • and many others KL-1192 • KS-3192

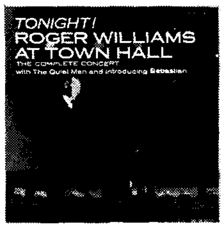
Feathers in our Kapp

JANE MORGAN

MORGAN • The Ballad Of
lane • The Riddle Song •
: Dove • Molly Malone •
s Sweeter Than Wine •
:t Ribbons • The Foggy,
Dew • Greensleeves •
ers KL-1191 • KS-3191

THE MINSTRELS ARE COMING
BANJO ON MY KNEE
A Collection of Old Established Minstrel Songs
The Happy Harts "Singing Banjo" Band

HAPPY HARTS "SINGING BANJO" BAND • Sweet Rosie O'Grady • Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home • The Stars And Stripes Forever • Mary's A Grand Old Name • Sunbonnet Sue • and others KL-1047


TONIGHT!
ROGER WILLIAMS
AT TOWN HALL
THE COMPLETE CONCERT

ROGER WILLIAMS • This is the "live" recording of the 1960 concert by Roger Williams at New York City's Town Hall, climaxing his triumphant tour of the U. S. Album includes 43 songs KXL-5008(S) 2 record set

DO-RE-MI
THE SONGS CHILDREN LOVE TO SING
THE SING-ALONG CHILDREN'S CHORUS

THE SING ALONG CHILDREN'S CHORUS • Do-Re-Mi • High Hopes • Old MacDonald Had A Farm • My Favorite Things • 76 Trombones • This Old Man He Played One • and others KL-1177 • KS-3177

HANDEL'S
MESSIAH

THE ZIMBLER SINFONIETTA conducted by Thompson Stone — Adele Addison, soprano; David Lloyd, tenor; Lorna Sydney, contralto; Donald Gramm, bass. 3 record set with brochure. KL-3-8000(S)

VALENTINO TANGOS IN HI-FI

ORCHESTRA DE GRANADOS Directed by Jaime Jardin • Jalousie • Tango Of Roses • Adios Muchachos • Inspiracion • The Shiek of Araby • Caminito • El Chocio • & many others KL-1064 • KS-3009

THE FESTIVE PIPES

THE FESTIVE PIPES—VOL. 2 • KRAINIS RECORDER CONSORT • Eight centuries of music for recorder KCL-9049(S)

MUSIC FOR TRUMPET & ORCHESTRA · VOL. 3
ROGER VOISIN, JOHN RHEA SOLOISTS
THE KAPP SINFONIETTA conducted by EMANUEL VARDI

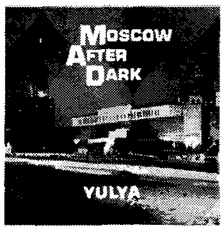
MUSIC FOR TRUMPET AND ORCHESTRA, Vol. 3—Roger Voisin—Works by Stanley, Purcell, Bach, Legrenzi, Telemann, Daquin, Altenburg. KCL-9050-(S)

Verdi
The music of
IL TROVATORE
THE ROME SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

OPERA WITHOUT WORDS • The Music of IL TROVATORE (Verdi) The Rome Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Domenico Savino. KCL-9047(S)

TEMPTATION

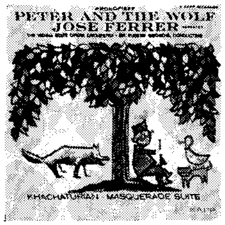
ROGER WILLIAMS • Riviera Concerto • Little Rock Get Away • Homesick For New England • Theme From The Apartment • La Montana • What Lies Over The Hill • Never On Sunday • & others KL-1217 • KS-3217


MOSCOW AFTER DARK
YULYA

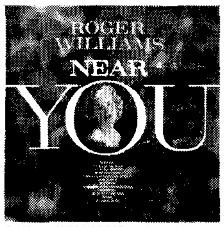
YULYA • The Roads Of War • Oh, Andy • The Steppe • Caravan • Storm Clouds • The Moon Is Out • Fascination • The Garden Gate • Farewell, My Beloved City • Forgotten Rendezvous KL-1158 • KS-3041

music of an
ITALIAN WEDDING
DINO ROMANO & HIS ORCHESTRA

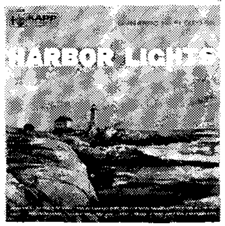
DINO ROMANO AND HIS ORCHESTRA • La Migliavacca • Polka Brillante • Il Tuo Core • Gilda Polka • Marsala Mia • Tarantella Napoletana • & others KL-1138 • KS-3021


PETER AND THE WOLF
JOSE FERRER
KHACHATURIAN · MASQUERADE SUITE

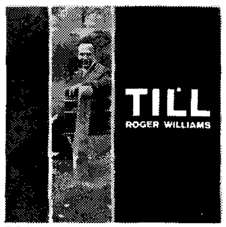
PETER AND THE WOLF, English • JOSE FERRER, Narrator Khachaturian: Masquerade Suite. The Vienna State Opera Orch. — Sir Eugene Goossens, conductor KDC-6002(S)


ROGER WILLIAMS
NEAR
YOU

ROGER WILLIAMS • Near You • It's All In The Game • Young And Warm And Wonderful • St. Louis Blues • The World Outside • September Song • Volare • & others KL-1112(S)


KAPP
HARBOR LIGHTS

JOHN GART at the Conn Electronic Organ • Harbor Lights • Far Away Places • I Cover The Waterfront • A House Upon A Rock • Red Sails In The Sunset • and many others KL-1038


TILL
ROGER WILLIAMS

ROGER WILLIAMS, ORCHESTRA & CHORUS • April Love • Arrivederci Roma • Que Sera, Sera • Fascination • Tammy • Oh, My Papa • Moonlight Love • Till • & others KL-1081(S)

Santa knows the gift business. Kapp knows the record business. Between them they've worked out the most pleasureful presents you could give anybody anywhere . . . Kapp Records for Christmas! Wherever your pencil lands in the Kapp catalog, you'll find great talent, superb sound, rich entertainment for everyone on your list. Cap the climax for Christmas—give Kapp Records to him, her, them and/or you! At your favorite record shop or send for latest color catalog. KAPP RECORDS, INC., 136 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

KAPP RECORDS

HAND SCREENED

*Pure Silk Print**

Serene switch from the depth of furs ...a styled-to-go-places casual to span the seasons. A hand screened large dot silk print fashioned with fluttering feminine ascot tie and soft drifts of a triple-box-pleated skirt. Lemon, coffee and orange with oversized white dots. Sizes 8 to 18. About $35.00

*"Kerah" By Stehli

LORD & TAYLOR
and other fine fashion stores everywhere

Distinctive casuals to live in and love
Norman Wyatt
124 E. OLYMPIC BLVD., LOS ANGELES 15, CALIF.

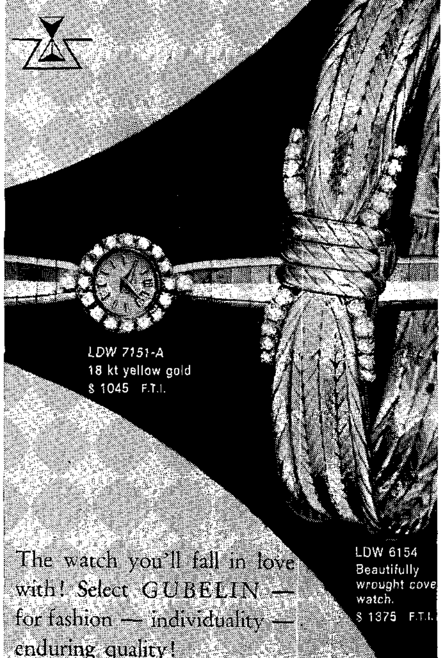
had three swimming pools, and another (our sons ruefully learned after we were irrevocably checked in at a less richly endowed place) a comic-book bar. The latter establishment also published a house organ for its patrons. A San Diego motel had a house organist, and a La Jolla motel a swimming instructor. Cambria, California, had a hot-water heater for making instant coffee, while Gillette, Wyoming, had a percolator on our bureau, all ready to plug in, and at Cody free coffee was dispensed from a large urn on the patio. Salt Lake City featured volleyball and fashion shows, and Jenny Lake, Wyoming, featured educated dusting: "Your maid is Ann Walters, Colorado State College," said a card in our room.

Perhaps the most bountiful of all the motels we stayed at was one in South Dakota, where, before we had even registered, the proprietor pressed on each of the boys a fat plastic packet with "Pepsi-Cola Vacation Tour Kit" stamped on it. Inside each kit was a printed slip that said, "Packed by Students and Friends of Rocky Mountain College, Billings, Montana." The contents of the kit were impressive indeed. First, there were two comic books. One, sponsored by the Greyhound Bus Company, was entitled "Driving Like a Pro" and was full of tips about safe driving. The second, a Chrysler blurb, was called "Things That Even Dads Don't Know About" and dwelt rhapsodically on various Chrysler products, concluding with a starry-eyed boy's breathless exclamation: "Now my dad knows what a terrific organization the Chrysler Corporation is!" The largess that the Students and Friends of Rocky Mountain College had assembled also included a Bingo-type game, compliments of Humble Oil & Refining; a small package of Kleenex; one piece of Dubble Bubble gum (sweet-spice flavor); two hard candies (lemon and lime); a Chap Stick; an emery board; a guide to the Best Western Motels system; four Bufferin tablets; two NoDoz tablets; two tablets of Nature's Remedy; and a package of Tums. Here was the American dream, neatly wrapped up in a plastic container that, if you stuck your head inside it, could suffocate you.

INTERESTING. It was difficult, on a trip like ours, to decide how to reconcile the often conflicting demands of sightseeing and ground-gaining. There are those puristic tourists who argue that to travel by turnpike, freeway, throughway, or thruway is downright sacrilegious; you don't get to *see* anything,

An Hermès weekend
should include this
superb natural tweedy
canvas bag trimmed
with tan calfskin.
Lucky travelers might
find it under the tree,
128.00 plus Federal tax.
Hermès Shop, Lord & Taylor

GUBELIN
OF SWITZERLAND
Master horologists for over a century

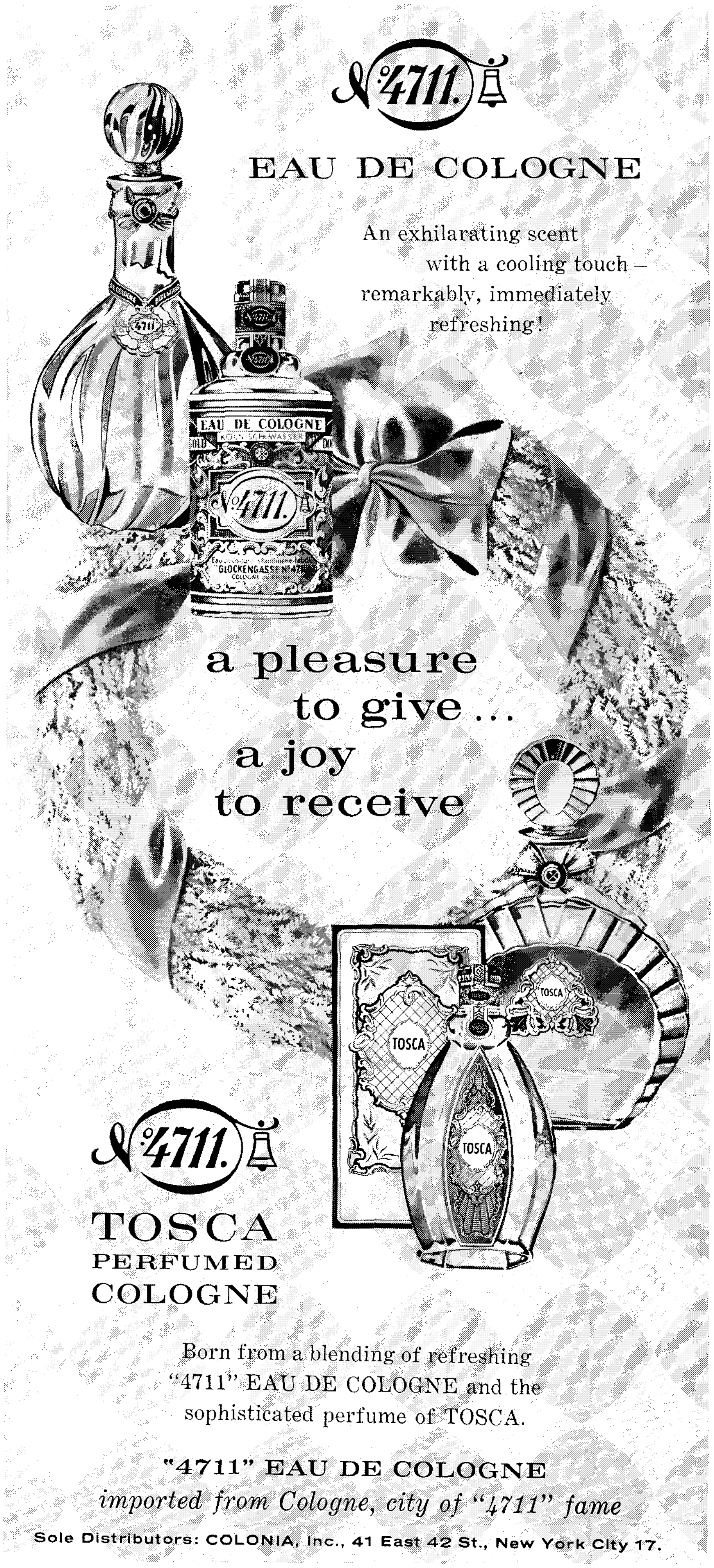


The watch you'll fall in love with! Select GUBELIN — for fashion — individuality — enduring quality!

GUBELIN
673 Fifth Avenue, New York 22

they wail. They have something there, but if one stops to see everything, and, between glances, travels via byway instead of highway, one needs far more time even than the month and a half we had allotted ourselves. At the start, my wife and I were easygoing about mileage. We were hardly out of New York, for instance, when the boys said they would like to veer off the Pennsylvania Turnpike long enough to have a look at Philadelphia, which they had never visited. We accordingly set our course for Independence Hall, which I told our sons solemnly was an eminently symbolic jumping-off spot for sightseeing in the United States. (Also, "independence" was on our spelling list.) But next, en route to the Liberty Bell, we passed the Franklin Institute, and the boys begged us to go *there*. We did, and hung around until a guard shooed us out at closing time. As a result, we covered pitifully little distance that day, and my wife and I resolved to be firm about stops in the future.

The first real test of our restrictive policy came just west of St. Louis, where two caves vied for our patronage by means of alluring roadside signs. We rationed our sons to one cave—whichever they chose. It was a tough decision: Daniel Boone had discovered one of the grottoes; Frank and Jesse James had hidden out in the other. After deliberation so protracted that it almost took us past both places, our boys voted for the James boys. Presently, inside their lair—the Meramec Caverns—we were taken in hand by a guide who had one of those set spiels to which guides the world over (and cave guides especially, I have found) are partial. Meramec's speleological spieler was an irrepressible card. "Take your last look at the daylight behind you," he told the group we were assigned to as it started underground, "because if there's a cave-in it may be three or four days before we get you out." Two elderly women making the rounds with us tittered nervously. This is one of those caverns where every nook has a name—the Crystal Pool, the Wine Room, the Spaghetti Room, Lumbago Alley, and so forth. At a boulder called Loot Rock, where Frank and Jesse allegedly divided their spoils, and where wax effigies of the rascally pair now crouched, a wishing well had been rigged up. The old ladies dropped pennies into it, and while I looked on, horrified, our eight-year-old airily flung in a dime. (I asked him later what he'd wished for. "I wished I'd get my dime back," he said.) The climactic moment of our journey



No 4711

EAU DE COLOGNE

An exhilarating scent
with a cooling touch—
remarkably, immediately
refreshing!

No 4711

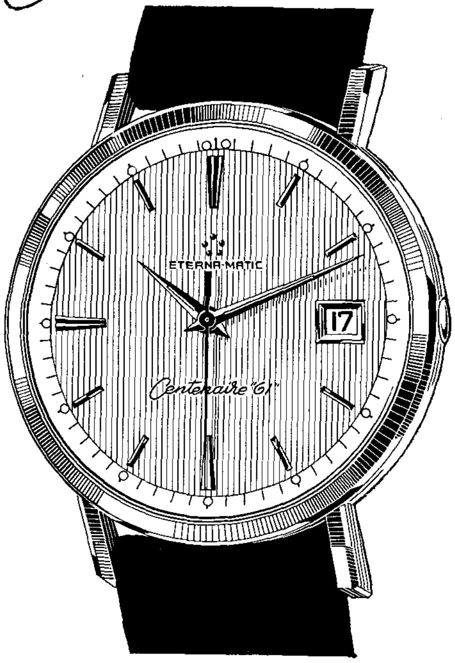
TOSCA
PERFUMED
COLOGNE

Born from a blending of refreshing
"4711" EAU DE COLOGNE and the
sophisticated perfume of TOSCA.

"4711" EAU DE COLOGNE
imported from Cologne, city of "4711" fame

Sole Distributors: COLONIA, Inc., 41 East 42 St., New York City 17.

Centenaire "61"



THIN...
ELEGANT...
NEW...
TIME AND DATE
AT A GLANCE
AUTOMATICALLY

- ● *Winds itself reliably on a ballbearing.*
- ● *Hidden crown gives the appearance of a truly automatic watch.*
- ● *Watch is thin, but still has sweep second hand.*
- ● *Fully protected from damage due to water, condensation or perspiration by splendidly made case.*
- ● *Superbly accurate thanks to extra large barrel and balance wheel.*
- ● *Date changes automatically and is reset at end of month by merely pulling crown out into a second position. Patented mechanism is simpler than any.*
- ● *Shock protected with exclusive Eterna «U» shock absorber.*

Centenaire «61» in steel $ 125 F.T.I. In steel with calendar (illustrated) $ 135 F.T.I. 14 K gold top on steel $ 150 F.T.I.

For name of nearest dealer and brochure of other styles for men and women, write Department N.

ETERNA·MATIC
Eterna Watch Company of America
677, Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons Ltd

through this tourist Mecca came when we were all solemnly ushered into an underground theatre, called the Theatre. Colored lights were beamed on what our guide identified as a natural screen formed by stalactites and stalagmites, and from a loudspeaker the "Missouri Waltz" blared forth. Then came the main event. The music changed to a choral version of "God Bless America," fortissimo, and a fifty-star American flag was projected, in color, on the natural screen. The two women applauded. After a moment of silence, our guide, no longer the japer but a man so overcome with emotion that I feared he might need medical treatment, announced huskily that that was the end of our tour. We all tiptoed out to the strains of "In the Hall of the Mountain King."

The boys were a mite disenchanted about guided tours after that one, and they besought their mother and me to guard them against too many more such cut-and-dried presentations. We managed fairly successfully to keep faith with them, though in San Francisco, where we were able to spend only one day and wanted to see as much as possible, we splurged on a Gray Line limousine with a chauffeur-guide. We were all pleased with our San Francisco mentor's lack of parochialism. He candidly admitted, for example, that, among single-span bridges, the Golden Gate Bridge is eclipsed in length by the Mackinac Bridge, in Michigan. His information was admirably up to the minute, too; he told the boys that at the moment the suicides off the Golden Gate totalled a hundred and ninety-six. In San Francisco, we stayed overnight at a motel with a vending machine that dispensed not only coffee with or without sugar and/or cream but two consistencies of hot chocolate—rich and plain—and early the following morning we crossed the Golden Gate Bridge, safely, and went to see the redwood trees in the Muir Woods National Monument.

GRANDEUR. Muir Woods is a National Park Service enclave, and within its boundaries, as in the other Park Service preserves we visited—among them the Petrified Forest, the Grand Canyon, the Grand Teton range, Yosemite, Yellowstone, and Mount Rushmore—we were impressed not merely by the natural wonders around us but by the spick-and-spanness of the area around *them*. We had read en route of a judge in Arizona or California who had given a woman con-

THE BRITISH
Byford "98"

WOOL
SOCK
Britishers
wear 'em
all year
'round

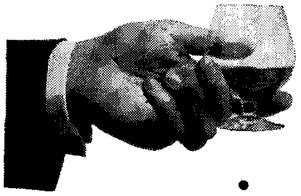
Same size, same shape, after washing. Anklet $1.50. Garter length $1.75. At fine stores everywhere. Abbey Imports, Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

from ITALY
a gentleman's cologne of unusual power and prestige

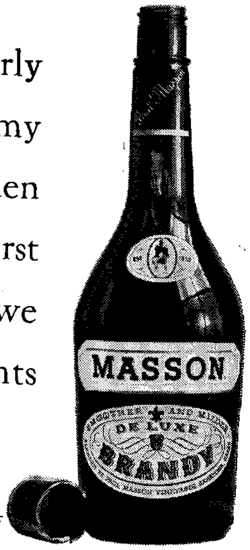
per UOMO

so subtle, only you and your dancing partner are aware of its presence.

by VICTOR
Milano, Italy
At fine men's stores throughout America
6.00 10.00 18.00 plus fed. tax Or write:
VICTOR OF MILANO, LTD.
Philadelphia 10, Penna.

Paul Masson( )said: "Hold a brandy(); hold a conversation."

A talky man but self-indulgent. "I have observed that it is very nearly impossible to monopolize a conversation when you have a snifter of my brandy in your hand; you have to pause occasionally to sip the golden delight. There is a man who comes over here, a terrible bore, and first thing I do is pour him a drink, nor do I neglect myself. That way we both get to talk." Paul Masson was the last of the bon vivants until you came along with your talk, talk, talk. Have a drink.



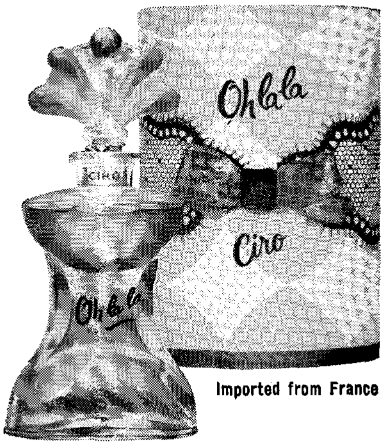
84 PROOF

©PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

WEAR IT...
AND HE'LL SAY

Oh
la
la

PARIS IN A PERFUME
...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!



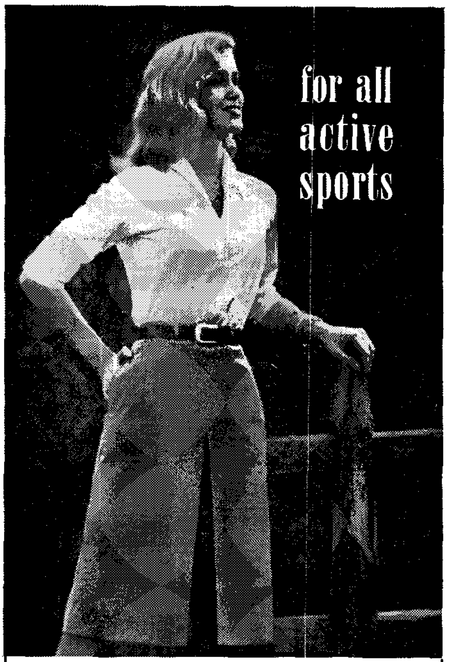
OH LA LA Perfume, $40.00 to $7.00
Perfume Mist, Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist Concentré,
Bath Powder, each $5.00, *plus tax.*

PARFUMS
CIRO

victed of throwing a beer can out of a moving car onto a state highway the harshest sentence he could think of: she was to police up a mile-long stretch of the road she had desecrated. The story added that she had filled something like five gunnysacks with refuse while paying the penalty. We saw no evidence that her punishment had had a deterrent effect on anybody outside of a National Park, but there is clearly something (national pride?) that stays the hands of litterers inside. Yellowstone remains amazingly tidy, even though it has to cope with bears who like to upset garbage cans. Our sons developed a fondness for Yellowstone, and so did I, for at an inn next to Old Faithful I succeeded, after half a dozen tries in as many states, in getting a club sandwich without mayonnaise. Just as I bit contentedly into it, Old Faithful erupted. The sandwich was delicious, and I hope Congress will always give the Park Service whatever it wants.

As we approached Yellowstone, our eight-year-old became more and more excited over bears. By then, we had gaped at the trained seals, dolphins, and whales at Marineland, outside Los Angeles, but apart from a few elk, buffalo, and deer, and a large number of prairie dogs, most of them flattened by automobiles, we had seen few creatures out of confinement. We didn't want our youngest to be disappointed at Yellowstone, so as soon as we were within its boundaries, we told him that because it was raining we might see no bears at all. He said that the record for one day's bear-spotting by a single family was twenty-three. We said bears don't like to get their paws wet. But suddenly a big black bear loomed up at the edge of the road, and then another, and soon after that a mother with two cubs. It proved to be quite an ursine day. Not a record-shattering one, perhaps, but we scored a very presentable nineteen. And what a splendid, varied assortment of bears they were! No. 8, a cub, tried to climb into our car. No. 12, a brown black bear, sat down next to us and tried to outstare us. (All Yellowstone bears are black bears, whether black or brown or cinnamon in hue, our No. 2 boy advised me; he had been reading up on them.) No. 17, a black black bear, lay down in the middle of the road, crossed its paws like a lounging Labrador retriever, and wagged its head indolently back and forth while holiday motorists piled up in both directions.

In another National Park—Yosem-



CULOTTES

Impeccably tailored of Tarpoon cloth to look like a classic skirt. Curry, flagstone, other colors; 8-20, about $15.

Blouse is dacron and cotton, in white and colors 8-20, about $10.

At G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Bloomingdale's, New York; Burdines, all stores; and most better shops.

LOMBARDI
OF HARTFORD

Dream Boats...

On a Sea of Happiness, our precious sailing charm wins an easy first at the Christmas regatta.

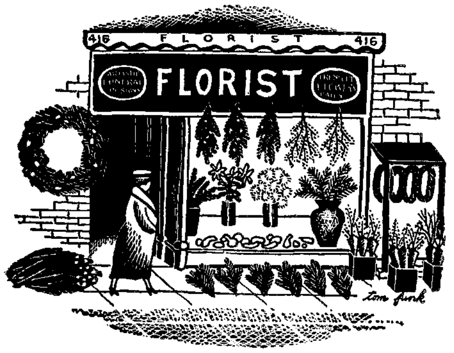
Charm, gold sails and radiant sun on blue lapis lazuli or other semi-precious plaque, $50. *Bracelet,* textured and polished loops, $50.

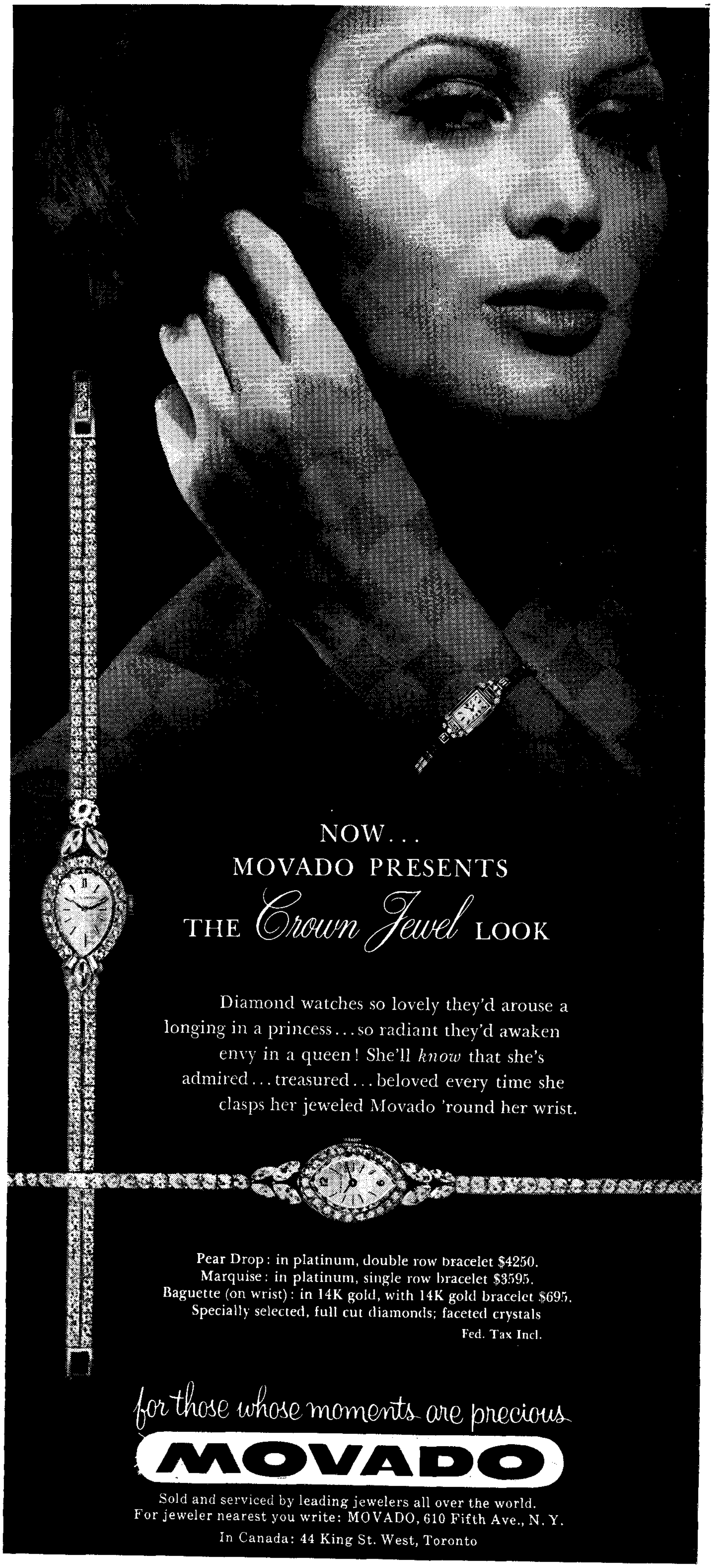
Actual size, 14 kt. gold. © Prices incl. Fed. tax.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
"Paris Jewel Boutique"
— Our Boutique gift departments —
Palm Beach · Paris · Caracas · Geneva
In New York — BERGDORF GOODMAN
In Denver — Neusteters

ite—we spent our only night under canvas, though our tent had a wooden floor, beds, and electric lights. "We call it 'roughing it'—the easy way,'" said a pamphlet put out by the operators of the camp. We roughed it the easy way on a fine starlit night. On the floor of Yosemite Valley, hemmed in by steep glacial cliffs, there was an outdoor variety show, and just as a master of ceremonies was rendering a heart-tugging version of "I Believe," the satellite Echo I skimmed across the sky. He switched to the "Indian Love Call," and some Park Service stagehands spilled a cascade of flaming boughs down the face of a cliff—a pyrotechnic display that, we gathered, went on nightly, regardless of Echo's orbit. The boys found the entertainment singularly affecting. The eight-year-old went into a nearby store and spent fifty cents on an Indian salt-and-pepper set—made, I seem to recall, in Vermont.

The only Indian we saw in headdress and war paint, outside of a few captive braves in amusement parks, was a black-pigtailed, bare-chested man climbing out of a pickup truck at Mount Rushmore, but he had the self-conscious air of a performer who was about to whoop it up for tourists, and my wife suspected that he was wearing a wig. In the Southwest, of course, we had seen plenty of Indians in mufti and, in Arizona, one group wearing steel helmets—Zuñis who had been ferried in by helicopter to fight a forest fire near the spot where we were picnicking. One day in New Mexico, hoping to find some gaudily got-up Indians, the boys persuaded us to make a pilgrimage to the Old Town Plaza, in Albuquerque, but after one glance our thirteen-year-old characterized the spot with an adjective the boys had fastened on to—not always in disparagement—early in our travels and had clung to throughout. "Touristy-trappy," he said. (I was glad to observe scattered evidence that some roadside purveyors themselves find embroidered-cactus-hankie-and-stuffed-baby-rattle-




NOW...
MOVADO PRESENTS
THE *Crown Jewel* LOOK

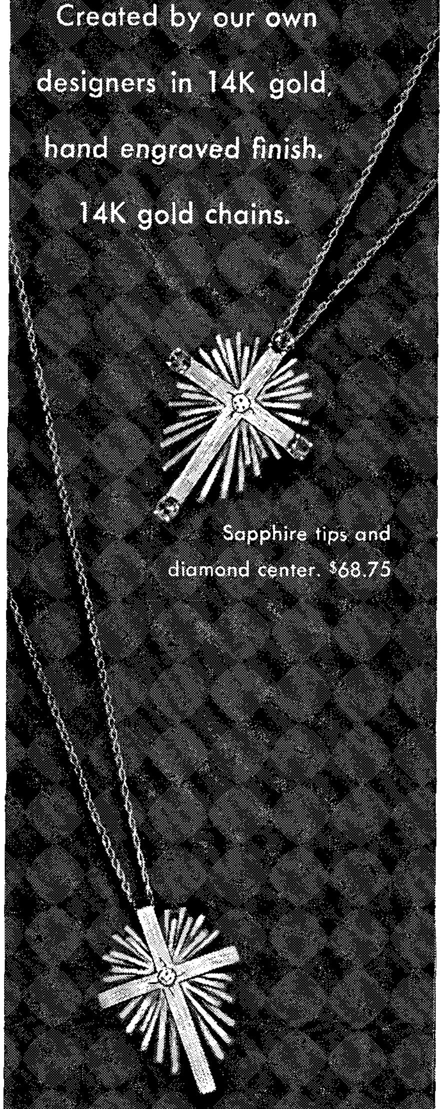
Diamond watches so lovely they'd arouse a longing in a princess...so radiant they'd awaken envy in a queen! She'll *know* that she's admired...treasured...beloved every time she clasps her jeweled Movado 'round her wrist.

Pear Drop: in platinum, double row bracelet $4250.
Marquise: in platinum, single row bracelet $3595.
Baguette (on wrist): in 14K gold, with 14K gold bracelet $695.
Specially selected, full cut diamonds; faceted crystals
Fed. Tax Incl.

for those whose moments are precious
MOVADO
Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

Radiant Crosses

Created by our own designers in 14K gold, hand engraved finish. 14K gold chains.



Sapphire tips and diamond center. $68.75

Diamond center. $37.50

Actual Size. Federal Tax Included.
Write or Telephone Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

snake meretriciousness distasteful; outside a truck stop in South Dakota, for example, we saw the appealing legend "No reptiles, no caves.") Our son's appraisal of the Old Town seemed to stand up under scrutiny. The Krazy Horse Gift Shop, which had in its window the encouraging placard "Don't take imitation Indian articles home from your vacation," was shut, but a neighboring emporium that was open and that stocked Indian handmade ties ($1.25; with beads, $1.95) had in its window the chilling words "Ask Grandma. She'll buy it for you."

COURTESY. We found that, on the whole, Americans are gracious and friendly to itinerants. In Pennsylvania, we had a foretaste of the courtliness we were regularly to encounter. At a miniature golf course there, our oldest son scored an ace on the last hole and was awarded a card entitling him to a free extra game. He declined it, explaining to the manager that he didn't expect to be around long enough to cash in on the bonus. "That's all right," said the manager. "Leave it at your motel, so somebody else can use it." The next day, we stopped for lunch at one of the myriad Howard Johnson restaurants that succor the East. A popcorn-vending machine was on the blink, and a mechanic tinkering with it let a spate of popcorn pour into a cardboard container and good-naturedly handed this to our eight-year-old, who was watching him at work. Then there was the handyman at our Phoenix motel, who stopped by to put a full-length mirror on our door (we almost felt that we should run out and get our good clothes off the top of the car) and afterward began to reminisce about a trip *he'd* made to California. He had to go about his other duties after half an hour or so, but he said he'd be back to chat some more, and he was a man of his word; at nine-thirty that night, after we'd turned in, preparatory to an early-morning departure, there was a rap on our mirrored door and in he came, to inform me, in case I didn't know about it already, that I'd probably reach San Diego just in time to enter a local deep-sea fishing contest. There was also the waitress in Missouri who, even before we tipped her, scribbled on our check, "Thank you. Serving you has been a pleasure. Colleen." And there was the anonymous waitress in Texas who, when I asked my wife at dinner, "Are you tired tonight, honey?" immediately replied, "Oh, no. I feel fine." The next day, in

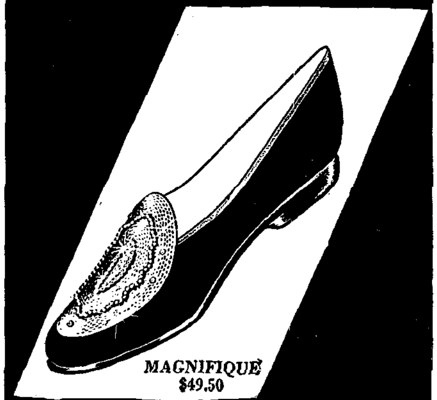
she'll love you in May
for choosing this in December... the no-iron blouse with a luxury of embroidered lace, all cotton... 3.98

Ship'n Shore®

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

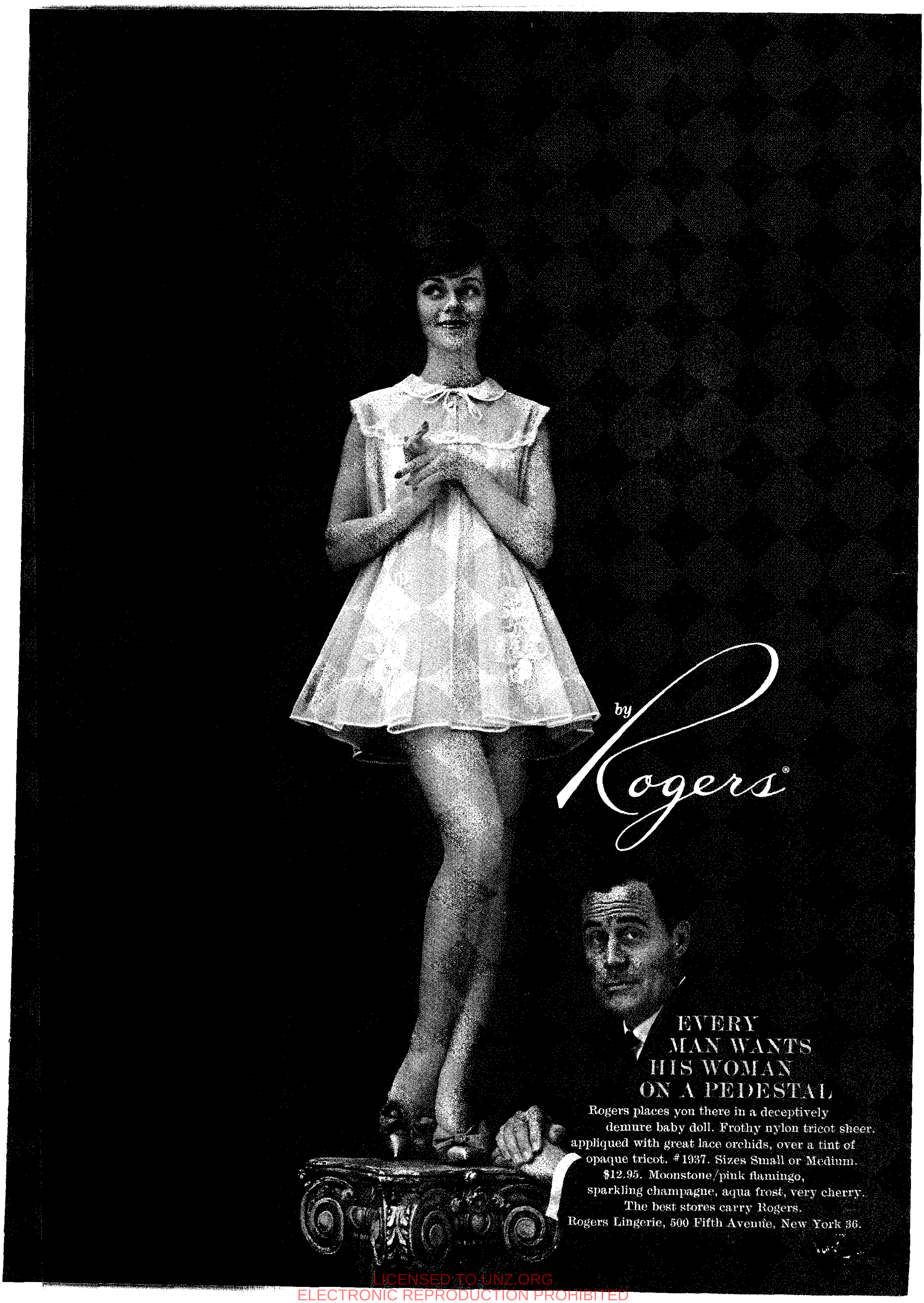
Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



MAGNIFIQUE
$49.50

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

Belgian Shoes, Inc.
60 East 56th Street • New York
UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
MR. H. BENDEL



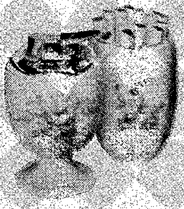
EVERY MAN WANTS HIS WOMAN ON A PEDESTAL

Rogers places you there in a deceptively demure baby doll. Frothy nylon tricot sheer, appliqued with great lace orchids, over a tint of opaque tricot. #1937. Sizes Small or Medium. $12.95. Moonstone/pink flamingo, sparkling champagne, aqua frost, very cherry. The best stores carry Rogers.

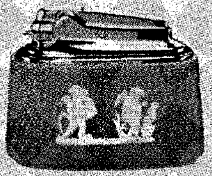
Rogers Lingerie, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

5 kinds of butane lighters . . . to suit every purpose, every taste

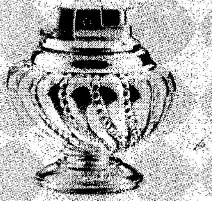
VARAFLAME TABLE . . . you fill them only once a year


Colonial Rose 24.95

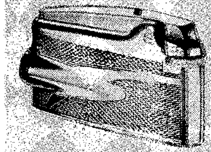
Rondo 17.50

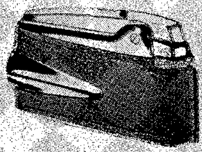

Four Seasons 27.50

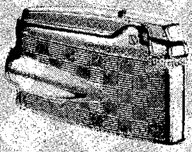
Norseman 18.50

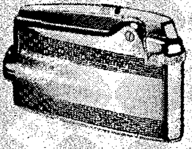

Crown 19.50 plus tax

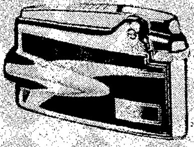
VARAFLAME POCKET
. . . distinctive and handsome — correct for any occasion


Engraved design, 14.95

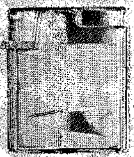

Genuine pigskin, 16.50

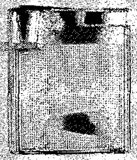

Engraved design, 16.50

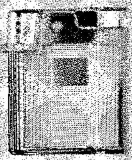

Satin and bright, 17.50

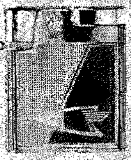

Tortoise and black enamel, 19.95

VARAFLAME LITEGUARD
. . . light, handsome, windproof — for outdoors or in


Bright silver tone, 14.95


Bright gold tone, 15.95


Deep engraved design, gold tone, 16.95

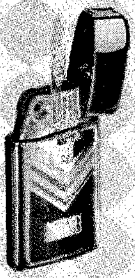

Enamel and gold tone, 17.50

Tortoise and black enamel, silver tone, 18.50

VARAFLAME WINDLITE
. . . windproof choice of the outdoor man

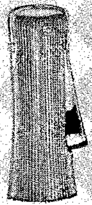
Satin and bright, 9.95

Genuine leather, hand stitched, 12.50


Gold and black enamel, engraved, 13.50

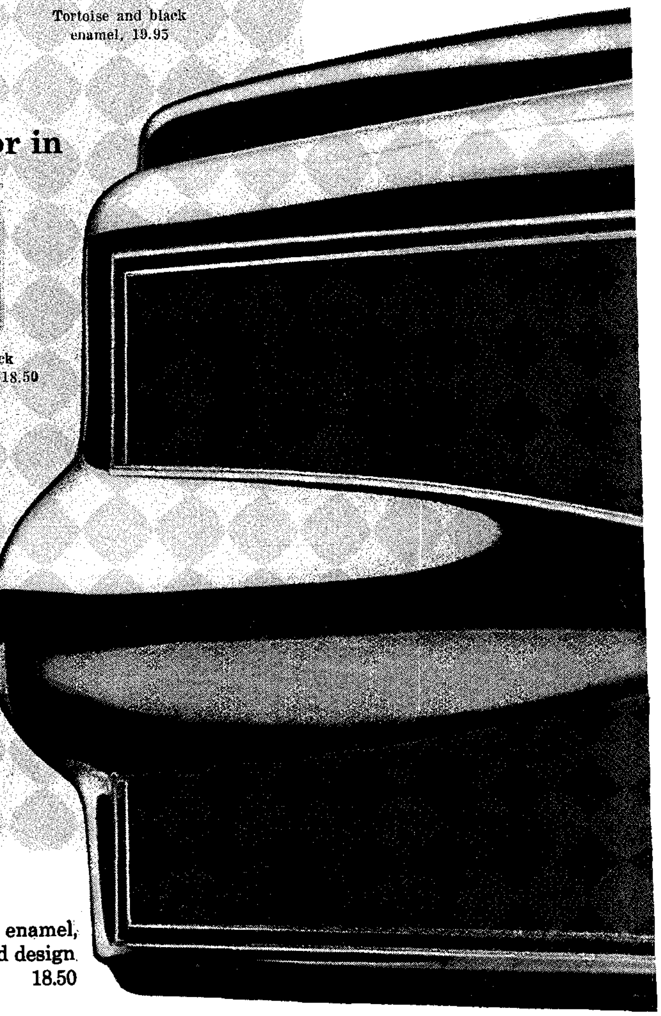
VARAFLAME LADYLITE
. . . precious little purselighter for her

Jewel of a new idea . . . in a lipstick shape. New way to light up the night (or dazzle the daylights out of anyone in sight): $20, plus tax.



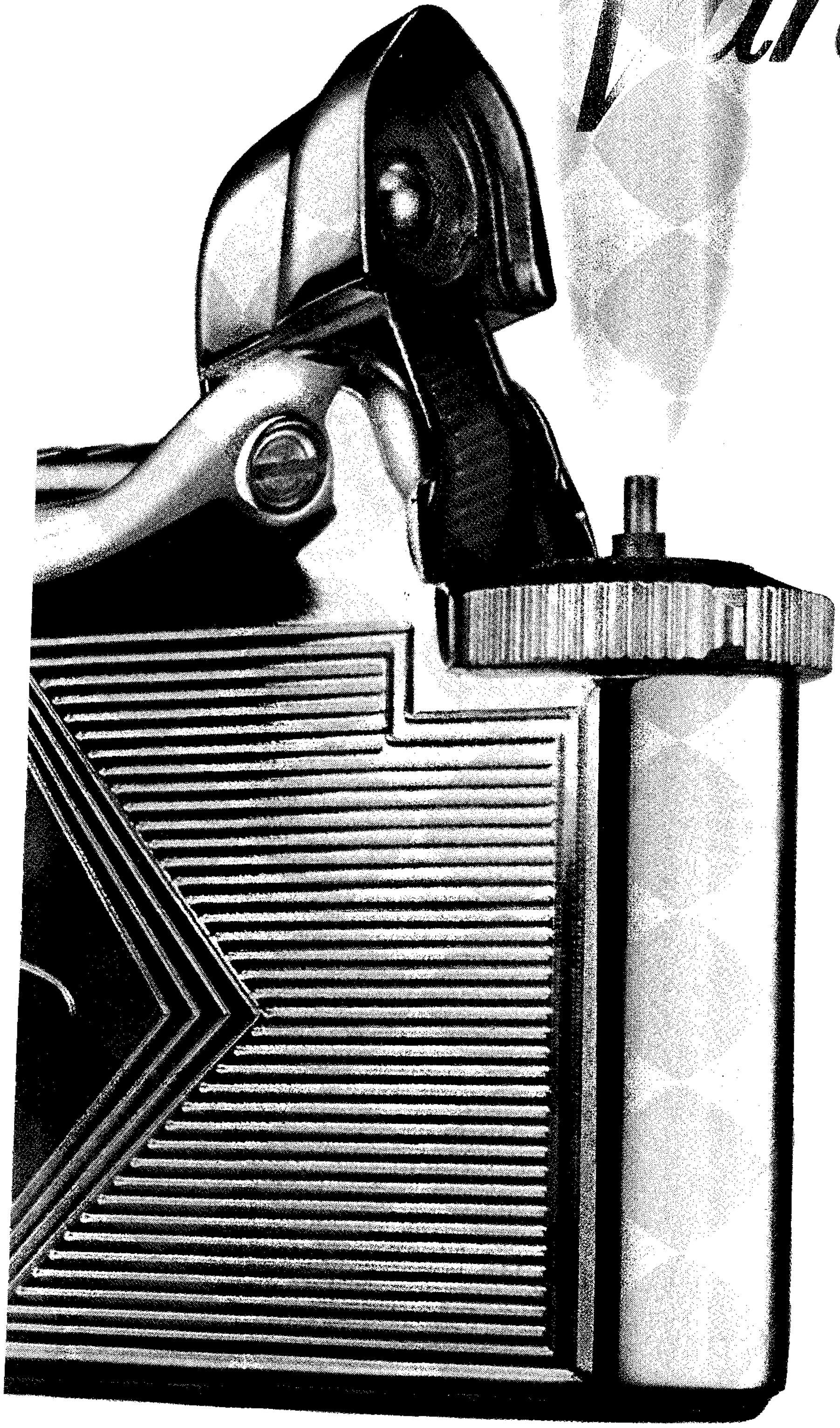
Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J., U. S. A.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

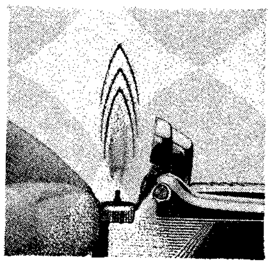

Tortoise enamel, engraved design 18.50

Prices shown are suggested retail prices. All Varaflame lighters are fully guaranteed with a year's free service policy.

new Ronson *Varaflame*



it's butane... and you can vary the flame!



Fingertip dial varies the flame to the height you prefer for cigarette, cigar or pipe. This is a Ronson exclusive!

RONSON
MULTI-FILL

Easy to refuel. Just insert the Ronson Multi-fill. In ten seconds your lighter is all set for months of lights.

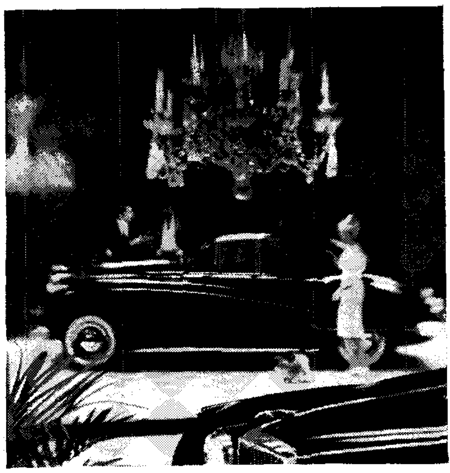
RONSON®

International Standard of Excellence

THE CLASSIC MARK IX SEDAN, AS REFLECTED IN THE MIRRORED WALL OF A JAGUAR SHOWROOM.

JAGUAR

JAGUAR



The luxury that is Jaguar (or some reflections on the art of graceful living).

Jaguars are scarce. They are not mass-produced. Meticulous attention to every detail is Jaguar's expression of pride in craftsmanship that might well be compromised on a typical assembly line.

THE MARK IX SEDAN

(see picture) Expressly designed in the tradition of specialized coach builders to please the uncompromising connoisseur. Painstaking craftsmanship in the graceful low body; hand-finished cabinet walnut and British glove leather interior; watchmaker's precision in the magnificent 6-cylinder power plant . . . all combine to earmark the Mark IX Sedan as a truly prized automobile for the owner who will accept nothing but the best. Power steering, automatic transmission and 4-wheel disc brakes are fitted as standard equipment.

THE 3.8 SEDAN

The remarkable 5-passenger sedan that behaves like a sports car to bring fun and adventure back to family driving. Race-bred XK engine delivers phenomenal acceleration; uses only a minimum of its power-packed potential at normal highway speeds. Other features include 4-wheel disc brakes, level-ride suspension. *Power steering and automatic transmission are available.*

THE XK 150 SPORTS CARS

Available in two body styles, each model lays claim to the famous Jaguar race-bred features: powerful XK engine, 4-wheel disc brakes, sure handling with outstanding maneuverability.

See these fine automobiles at your local Jaguar showroom.

JAGUAR CARS INC.
32 E. 57th ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

New Mexico, a waitress called my wife "honey." "Come see us again soon, honey," she said. Everybody everywhere seemed to crave reunions with us. Except for "You can't miss it," there was no phrase we encountered as frequently as "Come see us again soon." (A friendly barber in Beverly Hills said to me one afternoon, "A little shorter than last time, sir?" and I replied "Why not?" before it occurred to me that I hadn't ever come see him before.) Several motels we stayed at had posted in their rooms a somewhat more elegant paraphrase of the ubiquitous leave-taking: "We wish you a pleasant and safe journey and should you by chance pass this way again we invite you to stay with us. Goodbye and Good Luck till we meet again." Equally touching was the amiable printed overture made to us on a wall of our Salt Lake City motel. "Greetings," it said. "We are honored to welcome you as a guest and sincerely hope our relationship will blossom into lasting friendship."

We came to feel that we'd never had so many friends. Whole communities voiced their amity. We were welcomed to Las Cruces, New Mexico, by, according to a highway sign, "37,000 Friendly People," and to Gila Bend, Arizona, by twenty-five hundred similarly self-proclaimed cronies. When we halted at a friendly Gila Bend supermarket, a friendly check-out girl insisted that we take our trading stamps, though we said we were really just passing through. "Oh, I hope not," she said. "You'll get a chance to use these someday. I'm sure you'll come see us again soon." Camaraderie flourished on the highest levels of state government. At the Arizona-California state line, in the window of an agricultural inspection station, perched the cheery message "We are never too busy to be courteous," and the inspector who waved us through urged us to come and be seen by him again soon. "HELL-O!" clamored huge painted letters on the pavement as we went from Utah into Idaho. "Hello—We're glad to see you," said a border sign as Iowa grabbed us out of the hospitable embrace of South Dakota.

PHENOMENON. Sixteen days after we left Westchester, we reached Disneyland. We arrived early one morning. The rides opened at 9 A.M., and the boys wanted to be waiting for them. Actually, we visited Disneyland twice—once that morning, and once after dark, when we took in the nightly fireworks

FROM
THE MOST
SELECTIVE
COLLECTION
OF FINE
DIAMONDS
IN THE
WEST

...THE
MARQUISE!
7.02 CARATS
WITHOUT
A SINGLE
FLAW!

44,000.00
FED. TAX INCL.
AT
BROCK AND CO
515 WEST SEVENTH
LOS ANGELES

"THE SHOW ON THE WHOLE IS A DELIGHT." —John McCarten, The New Yorker

The Theatre Guild and Dore Schary
present
A New Musical Comedy

"THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN"

Music & Lyrics by MEREDITH WILLSON
Book by RICHARD MORRIS
Directed by DORE SCHARY
with TAMMY GRIMES
HARVE PRESNELL

MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $8.60; Loge $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Loge $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $4.80; Loge $4.30; Mezz. $3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $5.40; Loge $4.80; Mezz. $4.30, 3.80, 3, 2.50.

WINTER GARDEN THEA. 50th Street & B'way

"TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' NEW COMEDY, 'PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT' IS THE BEST AMERICAN PLAY OF THE NEW SEASON."
—Hewes, Saturday Review

MAIL ORDERS FILLED Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; 1st Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; 1st Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; 1st Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30.

HELEN HAYES THEA., 210 W. 46 St., CI 6-6380

ALEXANDER H. COHEN PRESENTS
THE NINE O'CLOCK THEATRE

An Evening with
NICHOLS AND MAY
GOLDEN THEATRE
NEW YORK
Mercury RECORDS

FLANDERS AND SWANN
At The Drop of a Hat
HARTFORD THEATRE
HOLLYWOOD
ANGEL RECORDS

"A FABULOUS and ENCHANTING PLAY!"
—Atkinson, TIMES
SAINT SUBBER & ARTHUR CANTOR present
PADDY CHAYEFSKY's HIT COMEDY!
THE TENTH MAN
Directed by TYRONE GUTHRIE

Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50 (Tax Incl.). Encl. self-addressed, stamped env. and suggest 3 alternate dates.

BOOTH THEATRE, 228 W. 45 St., N.Y. 36

SINCE 1923
THE Divan PARISIEN
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

display. We were coached in appreciating this by a canned and amplified voice that instructed us, as the skyrockets soared, to say "Eee" or "Aah" or to whistle. By day as well as by night, Disneyland mesmerized the boys. "This place has to be believed to be seen!" exclaimed the eight-year-old. It was one of the most pertinent malapropisms I'd ever heard, and it made me wonder if my own somewhat dim view of the institution stemmed from lack of faith. I couldn't get very worked up about a diorama of the Grand Canyon, even though it was billed as the largest diorama in the world, when, only a week before, I'd seen the original Grand Canyon. But my sons, on finally reaching the goal in pursuit of which they had scaled purple mountain majesties and crossed the fruited plain, would brook no criticism of it, and were, in fact, ready to endow it with qualities that Walt Disney himself may have overlooked. As we were finishing breakfast at the Red Wagon Inn there, the eleven-year-old turned to me, his eyes shining like those of a footsore Trappist pilgrim at last arrived before Chartres, and murmured, "You know, Disneyland gives you more raisins in Raisin Bran than any other place in the world!"

Possibly because of television, the boys didn't seem much bothered by the commercialism that was appended to many of the rides. It was to be expected that there would be interminable tie-ins with Disney movies—rides, for instance, named after Peter Pan, Alice in Wonderland, and other creations of the Master. And who could quarrel with the Disneyland bookstore's selling nothing but Disney books and magazines, the Disneyland music store's trafficking exclusively in tunes from Disney shows, and the Disneyland Art Festival's exhibiting paintings of but a single subject—Disneyland? But I couldn't help suspecting that even my sons, though they never uttered a disloyal word, were taken aback by the aggressive commercialism of many of the concessions. The submarine ride was a plug for General Dynamics, the Moon Rocket a plug for Trans World Airlines, and the Picture Spots—scattered vantage points from which we were all enjoined to snap our shots, presumably because we needed advice—were plugs for Eastman Kodak. At each Picture Spot, we were further assisted by a display of color pictures that had been taken from the site, and by suitable exposure charts. "Bright sun" and "Cloudy bright" were the only exposures mentioned. At Disneyland, no

"FUNNIEST MUSICAL IN YEARS" —Chapman, News

BYE BYE BIRDIE

Prices: Evgs. Orch. $8.60; Mezz. & Boxes $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45; Mats. Wed. & Sat. Orch. & Boxes $5.00; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30 (Tax Incl.). Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with check or money order and suggest 3 alternate dates.

54th STREET THEA.
152 W. 54th St., N.Y.C.

DENNIS KING
Love and Libel
A new comedy by ROBERTSON DAVIES
Production staged by
TYRONE GUTHRIE
MARTIN BECK THEATRE 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. at 2 and Sat. at 2:30.

"GAY, FROTHY COMEDY!"
—N. Y. Times
"UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER"
—N. Y. Mirror
See the new comedy hit
"Under the Yum-Yum Tree"
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
124 W. 43 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BEST PLAY-1960 DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
"Lillian Hellman's stunning play brings the theatre back to life."—WATTS, Post
TOYS IN THE ATTIC

Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 3.60; Balc. $2.90 Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80; Balc $3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.05, 3.60; Balc. $2.30. Evgs. 8:30 (Wed. 7:30)

HUDSON Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. • JU 6-2237

Dick Kollmar's Left Bank
309 W. 50 St., N.Y.C. Cir 7-3470
Danny Apolinar Trio
and Alice Darr
Shows at 10:30-12:15 and 1:30

New York's Favorite Chinese Restaurant
Lum Fong
150 West 52 St.
authentic Chinese Food and Delicacies

"A MOST DELIGHTFUL HIGH-STYLE COMEDY...LITERATE, GRACEFUL, IMAGINATIVE & SHARP-WITTED."

—*John Chapman, Daily News*

The Theatre Guild presents

CELESTE HOLM
in
INVITATION TO A MARCH

A New Comedy by

ARTHUR LAURENTS

with

EILEEN HECKART

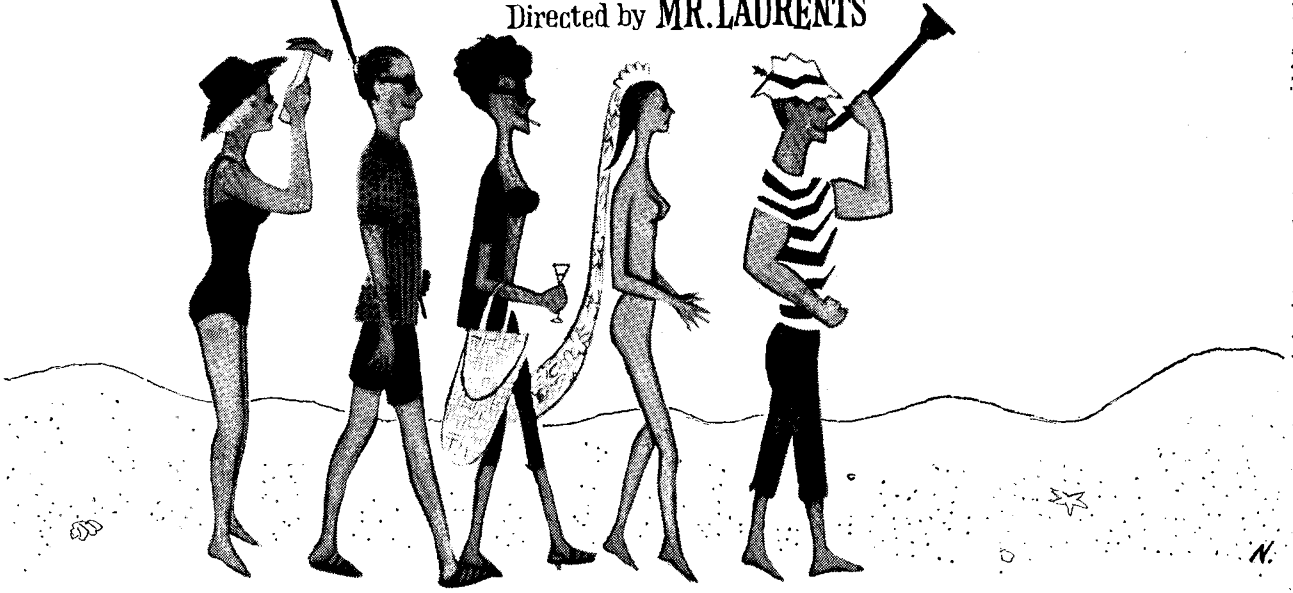
MADELEINE SHERWOOD · RICHARD DERR

and

JANE FONDA and **JAMES MacARTHUR**

TOM HATCHER JEFFREY ROWLAND

Directed by MR. LAURENTS



"A BRAVURA DISPLAY OF PUNGENT WIT!"

—Howard Taubman, Times

"GAY AND JUBILANT! A 'HOLM RUN'!"

—John McClain, Journal-American

SEATS NOW SELLING FOR NEXT 16 WEEKS

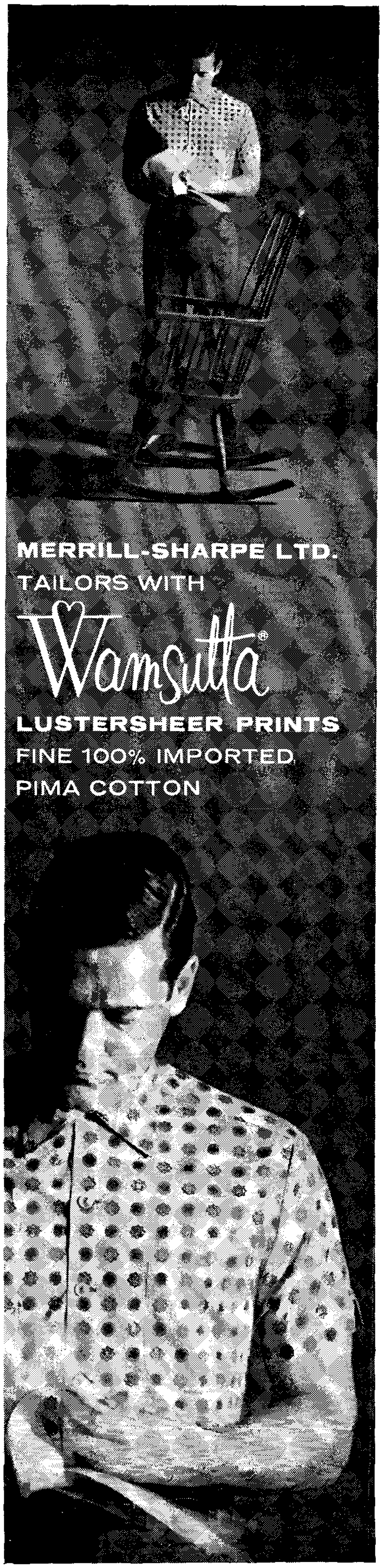
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. New Years Eve. Orch: $9.20; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Tax Incl. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with check or money order and suggest several alternate dates.

MUSIC BOX THEA., 235 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636

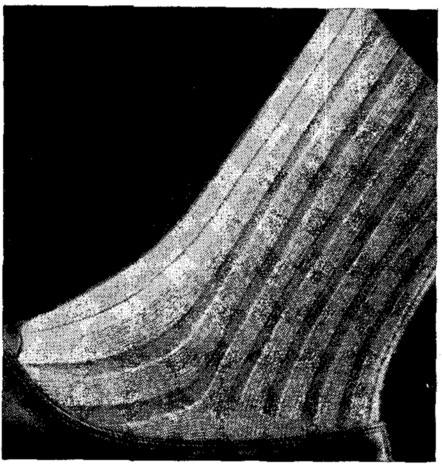
other exposures—and, I guess, no other states of mind—are tolerated.

ATHLETIC. We rolled through Pittsburgh too late for an afternoon baseball game that was being played there that day, though on the outskirts of the city we did chance upon one oddly diverting spectacle: In the parking area of a shopping center, a bride and groom and their wedding party were parading around on a hay wagon towed by four farm horses. I thought for a moment we'd already reached California. We skirted Cincinnati, having heard that a big convention was on there and accommodations were hard to come by, but we stopped overnight at St. Louis, at the place with the heated wading pool for dogs. The next morning, our thirteen-year-old looked up from the *Globe-Democrat* and exclaimed, "Guess what! The Cards are playing the Braves here tonight!" The eleven-year-old's eyes lit up for a second, and then he said resignedly, "We'll probably be in Joplin by then." That turned out to be the case. Joplin itself, however, turned out to be a big baseball town, in a non-playing sense. We stayed there at Mickey Mantle's Holiday Inn Hotel, an establishment redolent with the aura of baseball, and, specifically, of its proprietor's team, the Yankees—American League, of course, but better than the minors, anyway. The cocktail lounge was called the Dugout, and shaped more or less like one; the dinner menu in the dining room was headed "Today's Lineup." There were suites named in honor of Yogi Berra and Whitey Ford, and the fanciest suite of all was named after the proprietor. While a waiter was carrying a trayful of drinks in to its occupants, our sons peeked through the door and reported that there was a large bar inside monogrammed "M.M." with a portrait of Mantle displayed over it.

We arrived at Los Angeles without having taken in even a Little League game, and found there, to our dismay, that the Dodgers were on the road and wouldn't be back until the day we were scheduled to reach San Francisco, and that on *that* day, by cruel coincidence, the Giants would be meeting the Dodgers at the Los Angeles Coliseum. To soften this blow, I offered the boys a chance to see *something* at the Coliseum, and presently we were watching an annual rodeo put on for the benefit of the Los Angeles County Sheriffs' Relief Association. Then, as we were packing up to leave Los Angeles, our eight-year-old was laid low with the


MERRILL-SHARPE LTD.
TAILORS WITH
Wamsutta®
LUSTERSHEER PRINTS
FINE 100% IMPORTED
PIMA COTTON

Sports shirt with green, grey or beige grounds. Small, medium and large, about **11.00.** At Cuzzens of the Fontainebleau, Miami Beach; Wolf Bros., Tampa; Bullock's Pasadena; John L. Ashe, Fort Worth; and other fine stores throughout the country.
WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

VIYELLA® SOCKS $1.50

If they shrink, we replace!
VIYELLA YARN is spun in England from the softest wool (for warmth) and fine cotton (for lightness and long wear). The socks are permanently mothproof. Almost never need darning. And come in many manly colors. Short socks, $1.50; regular, $1.75. For stores near you, write Viyella Men's Hosiery, 210 Madison Avenue, New York 16. Or call ORegon 9-4200.

OLIVE-VERDI
ELASTA
Our famous "slip on that stays on" has a new dressy version: soft, smooth calf; plain toe. Especially handsome in Olive-Verdi—equally good in black or dark brown, all with leather-covered elasticized goring for absolute "give-but-stay-on" fit. Premium leather sole, pre-flexed for extra comfort . . . and the craftsmanship is typically Nettleton! $29.95. Add $1.00 for postage and handling. Specify color, size and width. Write for FREE STYLE FOLDER.
THE Nettleton SHOP
365 Madison Ave. Hotel Roosevelt, New York 17

pool fever. Before he was hale enough to travel again, the Dodgers had come home and the Giants had come down to meet them, and the older boys found themselves back at the Coliseum, sitting contentedly behind first base while *both* ex-New York teams performed for their edification. The Dodgers won, 8–5, and Willie Mays hit a home run, and the following day the eight-year-old suggested that he deserved a present for getting sick enough to bring all this to pass. So his brothers went to the Farmers' Market and bought him an elegant gun-and-holster set of a type he had long coveted. It was made in Japan.

HINDRANCE. Our itinerary was elastic, and before we set out, my wife and I had urged the boys to let us know if there were any special places they'd like to see. In Indiana, the thirteen-year-old announced out of the blue that he'd like to visit a spot near Dallas, called Cowboy Town, where he understood you could get a haircut for fifteen cents. But we were loath to go that far south, even with the air-conditioner. At the Grand Canyon, the eleven-year-old, in similarly impetuous fashion, put in a word for Phoenix. He had been looking at a map and had just remembered that he'd once done a paper on Phoenix for a social-studies class. He wanted to see how closely the city resembled his description of it. This seemed a reasonable enough, and laudably scholarly, request, and since we were already in Arizona, though a couple of hundred miles north of Phoenix, we headed for it. My wife's enthusiasm for this side trip was somewhat dampened when she saw in a newspaper that on the previous day only one city in the United States had had an official temperature reading of more than a hundred degrees—Phoenix, with a hundred and nine. The eleven-year-old chuckled; that was Phoenix for you, all right, he said, and he added that the city's total annual rainfall was around seven inches. We pushed on nonetheless, and hit Phoenix only a couple of hours before a torrential downpour, accompanied by gale-force winds, hit it. The boys were enchanted, as, from our motel's dining room, they watched umbrellas and chairs fly through the air and into the swimming pool. "A table just went!" cried the eleven-year-old, no longer the dispassionate sociologist.

Now that we were so far south, it seemed silly to my wife and me not to dip down, however briefly, into Mexico, a country none of us had ever laid eyes on. The boys appeared strangely

INTERNATIONALLY, The Famous English Slacks

DAKS®

A veteran traveller recently observed: "When you reach the place where Daks trousers are not worn you have left civilization behind." ● True. The world over, correctly dressed men who know the quality of British woolens and the fit of London tailoring wear Daks trousers (or walking shorts). Daks are imitated but can not be equalled. ● Become a Daks collector (Daks jackets, too). At fine stores from coast to coast or write Simpson Imports, Inc. 9 East 37th Street, New York 16, Dept. NT.

Tailored by S. Simpson, Ltd., London, England
Founder Member British Men's Wear Guild

Tullamore,
Ireland
5 December, 1960

Dear Son,
So when it comes to Irish Coffee you Americans whip the cream. Here's what we Irish do. Pour two fingers of Tullamore Dew over a lump of sugar, add strong, hot black coffee, stir, and then float heavy cream on top. Best you pour the cream over the back of the spoon. That makes it float easylike. Try it my way, lad—it's a tasty way to "Give every man his Dew"

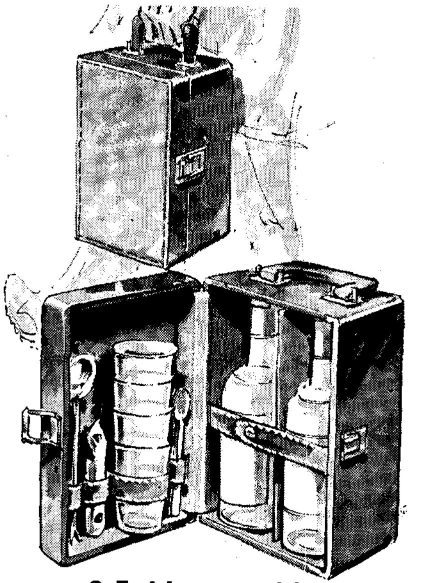
Dad

Tullamore Dew
Tullamore Dew whiskey
Tullamore Dew BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY

86 PROOF. SOLE U. S. REPRESENTATIVE,
MUNSON G. SHAW COMPANY, INC.,
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

lukewarm about this prospect, and we presently learned why. It was the fireworks. Back in Missouri, we had stopped for lunch one day at a picnic table next to a roadside store, which our sons explored while my wife and I were making sandwiches. They came back hugging three paper sacks filled with Roman candles, Chinese dragons, space missiles, and lesser rockets. It had never occurred to me that there was much of a retail market for such items except early in July, but evidently travelling boys whose home states' laws forbid their buying the stuff at all are avid customers no matter what the time of year. In any event, we let our sons keep these treasures after they'd convinced us that firecrackers were unlikely to go off spontaneously in an air-conditioned car. Now the boys were worried over how both Mexican and American customs would feel about our taking the fireworks in and out of Mexico. The proprietor of a motel in Yuma, Arizona, solved that problem by recommending that we park our car in Calexico, California, and step across the line into Mexicali, Mexico. We did just that. "Fireworks!" said a sign at the first store across the border. (The first Mexican businessman we met up with, though, was a shoeshine boy, who begged me to avail myself of his services, despite the fact that I was wearing dirty white sneakers.) We didn't stay in Mexico long, but it was long enough for my wife to learn that United States regulations permitted us to bring home ten dollars' worth of goods apiece, duty free. It wasn't mere friendliness, accordingly, that prompted a salesgirl in one shop we tarried in to say as we departed, "It's been *very* nice to have you in this country. Come see us again soon." While my wife and the boys strolled about, increasingly burdened with leather belts, metal belts, earrings, iced-tea spoons, straw hats, and bongo drums (many of these items, it developed, were at least Spanish, if not actually Mexican), I followed in their wake accumulating sales slips, on the assumption that United States customs would want them. When we strolled back over the border, these were ignored by the customs agent who dealt with us. He merely wanted to know whether we had any fireworks on us. I said no, and the boys nodded in virtuous agreement.

The fireworks—aside from a few rockets that were experimentally launched, but failed to attain any altitude, on the now scarred lawn of a southern California lady who had asked us all over for a relaxed evening—



S.F.A's portable bar serves him—14.95

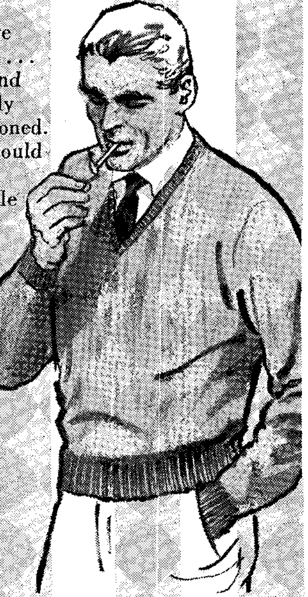
Our case for his holiday spirits holds two bottles for either a fifth or full quart; carries four shatter-proof glasses, a chrome double jigger, chrome spoon-and-spear, and plastic mixing spoons. All fitted in a washable, lined, scuff-resistant case of chestnut Vinyl®. Small Leather Goods, Street Floor. Mail and phone orders filled.

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
at Rockefeller Center, N.Y. • White Plains • Springfield, N.J.
St. Louis • Chicago • Detroit • Beverly Hills • Pittsburgh
San Francisco • Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Palm Beach
Palm Springs • Old Orchard at Skokie

THANE®
CASHMERE CLASSIC

100% pure cashmere . . . two-ply and completely full-fashioned. No man could ask for a more noble gift!

about $29^{50}



Available at:
Chicago—Lyttons • New York City—Bloomingdale's
Dallas—Dreyfuss • Cincinnati—Dunlap's
For other stores, please write
THANE MILLS, LTD. 10 E. 34th St. New York 16

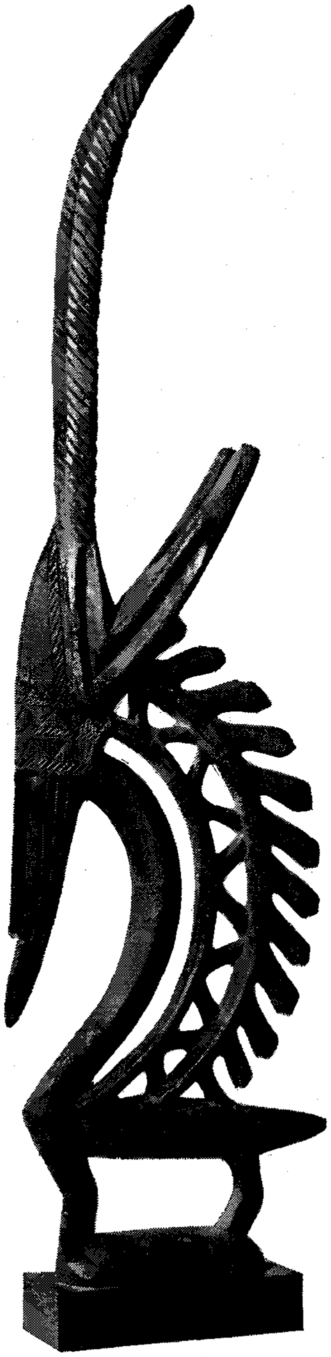
caused us further anxiety when we were nearly home. At our thirteen-year-old's behest, we had called on a friend of his in Michigan, after which we decided to head for Westchester by way of Niagara Falls and Buffalo. That meant driving across a stretch of Canada, and *that* meant exposing the contents of our car to both Canadian and American customs. Canadian customs was a breeze. The inspector merely wanted to know if we had any fire*arms* with us, and he may have been somewhat surprised at the ringing and relieved fervor with which we chorused "No!" But on observing that in Ontario, as in Mexico, fireworks were freely on sale, I was afraid that on the American side we'd be asked about this contraband, and I didn't relish the prospect either of conspiring in a lie or of squealing on my own flesh and blood. I never had to make the dreadful choice. At Buffalo, customs merely inquired if we had bought anything in Canada, and, on receiving an honest negative answer, sent us cordially on our furtive way.

FINALLY. Our luck with state fairs was poor. On our way west, the nearest thing to one that we came across was a county fair, at Olney, Illinois, and there the emphasis seemed to be on swine research, Siamese twins, and a sideshow called "Beatniks of 1960." Outside the beats' tent were lurid posters of low-class women smoking what was presumably marijuana; there was no performance going on at that moment, but we peered inside anyway, to be rewarded by nothing more sordid than a sleeping roustabout with an empty Mission orange-soda bottle at his side. Heading back east, we were still jinxed. Utah's state fair was scheduled a week too late for us, and while South Dakota's was only a day too late—and a spelling bee was on the agenda, in which I could have had an entry running—we didn't have a day to spare on *our* agenda by then. So our thirteen-year-old was dejected as we crossed the Canadian border and headed homeward on the New York Thruway, without a single state fair to our credit. Near Syracuse, though, we saw a sign that read, "Next Exit: State Fair Grounds." And then another sign. The fair was on! We hustled off the Thruway, and at the fairgrounds we were greeted by still another sign: "Welcome Governor Rockefeller." The Governor was scheduled to make a speech in an hour, and the boys were elated. A real state fair, with a real state governor, in our very own favorite state, on the very last

CARIBBEAN
BANK OF AMERICA NT&SA MEMBER F.D.I.C.

VIA BANK OF AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES
money only you can spend
KNOWN AND ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Antilope
PARFUM
EXTRAORDINAIRE



France's most brilliant discovery in the art of perfumery.
Created, bottled and sealed in Paris.

PERFUME: 3.50 to 18.50
TOILET WATER: 3.50 to 10.00

At fine stores everywhere · *plus tax*

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

day of our tour! It was almost too much. While we waited for Mr. Rockefeller, the boys wandered around the fairgrounds in what amounted to a nostalgic reverie about their trip. The eight-year-old was reminded, by an agricultural exhibit, of the Corn Palace, at Mitchell, South Dakota—a huge landmark among exhibition halls, which has exterior siding fashioned of corncobs, and which, at the time of our dazed glimpse of it, was being refurbished, or, I guess, recobbed. The eleven-year-old was reminded, by a sideshow tortoise, of a turtle he'd ridden at the incomparable children's zoo in San Diego, and the thirteen-year-old, by a concession selling melon slices for a quarter, of a Manteca, California, fruit stand where we'd been offered two whole watermelons free if we'd buy a dollar's worth of fruit. When we got to the State Institutions Building (the State Police had some English-setter puppies on display, the State Department of Mental Hygiene some apple cookies), it was evident that the Governor had arrived, for a cluster of troopers was outside. I followed my sons as they pursued him into, and out of, the exhibit hall and finally bayed him, along with a blonde wearing a State Fair Queen sash, beside a Nike missile. Once having got a close-up glimpse of their leader, the boys were content, and as the Governor headed toward a speaker's platform, they started to back off. But there is no getting out of a politician's path during an election year, and a moment later the eight-year-old was firmly patted on the head by the gubernatorial hand. Anything we might have tried to do or see after that would have been anticlimactic, so we forthwith bade farewell to the fair and returned to our car.

We drove home fast, because the boys were anxious to have a go at their Roman candles, and we hesitated only as we were approaching the Tappan Zee Bridge, where we were suddenly confronted by the stern warning "Explosives Not Permitted on Bridge." I deliberated for an instant, then took a deep, guilt-ridden breath, stepped on the gas, and followed a milk truck across. A few minutes later, we were home.

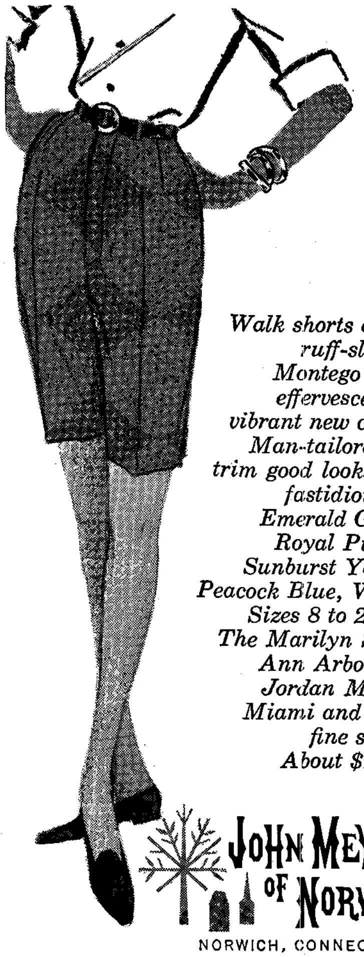
—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

MOST SUCCINCT MEDICAL NOTE OF THE WEEK

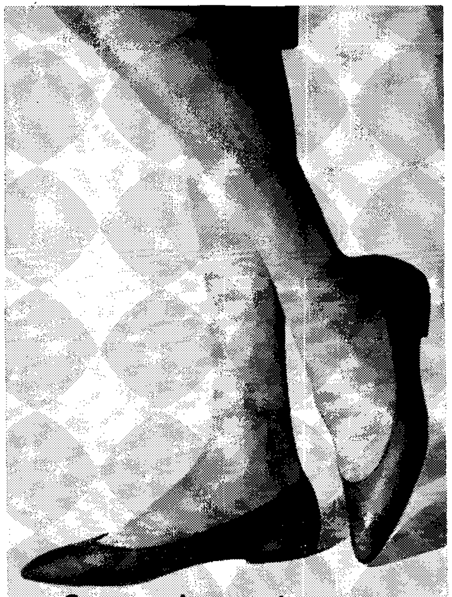
[*From the news letter of a hospital in Burlington, Vt.*]

Mr. Boynton has been transferred to Nurses Residence. Good luck Mr. Boynton.



Walk shorts of our ruff-slubbed Montego Cloth effervesce with vibrant new colors. Man-tailored for trim good looks and fastidious fit. Emerald Green, Royal Purple, Sunburst Yellow, Peacock Blue, White. Sizes 8 to 20. At The Marilyn Shop, Ann Arbor and Jordan Marsh, Miami and other fine stores. About $13.00

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
New York showroom: 1407 Broadway



Capezio pointers

for the leisurely life: make the taper-toed "skeedle" the pet of your wardrobe—black, red, navy, sky blue, white or pink kid, 8.95 Gold kid, 11.95

Young New Yorker Floor, Sixth

Lord & Taylor, New York

How to keep your season's best a secret!

Give Johnnie Walker. Red Label. Or Black Label. A transparent sleeve identifies them. Slip it off—your gift remains an intriguing secret until the happy opening. And happy it will be. For in all the world, wherever fine Scotch is served, there never was a more popular pair.

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Walker & Sons Limited

BORN 1820
... still
going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER SCOTCH WHISKY 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES, BLENDED 86.8 PROOF • IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORP., N.Y., N.Y.

YORK TOWN
1781
After Shave Lotion

Our Past Gives Wings to the Present. *Today, with YORK TOWN ☆ 1781 ☆, the resolute American male comes into a most refreshing inheritance. For him, Shulton has re-created the aromatic type of formula favored by those gallant patriots whose victory at York Town assured our Independence. Here now, in handsome flasks and canisters patterned after authentic antiques of the Revolutionary War era — a crisp masculine fragrance of quite uncommon appeal. York Town ☆ 1781 ☆ — a most distinguished gift.*

The After Shave Lotion, 3.50   The Cologne, 4.50   Gift Set of After Shave, Cologne and Talcum, 10.00. Plus tax
Now awaiting your pleasure at fine stores everywhere. By Shulton

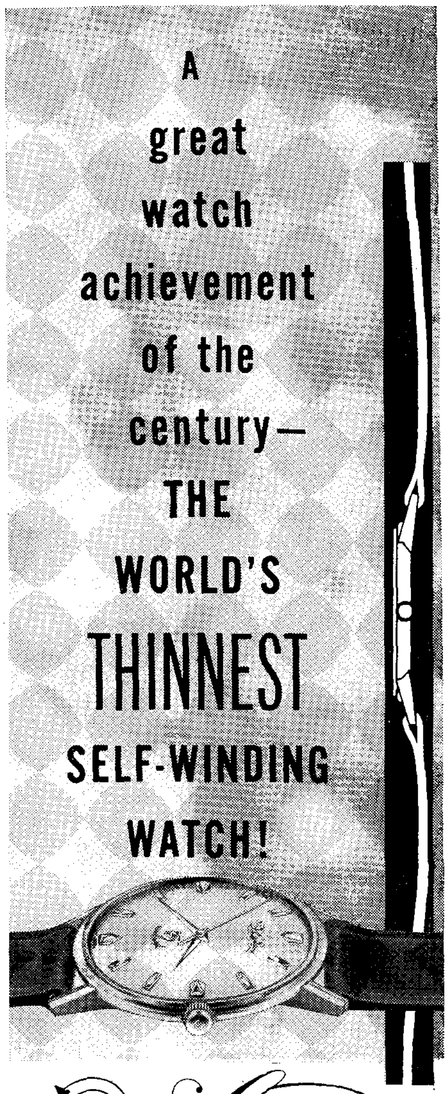
YORK TOWN®
☆ 1781 ☆
for Men

LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 1

THE four year-end literary prizes that are supposed to give recognition to the best French novels of the twelvemonth have just been awarded here, giving, at best, a sense of literary deception and, at worst, a couple of public scandals. The Prix Goncourt—oldest, most famous, but not necessarily most reliable in its judgments—was awarded to the Rumanian-born M. Vintila Horia for “Dieu Est Né en Exil.” An unimportant purported account by the Roman poet Ovid of his last years in exile, it is not worth discussing. It is the background of Horia himself and the position of the Goncourt Academy that have become the grave issues and have incensed public and literary opinion in Paris. A few days after Horia was announced as the winner, irrefutable evidence was brought forward by two Paris newspapers at opposite political poles—the Right Wing *Paris Presse* and the Communist *Humanité*—proving that Horia's previous literary career was as a writer of Fascist propaganda. Photostats of his propaganda texts were printed, hailing Hitler as “a political genius,” Mussolini as “a new star,” and the defeat of France as “a sad necessity” because of her cultural decadence, and containing the customary anti-Semitic epithets, including the “cobweb of Jewish power” covering England and the United States. To this shock to Paris public opinion the Goncourt jury's secretary-general, himself a Jew, added another by asserting that in the Academy's earlier consultations with the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Paris Embassy of the Rumanian People's Republic nothing had been found to indicate that Horia was not “worthy of the prize,” and he went on to say—this was the third shock—that the jury should abide by the Goncourt brothers' will, which declared that the prize was above politics, being concerned only with literary talent. This is of low calibre in Horia's Ovid book, as the critics here had already complained. Paris literary circles, public opinion, and the press have urged that the Goncourt Academy declare its 1960 prize nullified, and have demanded that Horia's royalties on the seventy thousand copies of his prize book already sold as a result of the automatic magic publicity of the Goncourt crowning be given by him to the various official groups of French survivors of the Nazi camps. Tonight, the latest word is that Horia himself has renounced the prize, not wanting to “cause dissension in a country that is willing to receive me,” as he said.

The Prix Fémina jury also had anti-Semitic trouble, but in this case stirred up by one of its own members, Béatrix Beck, herself a former Prix Fémina winner. She said that it tainted the novel chosen for their prize—which she also claimed contained ungrammatical French. She resigned from the jury in a huff when the novel, “La Porte Retombée,” was crowned, bringing a prize of five thousand New Francs, or a thousand dollars, to which the award has been lifted this year. The author, Mme. Marie-Louise Badaut, is the middle-aged owner of a little hotel in Pau, and, properly enough, she wrote her book under the name of her grandmother, Mme. Louise Bellocq, for it is a novel about the fine days when the family was still rich and living in Bordeaux as part of that powerful, bigoted bourgeoisie called “the aristocracy of the cork,” whose old fortunes were based on their wine estates. The Bellocqs' vineyard, La Domaine de Jurançon, and their elegant Bordelais mansion were sold between the wars, and the family's fortune and possible happiness ruined by inflation, stupidity, pride, and errors. The idea on which Mme. Badaut's novel is hung is ingenuous—a novel about a moving day that changed everybody's life when the family furniture was moved out of that mansion, with each piece of furniture and its carved mahogany, velvet covering, or tinkling crystal recalling events in the family dramas. She goes about assembling her story in a rather untidy way, emptying her memory as if emptying the house—with something at first forgotten up in the attic and something else belatedly remembered in a bureau drawer—so there is considerable confusion. And there is something pale, though fascinating, too, about the people, like family members seen in dim, elegant old mirrors—the father a magistrate, the mother a beauty, the children turning out to be tragic and ineffectual, except for one son killed in the Resistance. Of the three who live to middle age and into the present time, one sister is a divorcée and a helpless drug addict, the brother is the victim of a low-life



Lucien Piccard

Sea Shark Supreme

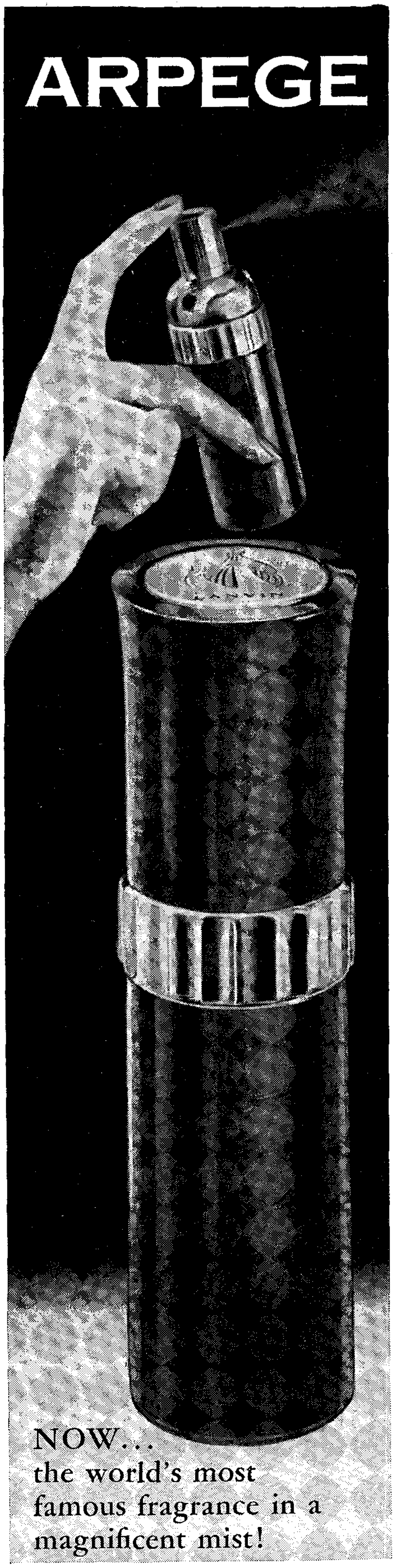
Now—Lucien Piccard creates the world's thinnest automatic watch with flying sweep-second hand.† Fully automatic. Revolutionary one-piece case makes Sea Shark Supreme 100% waterproof, dustproof—and shockproof! See this new dimension in time. Available in stainless steel, gold-filled, 14K gold, and precious white palladium, from $89.50 to $225.00 FTI. At better jewelry stores everywhere.

*Waterproof provided original seal is restored if opened for servicing. All Lucien Piccard Watches have fully-jeweled precision movements.

†As certified by Technological Watch Construction Research Bureau

For illustrated brochure, write:

LUCIEN PICCARD WATCH CORP.
550 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. • Dept. (20E)



Now in all Lanvin fragrances,
Arpège, My Sin, Pretexte,
Rumeur, Scandal and Spanish Geranium.
Measured spray; refillable.
2 ounces $5.00, refills $3.75 (plus tax).
LANVIN

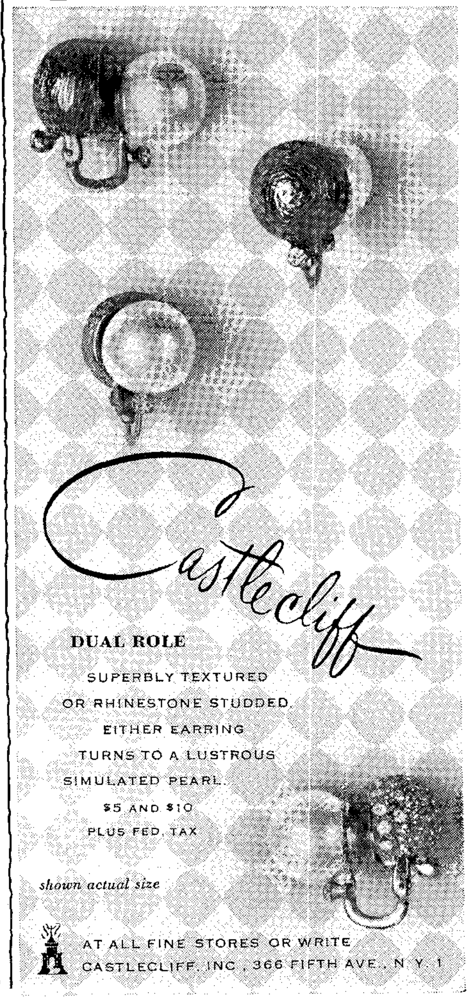
liaison, and Monique, the remaining sister—an early rebel against the Bordelais tradition of marriage for money rather than love—is the mother of an illegitimate daughter, now in her late teens. Mme. Badaut has a daughter and has identified herself to the press as Monique. It is all a strange story, both in the prize-winning book and out of it.

As for the other two prizes, called "shadow prizes," since they are overcast by the major two and can choose only what is left by their elders, the Renaudot, which carries no money with it at all, went to Alfred Kern's "Le Bonheur Fragile," an Alsatian novel about a painter, the war, the Russian prison camps, and the German Army, in which he is forced to fight. It is a touching, probably autobiographical work, though not so fine as "L'Amour Profane," Kern's best work to date and a little gem in its way, but too short to be crowned. The Médici's choice is inexplicable, being a novel that has two different endings, with the reader free to take his pick. Its name is "John Perkins," and its author, Henri Thomas, states in it that he felt scruples about deciding what finally happened to his revolting, filthy American Perkins couple, who either do or do not die dead drunk in Massachusetts. Thomas apparently studied American realism while teaching French literature at Brandeis University. One way or another, there is something incomprehensible in the choice of every one of these four novels as prize packets.

THE best piece of French fiction of the year is Mlle. Brigitte Bardot's new, tragic movie "La Vérité." And it is presented in exactly the way the Paris public wants to read it—in the visual images of her nudity, in the sight of her untidy hair mixing with her tears, in the animal gaiety of her smile, in the troubled effort on her face when she tries to think, wrinkling that inexperienced blank forehead. All of it is dramatic, visible fiction, furnished by her pantomimes of pleasure or tragedy in this remarkable cinema-novel on a banal erotic theme that just suits her. It is created line by line through the forceful exactness of the director, Henri Georges Clouzot, who directed "Diabolique," and who, with the present performance he has extracted from Bardot, must now rank as the top film-drama *régisseur* of France. What counts most in "La Vérité" are the two connecting portraits of the girl. A sensual, lazy, stupid, pleasure-loving provincial blonde, she is suddenly loose in Paris

THIS SPLIT PERSONALITY
leads many lives—it's a dress, it's a coat, it's a coatdress . . . a versatile ensemble for town, travel or cruise wear in soft wool jersey with large mother-of-pearl buttons. Red, shrimp, beige, lilac, black, navy, brass and turquoise. Sizes 8-16. 69.95

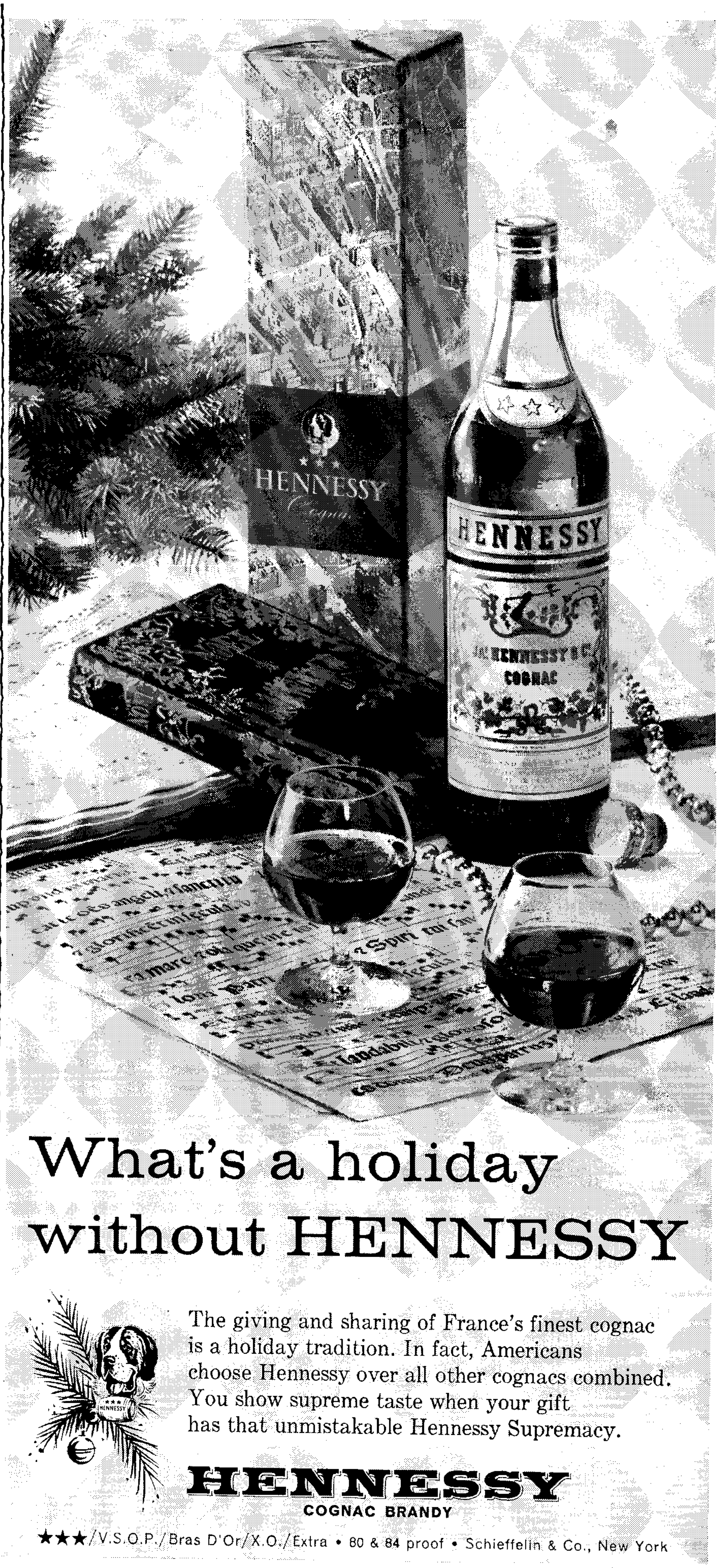
MANHATTAN: 10 W. 55th
Lillie Rubin
MANHATTAN • BROOKLYN • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH • FT. LAUDERDALE



DUAL ROLE
SUPERBLY TEXTURED
OR RHINESTONE STUDDED.
EITHER EARRING
TURNS TO A LUSTROUS
SIMULATED PEARL.
$5 AND $10
PLUS FED. TAX
shown actual size
AT ALL FINE STORES OR WRITE
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

among *la nouvelle vague* on the Left Bank and also under the wing of her austerely moral elder sister, whose fiancé, an equally respectable young musician, she first seduces and then kills when, in satiety and disgust, he leaves her, to return, of course, to her sister. Much of the film takes place in the courtroom where the blonde is on trial for murder. The demands made on Bardot's new-found acting ability in this film are extravagant, including three attempted suicides and a fourth attempt that is not a failure. What Clouzot succeeds in creating is really two Bardots, in metamorphosis. The first is the familiar one in her young flesh but brought forth in an aspect of her light, carnal essence never seen before. The second is that of a woman and a physically impressive adult actress, a Bardot seemingly inhabiting an older body, screaming about her love, screaming her truth from the prisoner's box, a full-blown, frantic woman who later in her cell, with a look on her face of dazed relief, cuts her wrist and dies. It is a cruel compliment to Clouzot to say that the second Bardot is so remarkable a creation that one only half believes in her, believing more in him as a Svengali.

It became a well-known fact in Paris that making this film proved painful for everyone concerned, because of Clouzot's harsh determination upon perfection, because of Bardot's reported bewilderment and exhaustion when faced with such a word, and because this story that she was enacting was only on the borderline of fiction. For the first Bardot, as she is seen in the film—a character coldly written by four scenarists to fit her personally, like her own skin—obviously duplicates the Bardot of real life as the Western movie world has


What's a holiday without HENNESSY

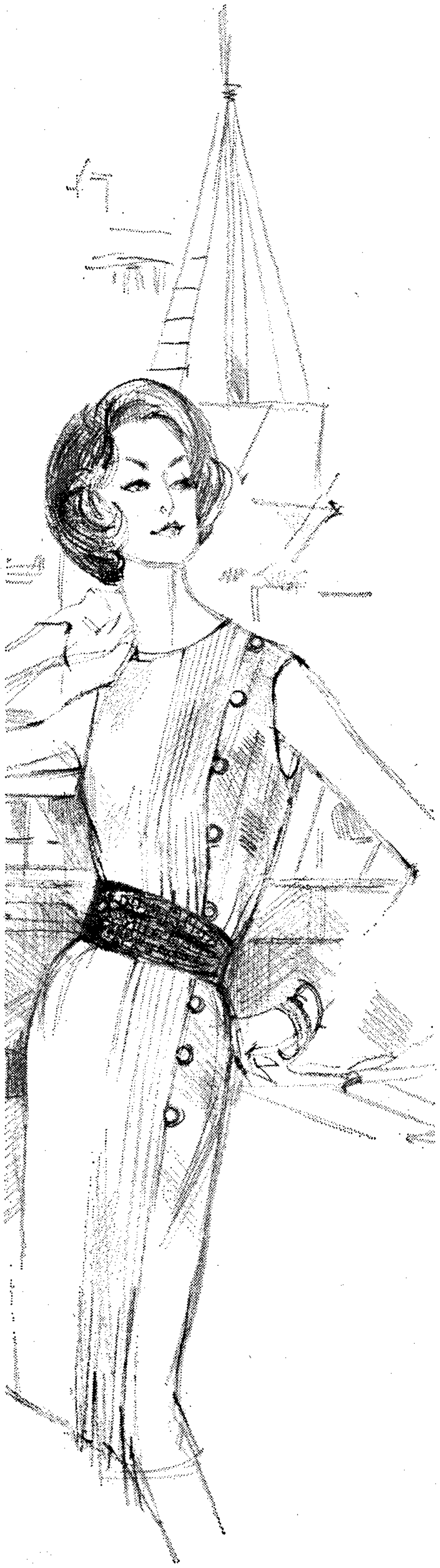
The giving and sharing of France's finest cognac is a holiday tradition. In fact, Americans choose Hennessy over all other cognacs combined. You show supreme taste when your gift has that unmistakable Hennessy Supremacy.

HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

★★★/V.S.O.P./Bras D'Or/X.O./Extra • 80 & 84 proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

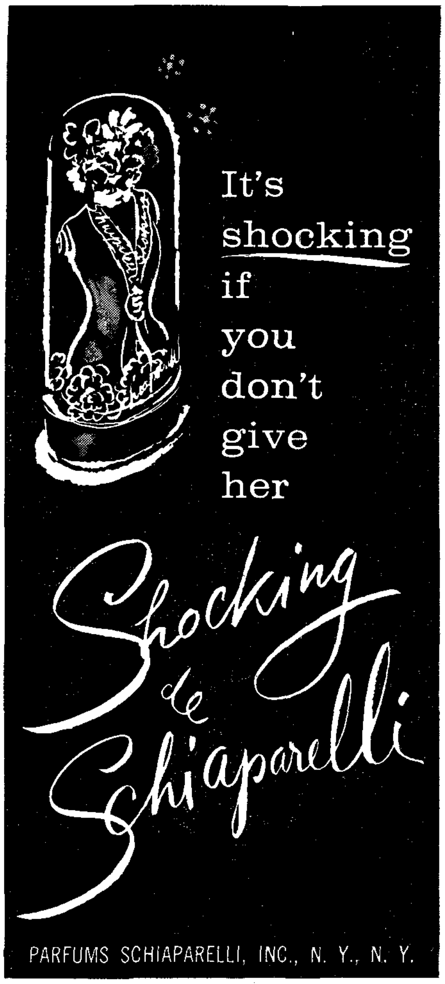
Silk paisley wraps up sichel imported linen, takes it South. In rose, pale blue, seafoam or black with contrasting paisley—sizes 8 to 16, $45. Third floor. Add 65¢ for mailing. 10 West 57th Street

HENRI BENDEL



heard of her. During the making of the movie, she was constantly either leaving or returning to her husbands, current or past, was flirting also with a new flame, and was threatening to run away from it all—in fact, was living the film so intimately that she even tried to kill herself, and was barely rescued from reality. The meaning of the title, "The Truth," is that everybody's truth is different: the truth of the girl's respectable parents; the truth of her lover, of her sister, of the court judge (whose truth is the limited one of legal society); the truth of her lawyer (whose truth is that saving her from life imprisonment would be a feather in his cap); and her own truth, which no one can believe—that killing can be another facet of love. The courtroom scenes—especially the quarrel of the two sisters at the top of their voices as they fight over the love of the dead man—are of a lifelike violence, of a futile tragedy, that fixes the movie's spectators in a silence of admiration and astonishment.

EVER since the Liberation, when, in their euphoria, the French had visions of making a wonderful new France, unlike the old one that had led to their disaster, there has been a sporadic conviction that something should be done to check France's self-destructive alcoholism. To do his part, the first postwar Minister of Health put out excellent little cartoons of drunks that were tacked up in Paris buses and suburban trains, and soon the Minister disappeared from political circulation, pushed into limbo by the powerful wine and liquor interests—a trade in which about ten per cent of the adult French population is engaged. Ever since, it has been impossible, in the face of opposition from Parliamentary deputies defending the financial privileges or vinous habits of their constituents, to pass any alcohol reform bill. But with deaths, insanity, and sickness from drink becoming an increasingly alarming and costly problem for public asylums and hospitals (which the taxpayers have to support), the deputies finally faced up to the facts this July and gave the de Gaulle government power to issue decrees against "certain social evils"—basically alcoholism, though prostitution and homosexuality were also included. The government promptly (and with great opposition from the Senate) reduced the privileges of France's two and a half million home brewers, or *bouilleurs de cru*, who since 1806 have had the right to distill annually an untaxed twenty litres of high-proof *eau de vie*—



It's shocking if you don't give her Shocking de Schiaparelli

PARFUMS SCHIAPARELLI, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

SPEND THE HOLIDAYS IN MERRY MONTREAL

Hotel Queen Elizabeth

The Yuletide season is incredibly festive in gay Montreal, the "little Paris of North America." Right next door—it's actually like a trip abroad. And in the midst of everything is Hotel Queen Elizabeth with its *seven* great restaurants, exquisitely decorated guest rooms with TV and radio, free underground garage and direct access to rail, air terminals.

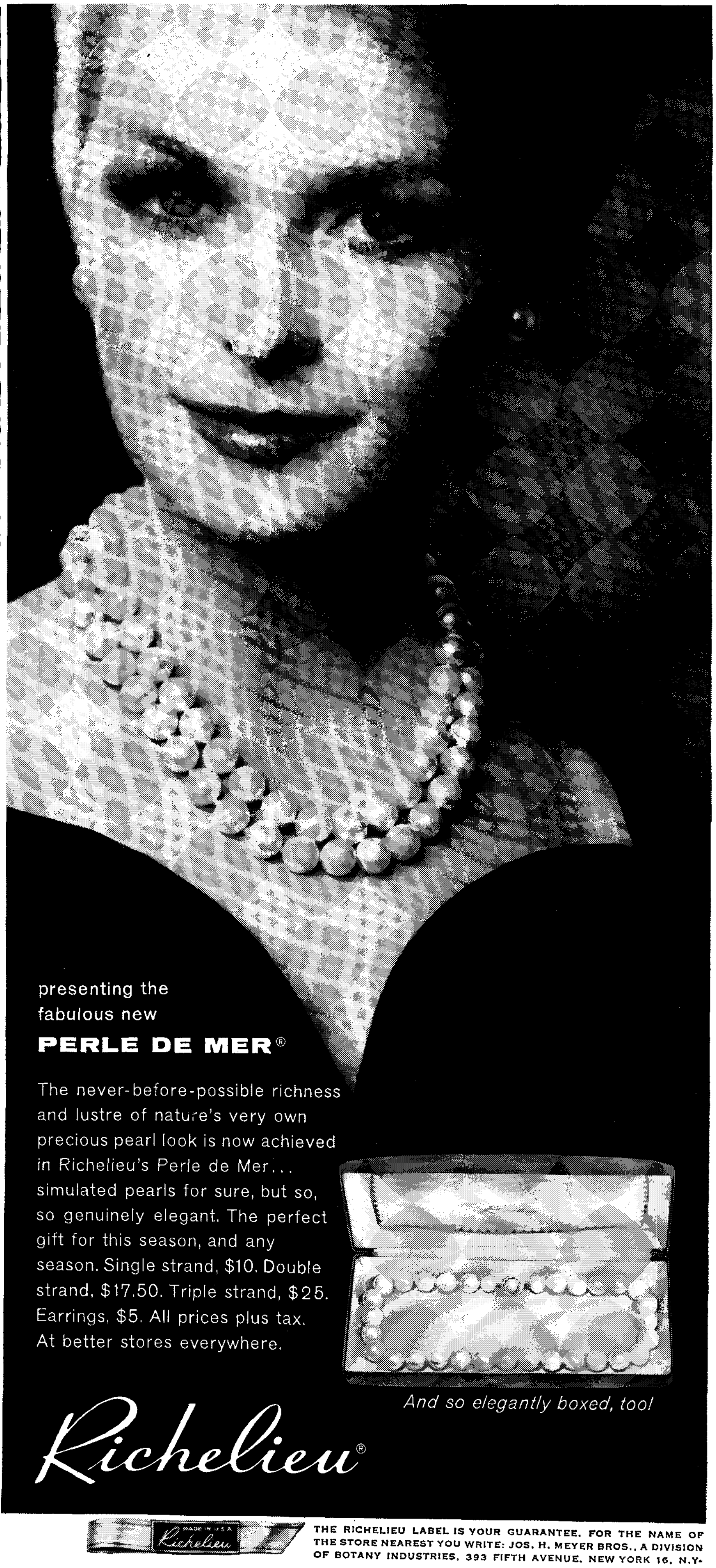
FREE GARAGE • FAMILY PLAN
Single from $9 • Double from $13

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL
HILTON CARTE BLANCHE RESERVATION
OFFICE - LONGACRE 3-6900 IN N. Y. C.
or any Hilton Hotel

A CNR HOTEL — OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

usually Calvados from their garden apples or marc from their grape pressings—and who invariably distilled double that quantity, to be either illicitly sold or merely drunk, with a shocking loss of excise taxes to the state. Because every country bothered by excessive drinking always wants to know how people in other countries intoxicate themselves, it may be of interest in the United States to know that the French upper and middle classes are simply never drunk (except maybe after a wedding), and that alcoholism here is confined exclusively to the working class. It is based mostly on excessive consumption of low-grade red wine, which is ten or eleven per cent alcohol (plus sweetening, coloring matter, and so on) and is known as *le gros rouge qui tache*, because in its rawness it leaves a far more serious stain on the tablecloth than wine of good quality and age. The director of the Paris psychiatric hospital of Sainte-Anne (where Utrillo's drunkenness repeatedly led him) says that *le gros rouge* is responsible for seventy per cent of French alcoholism, with spirits guilty of only fifteen per cent, and he also says that a million and a third Frenchmen and a hundred and eighty thousand Frenchwomen drink from two and a half to three and a half litres of wine daily. At four or five litres per day, he begins to see them, crazy, in his hospital.

To fight this drink problem, the de Gaulle government has drawn up these plans, all of them unpopular: The main attack is on the *bistro*, the heart of modest French political and social life, of which there is at present one for every hundred and eighty inhabitants. As the present proprietors die, the government will buy up the licenses, which in the meantime are to cost more. Already the National Confederation of Small and Middle-Sized Business Enterprises has protested that *bistro* owners have been unfairly picked out as victims. Another part of the plan provides that alcohol can no longer be sold in factory canteens during the 10 A.M. coffee break, and wine can be sold only at the lunch hour. Drinkless zones will be established on streets leading to the factories. Children under the age of twelve will no longer be served an alcoholic drink in cafés; from now on, they must be fourteen. It was also planned to prohibit sports associations from having their post-game meetings and their official social centers in cafés (where most French athletes drink only *menthe à l'eau* in any case), but this plan has been abandoned, because there is no place else for the fellows to go, and players on the town or city soccer teams



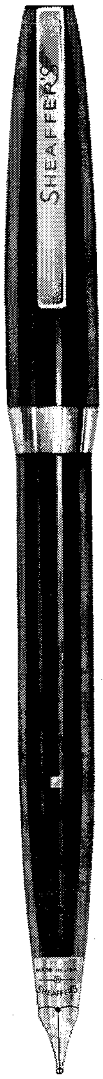
presenting the
fabulous new
PERLE DE MER®

The never-before-possible richness and lustre of nature's very own precious pearl look is now achieved in Richelieu's Perle de Mer... simulated pearls for sure, but so, so genuinely elegant. The perfect gift for this season, and any season. Single strand, $10. Double strand, $17.50. Triple strand, $25. Earrings, $5. All prices plus tax. At better stores everywhere.

And so elegantly boxed, too!

Richelieu®

THE RICHELIEU LABEL IS YOUR GUARANTEE. FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE: JOS. H. MEYER BROS., A DIVISION OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.



How to play Santa for $8⁷⁵

Give the year's newest quality fountain pen! Sheaffer's new Target Pen combines modern styling with traditional Sheaffer craftsmanship. Tapered wrap-around point makes writing smooth, effortless. Single-stroke Touchdown filling action holds a large supply of *Skrip* writing fluid. Choice of colors and point styles. Pen alone is $8.75; in set, with matching pencil, $12.75.

SHEAFFER'S

©1960, W.A.S.P. CO., SHEAFFER PENS, MAICO HEARING AIDS

are local heroes who have to be made comfortable. The present high tax on non-alcoholic drinks, including fruit juice, is to be reduced, in the interests of making them popular. There is, of course, no proposed government campaign for teaching the French to drink milk. Milk was the anti-alcohol plan of M. Mendès-France, who had learned to love it in the United States during the war and tried to make the country drink it when he became Premier, in 1954, until the vast and highly organized liquor lobby, allied with the politicians of the Right, pulled him down. The night his government fell, a couple of minutes after the vote against him had been counted, he asked permission to make a few remarks, which, to Parliament's surprised displeasure, consisted of a voluminous statement of his ideas about what the next government ought to do. Amid increasing shouts of protest, and then the banging of desk tops, he obstinately continued, mouthing his unheard words like a deaf-and-dumb man while the Chamber president clanged his bell for order and the deputies' tumult mounted to an uproar. Suddenly a Parliament steward brought the customary tray with a glass on it, always placed on the tribune for the speaker's refreshment. As was usual in the case of Mendès-France, the glass was filled not with water but with milk. There was a howl of angry laughter and pandemonium broke out, the deputies screaming "Lolo Mendès! Lolo Mendès!"—"*lolo*" being the nursery word for *le lait*. For Mendès, politically, that glass of milk was like Socrates' potion of hemlock. —GENÊT

•

George Washington was not only our First President but he was also adept at paperhanging.—*Wallpaper Information Bureau press release.*

Sure, but he had two arms.

•

Combining the country pleasures of growing up on a working farm in Connecticut with flurries in the stock market.—*Promotion piece from Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

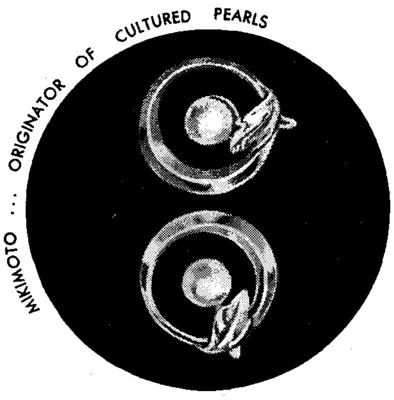
And bugs in the squash patch.

•

FOR SALE

WEDDING GOWN—Petticoat & veil; baby bassinet, and ironing board.—*Adv. in Pointer View, publication of the United States Military Academy.*

On to the sober years—the years of wash and wear.



14 kt. gold earrings
$34 plus 10% Fed. Tax
Mail orders. CI 5-8885

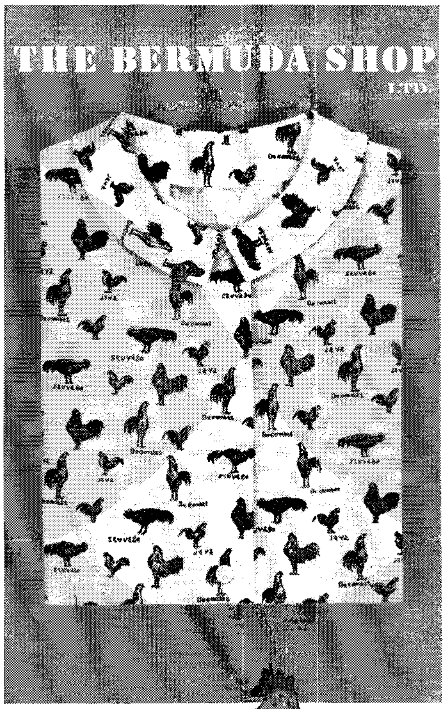
Christmas Gift Suggestion

Original cultured pearl jewelry from our Mikimoto Pearl Salon, 2nd floor.

For other enchanting gift ideas, visit our Fine Arts, China and other departments. **Xmas Hours to 8:00 P.M.**

TAKASHIMAYA, INC.
562 Fifth Ave. at 46th St., N.Y. 36

MIAMI TOKYO KYOTO OSAKA YOKOHAMA

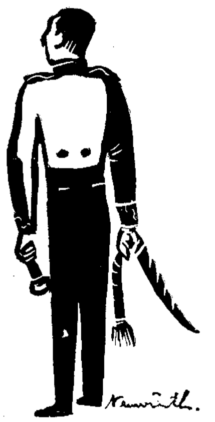


THE BERMUDA SHOP
LTD.

TO CROW ABOUT
Our cotton blouse of fighting cocks in battle stance. Mallard blue, burgundy or chartreuse on a white background. Short sleeves.
Sizes 10-16 **8.95**
PLEASE ADD 35¢ FOR SHIPPING
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Paging Puccini



IF, as I've heard, "The World of Suzie Wong" has been the biggest box-office hit in the history of the Music Hall, the reasons aren't far to seek. Take one long-established and down-to-earth star (William Holden), one new, exotic star (Nancy Kwan), an even more exotic setting (a house of prostitution in Hong Kong), and a silly, busy, thoroughly romantic plot (an impoverished young artist, having settled down in the aforesaid house under the impression that it's a hotel, desperately resists falling for the prettiest girl in the place, is finally overpowered by her, gets to like her, loses her, realizes he loves her, and wins her back at the height of a terrible cloudburst/flood/avalanche, in which her baby is killed); wrap these carefully selected items in pretty pastel Technicolor, deck them with pompons of John Patrick dialogue, and you got it, as they say in the Orient, made.

Like nearly all pictures nowadays, "The World of Suzie Wong" is much too long, but the director, Richard Quine, has a knack for conveying a sense of place, and there's almost always something of interest for us to observe along the alleys and wharves of Hong Kong, if not in the faces of the players. Mr. Holden is implausible as an artist; most of the time, he wears the alert but anxious expression of a stockbroker who is being told how to play a complex new parlor game at the home of notorious intellectuals. On the other hand, Miss Kwan, as the prettiest and most resourceful of the girls in the house, is sometimes as appealing as her somewhat more upper-class equivalent in "Madame Butterfly"—which, to tell the truth, is what I kept expecting this picture to dissolve into. Why was Mr. Holden called Robert Lomax when he was so plainly a blood brother of Lieutenant Pinkerton? Puccini would doubtless have had a glorious time writing "The World of Suzie Wong" as an opera; without his assistance in its manufacture, the product must be recommended largely as an

8
YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD

OUR COMPETITORS' WHISKY IS MARVELOUS

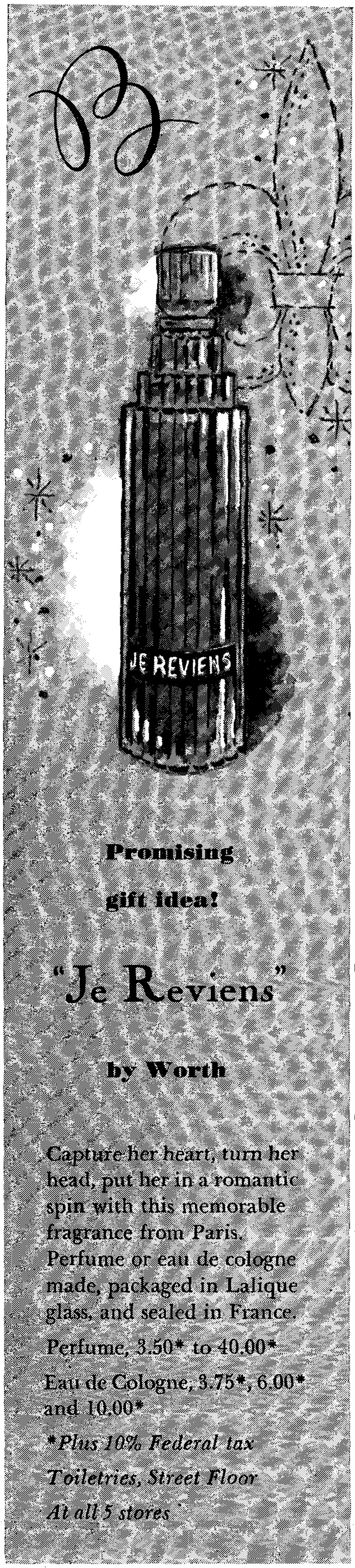
...so why buy *Grant's?*

Just this. Grant's Scotch carries an age label. Whisky that does not carry an age label need not be more than four years old. Grant's 8 Year Old is **aged twice as long.** This extra ageing gives extra softness and mellowness. Grant's Scotch whisky, in the tall triangular bottle—the largest-selling 8-year-old Scotch in America. Worth the little more, $6.96* a fifth.

.so now try *Grant's!*

* *Price varies according to state tax and freight.*

86 PROOF—SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK—NEW YORK



Promising gift idea!

"Je Reviens"

by Worth

Capture her heart, turn her head, put her in a romantic spin with this memorable fragrance from Paris. Perfume or eau de cologne made, packaged in Lalique glass, and sealed in France.

Perfume, 3.50* to 40.00*

Eau de Cologne, 3.75*, 6.00* and 10.00*

**Plus 10% Federal tax*

Toiletries, Street Floor

At all 5 stores

Bloomingdale's • Lex. at 59th • EL 5-5900

anodyne to too strenuous Christmas shopping.

"Let No Man Write My Epitaph" is a study of the lower depths. Alcoholics, drug addicts, unemployed fighters, legless news venders, prostitutes, juvenile delinquents, punitive minor judges, pushers, and pushers' lackeys—a large assortment of wretched souls is here put on display, and though the picture contrives to wind up on a comparatively happy note, things are depressing indeed throughout most of its length. Because I admire the valor with which the makers of the picture have stuck to their grim truths, I feel a twinge of remorse over not being able to find more to praise than the formidable acting of Burl Ives and Shelley Winters. —Brendan Gill

•

CLEAR DAYS ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Cannon. Mr. Speaker, the repeal of this unnecessary and inequitable tariff on pipe stems for corn cob pipes further reduces the price of the components of this indispensable adjunct to human happiness.

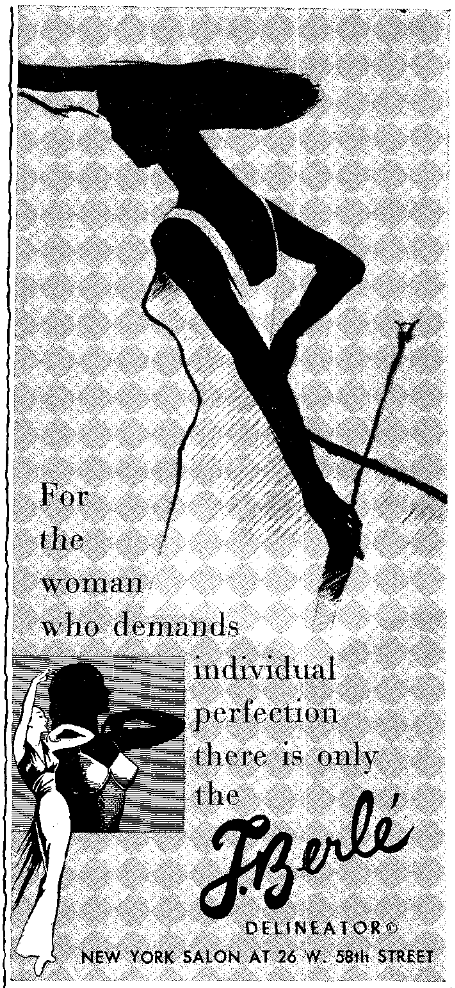
Mr. Speaker, when the earliest pioneers from Virginia and the Carolinas first migrated to the motherly bosom of Missouri a century and a half ago, each settler brought with him his rifle, his Bible, and his pipe, and was equally proficient in the use of all three.

There on the fertile alluvial Mississippi and Missouri River bottoms and the rich loam of the Missouri uplands he found Indian maize yielding corn with cobs of such durable texture and generous proportions that he abandoned the colonial clay and briar bowls of the Old Dominion and adopted the Missouri meerschaum, which has become today the standard of pipe comfort, luxury, simplicity, economy, and enjoyment throughout the world.

Whether in London, or Shanghai, on San Francisco Bay or the sidewalks of New York, buy a pipe at the nearest tobacconist's, and on the bottom of it you will read "Made in Missouri."

Fill it up with the golden flakes of your favorite smoke, preferably old homespun from a Missouri hillside, aged and ripened and mellowed in the top rafters of an ancient log tobacco barn, and it will give you such joy and solace as it is seldom human privilege to enjoy.

Mr. Speaker, I have placed an assortment of this exceptional product of Missouri's soil and industry in the cloak room and shall be glad to have the Members of the House avail themselves of the opportunity to sample one of them. When you get crosswise with life, or digestion is bad; when things go wrong and you want to kick the dog; when the wife is critical and your best friends are out of town, tamp down an extra-heavy charge in one of these friendly pipes and light it with a coal from the fireplace, and peace and contentment will attend you like a benediction. Cares will vanish in dissolving rings of fragrant blue, and life once more will be worth the living.



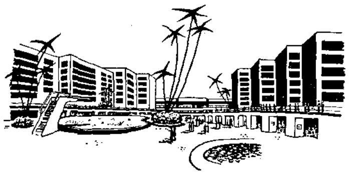
For the woman who demands individual perfection there is only the

J. Zerlé

DELINEATOR ©

NEW YORK SALON AT 26 W. 58th STREET

there is only one!



Palm Beach Towers

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

- Society's Favorite Rendezvous
- 11 Sparkling Acres of Sunshine
- Luxury combined with Elegance
- Scintillating Entertainment
- Music by Meyer Davis

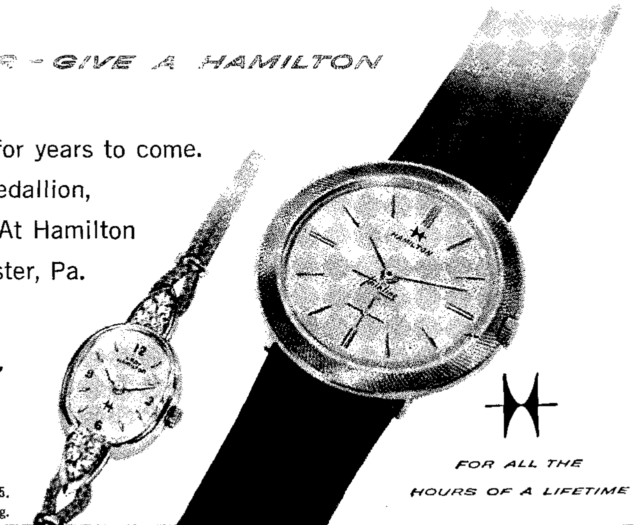
Palm Beach • TEmple 3-5761

NEW YORK — LExington 2-8514

FOR A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER - GIVE A HAMILTON

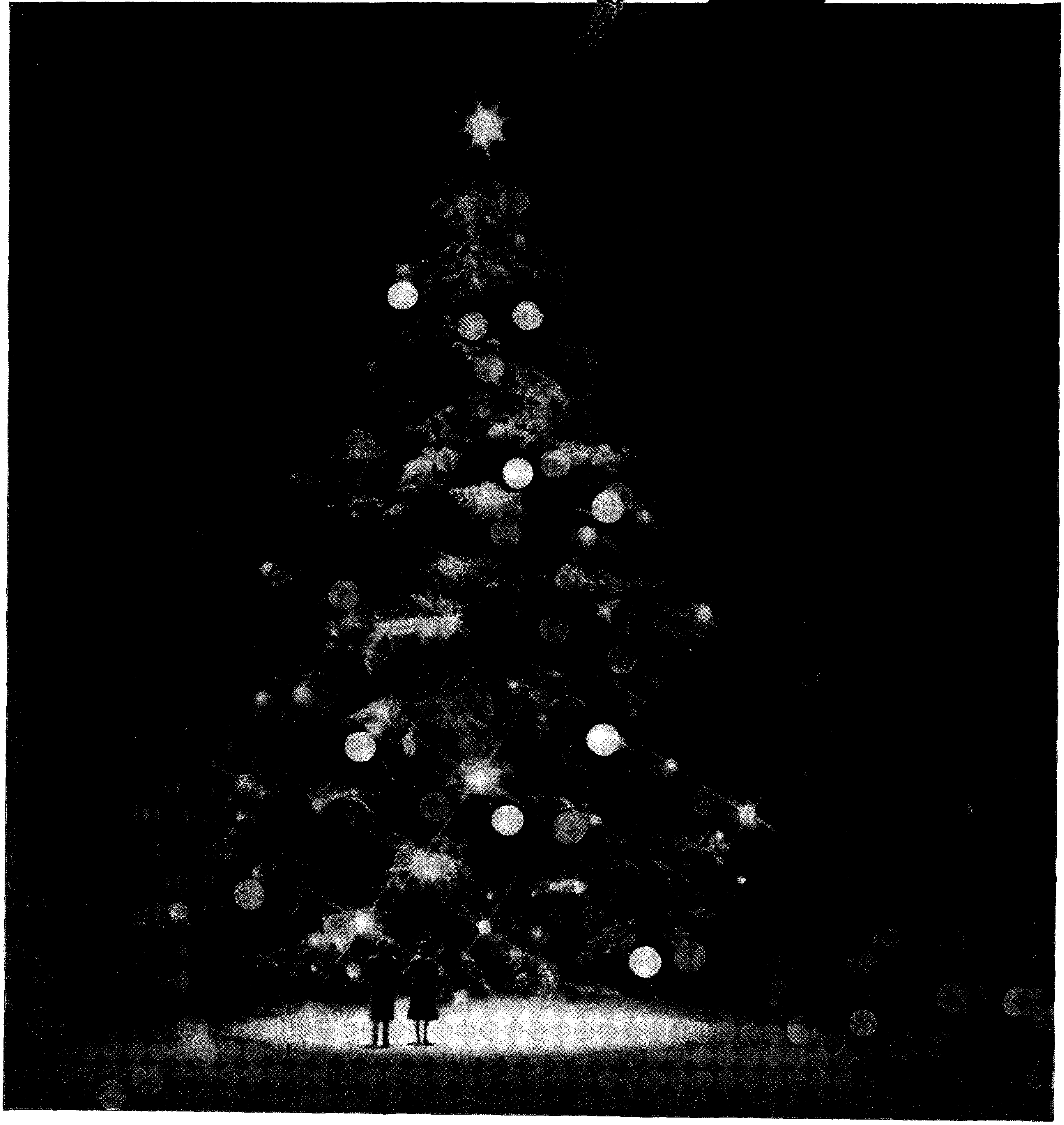
The Hamilton watch you give will keep this Christmas bright for years to come. Whatever style or model you choose – Diamond, Electric*, Medallion, Weatherproof † – a Hamilton watch is worthy of one you love. At Hamilton Jewelers in the U. S. and Canada. Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa.

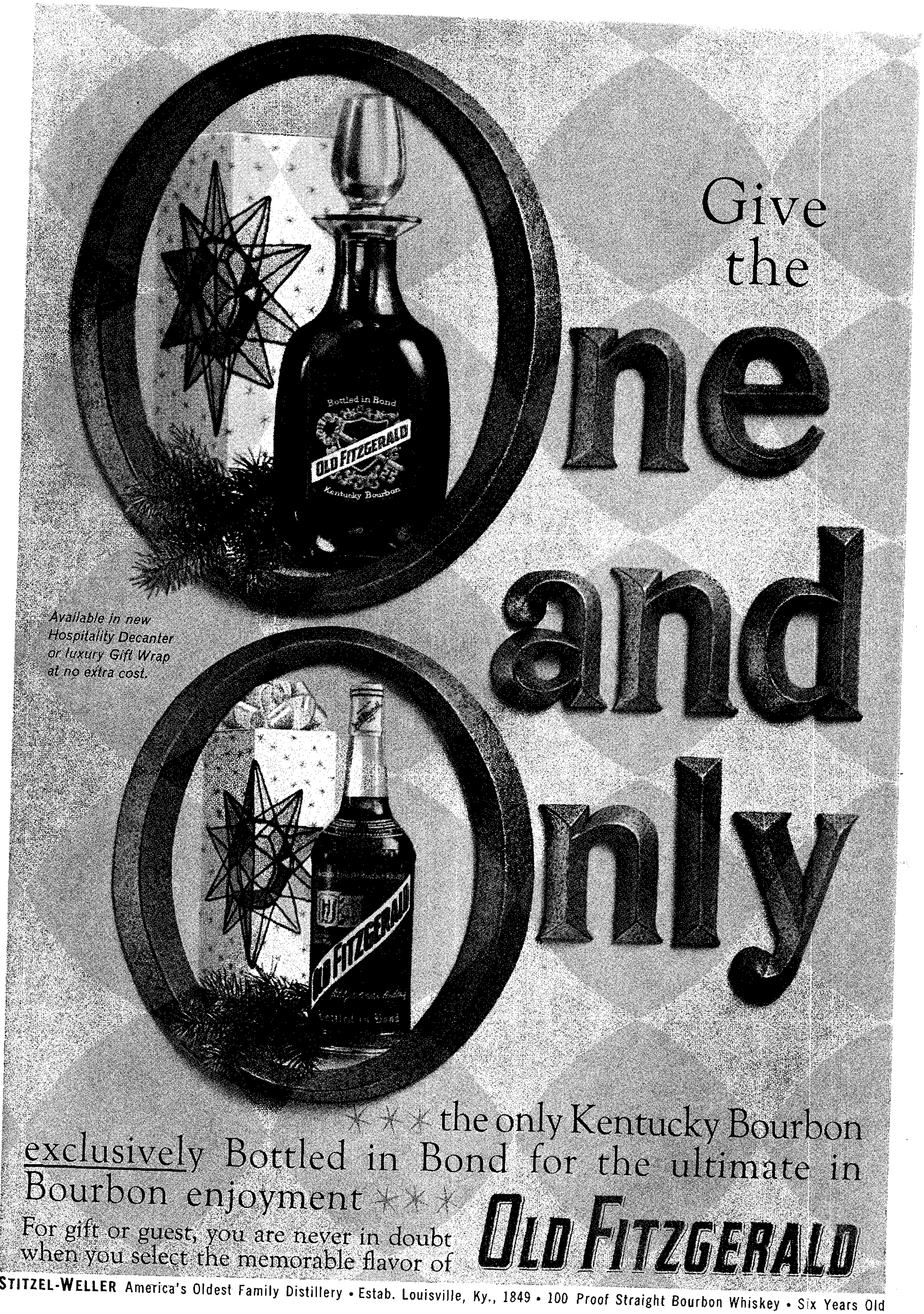
HAMILTON



FOR ALL THE
HOURS OF A LIFETIME

The watches featured are the Lady Hamilton Aurora R, $250, and Thinline 2001, $135.
* Patented †Waterproof, dustproof, provided original seal is restored if opened for servicing.




Give the One and Only
Bottled in Bond
OLD FITZGERALD
Kentucky Bourbon
OLD FITZGERALD
Bottled in Bond

Available in new Hospitality Decanter or luxury Gift Wrap at no extra cost.

* * * the only Kentucky Bourbon exclusively Bottled in Bond for the ultimate in Bourbon enjoyment * * *

For gift or guest, you are never in doubt when you select the memorable flavor of **OLD FITZGERALD**

STITZEL-WELLER America's Oldest Family Distillery • Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849 • 100 Proof Straight Bourbon Whiskey • Six Years Old

JOURNEY IN A CIRCLE

THERE is something satisfying about dropping a letter in a mailbox. There is also something irrevocable about it. Registering the letter isn't quite so final. Then one hands it to a clerk and it doesn't disappear so quickly—one might even be able to get it back if one had a last-second change of mind. The parting is more gentle, less sudden. It's safer, too. And that's the way I chose to send the scientific article I had written—the result of two years of research at Rome University—to a medical journal in Belgium. I took it to the central post office in Rome, and I watched the man who had grabbed my prize affixing the stamps to it—all askew—punching it, and then throwing it onto a cart. I lingered in the neighborhood of the counter and watched him throw things at it, over it. I stayed till it was buried and another man came and pushed the cart away.

On the way to the post office, I had held it tight under my arm, as under a wing. Now my arms felt idle, as though they should still be holding something. I missed it. And only when I had mailed the article did I really feel that I had finished those two years of work. I made my way toward the exit. There I paused and looked at Piazza San Silvestro as though I had never seen it before. I looked again and again, like one who repeats a phrase he does not understand. I started to walk slowly home. I felt unemployed. The most unemployed man in town. I lived only about ten minutes away, on Via de' Greci, just beyond Piazza di Spagna, but at the pace I was keeping it would have taken me half an hour to get there. As it happened, it took me much longer than that.

JELL
Judith Shahn

I chose side streets with little traffic, and looked at the great abstract frescoes made by time on the orange-brown stucco of the houses. I passed by a café and wondered whether I shouldn't go in and have a cup of coffee. But I had had plenty of coffee; I had had too much coffee; I didn't need coffee now. I needed rest—I needed sleep. A pastry, I thought. No, I deserved something better than a pastry, something better than a drink, or a meal in a restaurant. What I needed was a holiday, to go away without going back to the laboratory, or to my apartment, even—the dust, the bed—to leave town and travel . . . south. In my pocket I had enough money to give me an illusion of wealth. I stopped; I turned back. With the dash that a new idea gives, I returned to Piazza San Silvestro and took a bus to the railroad station.

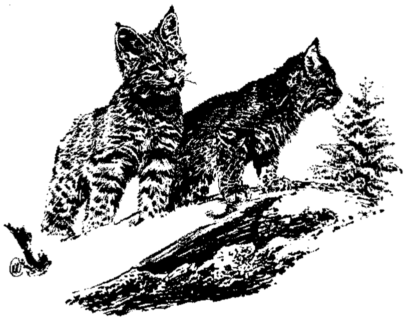
Even on the bus, though going east, I felt I was already on my way to the south, to meet the sun, to meet the summer. Naples, Positano, Sorrento—they all seemed within reach. At the station, I bought a timetable and found that on that day there were three routes by which I could go to Naples. One was the usual coastal route through Formia. Another was the inland route through Cassino. The third way was by sea from Formia; a ship was leaving that town in the early evening, stopping overnight at Ponza, and landing in Naples the next day. The boat trip appealed to me and I decided to take it.

Twenty minutes later, I was reeling out of the city on a near-empty train—trains in Italy seem always to be either very full or nearly empty. All the corridor windows were open. The curtains were flapping. The conductor was lunging down the corridor, holding on to his cap and passing me without asking for the ticket. I leaned out one of the corridor windows and held an arm against the stream of air. For a while, my arm and face strove with it, then I rested my head on the window frame and opened my mouth to the wind. The wind filled my mouth. It rushed through my hair. I felt like Notus.

For a stretch, the railroad ran alongside the ancient aqueduct; then the two parted. The broken line of arches went east, toward the mountains. For a moment, I wanted to follow that broken line to its mountain source, for no doubt it was still there, intact and fresh as when it slaked Rome's thirst. But the track went south, to meet the coast at Formia. The train seemed to leave everything behind—the aqueduct, the hills, the Appian Way, the motorcars. It was a joy to overtake those cocky little things. They couldn't hoot past us; we whistled by.

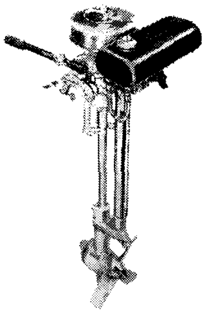
Cactuses began to line the way. Where the railroad cut through rocky ground, they hung in spiky, red-green masses. The countryside was wide, and

A&F



Points of Pride

Knowledgeable sportsmen look to A&F for that very special Christmas idea, knowing that the unique and superior in sporting gear are points of pride with *"The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World."*

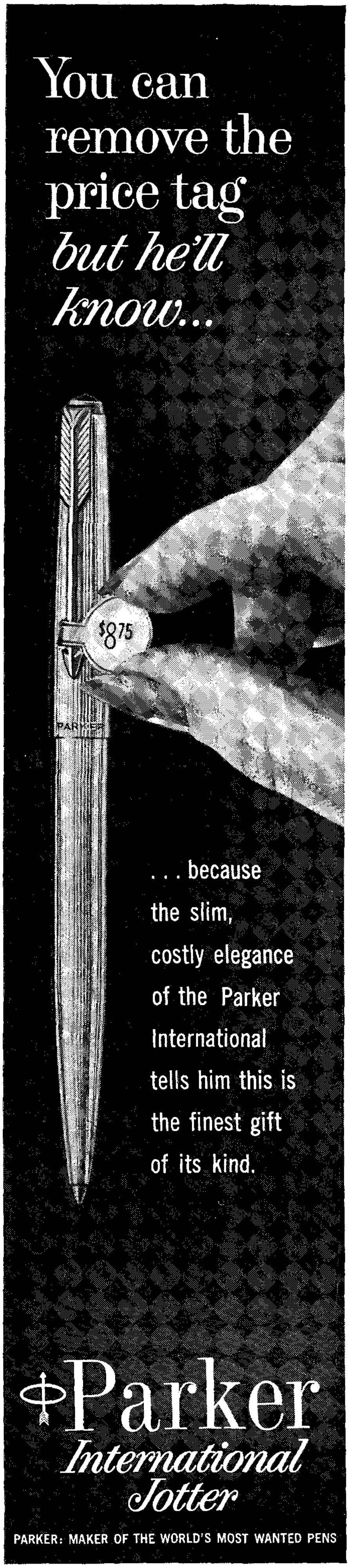


Seagull 40 Plus Outboard. Absolutely tops, in our opinion, this 29 lb. bantamweight has amazing push-per-pound, thanks to its great 9-inch 4-blade propeller. Beautifully built in the British tradition of quality. 140.00

Mt. Everest Wool Sweater. Originally created for the famous expedition to the Himalayas, unmatched for ruggedness and warmth. A special lamb's wool in a sturdy cheviot twist. Heather shades of brown, moss green, dark gray or dark burgundy. 18.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
PALM BEACH SARASOTA


You can remove the price tag *but he'll know...*

$8.75

. . . because the slim, costly elegance of the Parker International tells him this is the finest gift of its kind.

Parker
International Jotter

PARKER: MAKER OF THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED PENS

the houses on the plain were new. I could see clusters of old houses high up on the hills, away from the mosquitoes—this was malaria country not so long ago. On the right, Monte Circeo emerged like a blue sail. Ulysses had lingered there among wild palms. Farther down, at Fondi, in a sheltered plain between two tunnels, the train went by an orange grove. The second tunnel was long. Coming out of it, I saw the gulf of Gaeta shining in the sun, and a small white ship floating in the harbor of Formia. Any dash that I had lost during the trip was revived by that sight. For the first time since leaving Rome about an hour before, the train slowed down. Rome has few neighbors and none of any size. For most trains, this is the first stop.

I got off the train and quickly descended in the mild April atmosphere to the center of Formia. From there I again saw the ship. It made me feel buoyant. There were two hours before sailing time, but I went aboard at once. I waited on deck and looked at Formia from there. The main square juts out toward the sea and ends in a terracelike public garden. Below the garden there is a precipitous rock face that runs down to the shore, so littered it looks like a dump. On each side of the square there is a row of pink and blue tenement houses, and beyond those a few hotels, among trees. I was anxious to go. I felt chained by the anchor, bound by the ropes.

At last I was free. The public garden, the dump, and the tenement houses withdrew. I could see the whole gulf again and the railroad and the Auruncian Mountains beyond. We sailed past Gaeta, and I caught a glimpse of its ancient cathedral. Once, I had been there, and I remembered its door of carved stone, one of the few things in the cathedral that had not been coated with plaster. The carved stone faces had faded, and so had the leaves, weathered by the salt air. I could see the castle above the town and extending to a cliff on the sea—grim, massive, some of its walls an upward continuation of the cliff, blending with it, vertical over the sea. It had been turned into a military prison, and I could see a sentry outside a hideous pillbox.

We sailed west. The coast widened, then faded until there was only blue space.

There were very few passengers on board. Nearly all the way to Ponza I was alone on the deck, but toward sunset, as the most northerly of the Pontine Islands came in sight, a young man in

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

GIFT CERTIFICATE
NO. 123456

EASY SHOPPING WITH CHIPP'S GIFT CERTIFICATE

For many years the Chipp Gift Certificate has proved to be an item of convenience. Make your Christmas shopping more pleasurable . . . give with our Gift Certificate.

Some gift suggestions are: Custom-tailored men's and women's suits, ready-cut suits, odd coats and trousers, overcoats, topcoats, nutria interlinings, dinner suits and evening accessories. Send for our Christmas folder.

No C.O.D.'s Money Orders Accepted

Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

THE STRONGEST LINKS

are handcrafted 14K gold. Black sapphires set in squares of gold, 130.00 the pair. Stacks of sticks that look like bamboo, 14K gold, 85.00 the pair. A slender gold bamboo tie bar to match, 36.00. Gift wrapped. Prices incl. Fed. Tax

LAMBERT BROTHERS
JEWELERS
LEXINGTON AVE. AT 60TH ST. N. Y.

his late twenties (a few years younger than I was at this time), dressed in a business suit, strolled out of the lounge and came to look at the view from the railing beside me. A dolphin was racing the ship, leaping into the air as easily as he plunged into the water. What sport!

"They ruin the nets," the young man said.

For a few minutes we left the dolphin behind, but with marvellous ease he caught up with us again. At sunset, he swerved westward, toward the island whose coast we were passing.

"That's Zannone," the young man said, looking at the wooded, mountainous island.

I knew it was Zannone. I had several times looked at a map posted in the promenade deck. "Does anyone live there?" I said.

"No, nobody."

"Are you from Ponza?" I asked him.

"No, Ventotene," he said. "That's the next island after Ponza. We get there tomorrow morning at seven. But Ventotene isn't really my home. No, I come from Latina, the county seat on the mainland. I am staying on the island as county commissioner. Where are you from?"

"Rome," I said. "I just came for the sea trip."

"Where are you going to stay in Ponza?" he said.

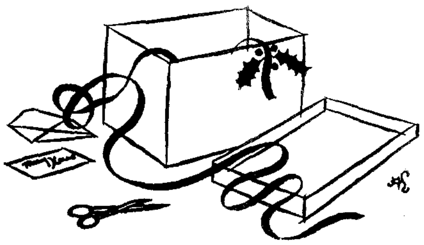
"I don't know. I expect I'll find some hotel."

"There's only one real hotel," he said. "I am going there myself. I'll show it to you."

I didn't want him to show me a thing. I like landing alone in a place and discovering it for myself and choosing my own abode for the night. But how could I avoid the fellow? He seemed to think we were friends.

He offered me a cup of coffee. I accepted and went into the lounge with him when what I really wanted was to stay on deck and watch the islands from the prow. But I didn't want to be unfriendly.

When we had finished drinking the coffee and I had returned to the deck, Ponza was already in sight. It was dusk



Just made for boys—and vice versa.

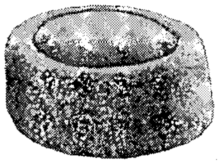
Donmoor® sweaters

Is there a boy on your gift list? Wonderful suggestion: knit shirts, sweaters and pajamas by Donmoor. Your favorite store probably has them—at just the prices you figured on paying. Donmoor, 1115 Broadway, N. Y.

Cavanagh Hats

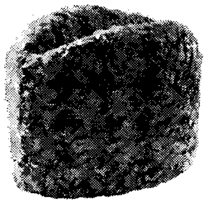
Unusual Gifts
For Ladies and Gentlemen

CLASSIC
FUR HATS



CAV-ARCTIC
Imported winter classic.
Grey or Black
dyed Lamb $15
Brown Hair-dyed Seal $20

CAV-ALASKIN
A stylish outdoor hat.
Grey or Black
dyed Lamb $16.50
Dark Brown Hair-dyed Seal $25
Black dyed Persian Lamb $75



THE MACMILLAN
Created by Finnish artisans.
Natural Grey Persian Lamb $100
Natural Finnish Lamb $16.50

Add 10% Federal Tax

Please Specify Size:
Men's 6¾ through 7¾
Ladies' 21 through 24

Mail & Phone Orders Promptly Filled

Cavanagh Hats

PARK AVENUE AT 47th STREET, N.Y. 17 YUkon 6-4180

and the lights of the island were faint. While I was in the lounge, the waters had turned from blue to very dark blue. Now they were almost black, and they seemed deeper than before, and more liquid. We were on the lee side of the island, and the waters were calmer than they had been; there was only a slow swell that seemed to waft us, greatly increasing our speed. The ship sailed as smoothly as though it were driven by the wind. This island was dark and mountainous. I could see the uneven silhouette against the starry sky. Soon the colored lights at the mouth of the harbor—one red, the other green—reflected themselves on the water all the way to the ship. We followed their splendid path and entered. The little town—village, really—was all lit up, and a crowd of people had assembled at the pier where we were going to moor. A fleet of small fishing boats was lying at anchor. There was a narrow stone boardwalk, and a long row of small, porticoed gray houses. One of them, in the center, had a red neon sign that said, "Da Sora Marzia." It seemed a restaurant and I looked forward to having supper there. Its red light wavered with the wash from the ship. Whatever cheapness it had was lost in the water. There it became pure color, matterless, spirit.

As the ship dropped anchor and tied up for the night, the official from Latina stood by the railing waiting for the gangplank to be set up. I took a walk round the deck. When I returned, almost everyone had landed. The young man was standing on the pier. He saw me and waved. I hurried down and joined him. "I'll take you to the hotel," he said.

I nodded.

I wanted to walk very slowly, and pause and linger, and maybe retrace my steps here and there, but he seemed in a great hurry. We walked under the porticoes. When we came to the neon light, I found that Da Sora Marzia was a restaurant, just as I had thought. It looked cozy, tucked in under the portico. "I think I'll come and have supper here later," I said.

"Oh, there's a good restaurant at the hotel," he said. "This Sora Marzia is an old slut."

I felt a wave of dislike for him, and we walked on in silence.

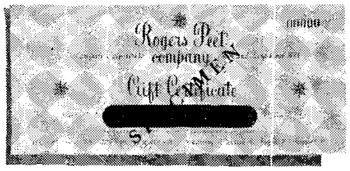
"Where is the hotel?" I said finally.

"It's near here," he said. "We're almost there."

"Is it on the sea?"

"Yes."

We walked for another minute or

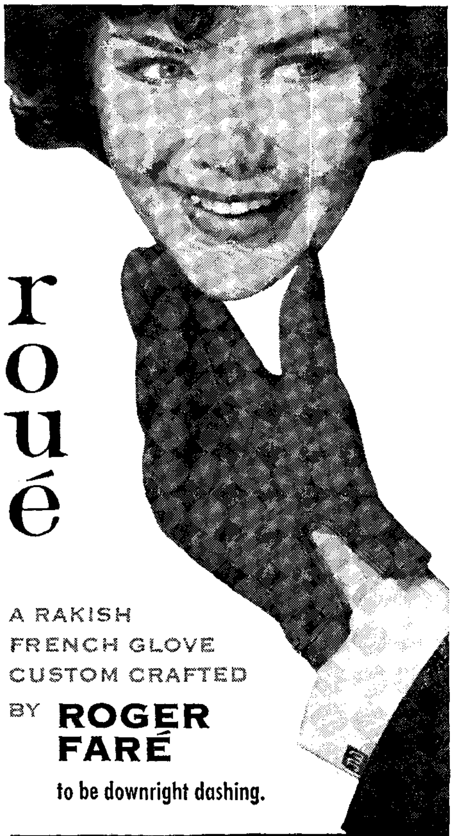


Give
Rogers Peet
Gift Certificates

Giving a man or boy latitude to roam our fine stores for something he really wants and needs... that's what giving him a Rogers Peet Gift Certificate means. You name the denomination; leave the happy choice to his own needs and good taste.

Rogers Peet company

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 48th Street
Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
Broadway *at* Warren Street
In Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.
In Washington: 14th & G Streets, N.W.



roué

A RAKISH
FRENCH GLOVE
CUSTOM CRAFTED
BY ROGER
FARÉ
to be downright dashing.

AT FINER STORES, NATURALLY, OR WRITE:
FRENCH GLOVE CORPORATION OF AMERICA
The finest in gloves from France
431 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

two, and now we were practically out of town—altogether out of the center, anyway.

"There it is," he said, pointing at it at last.

It had been visible all the time, on the right, at the far end of the harbor. I didn't like the look of the place from the outside—a new, mud-colored, tall, flimsy concrete structure that jarred against the tiny, arched, old stone houses of the little town. The other houses were all held in unison by the graceful arched porticoes as by a lace. This building stood alone, an outgrowth—out of time, out of place with the rest. It was ugly inside, too—not what I wanted at all. The hall was bare and squalid, cold and empty. The young official knew his way around very well. He took me into the dining room. Two men were playing cards at a large table. When they saw the official, they both got up and shook hands with him and immediately began talking about the administrative elections that were either coming up or had just been held. I stood by for a minute, then I edged toward the door. The man from Latina saw me and introduced me to the others. One of them was the mayor of Ponza, the other was the owner of the hotel. Demo-Christians. They all sounded very interested in Ponza; I'll say that for them.

"He wants a room," the official said.

I looked anxious not to have one, but they misinterpreted my anxiety.

"I have a room for you," the hotel owner said. "And dinner is almost ready."

"Oh," I said, "I am going to have supper out."

I could see that the official was disappointed in me.

"Do you have a bag?" the owner asked.

"No, I don't. I came without one."

"Do you want me to show you to your room now?"

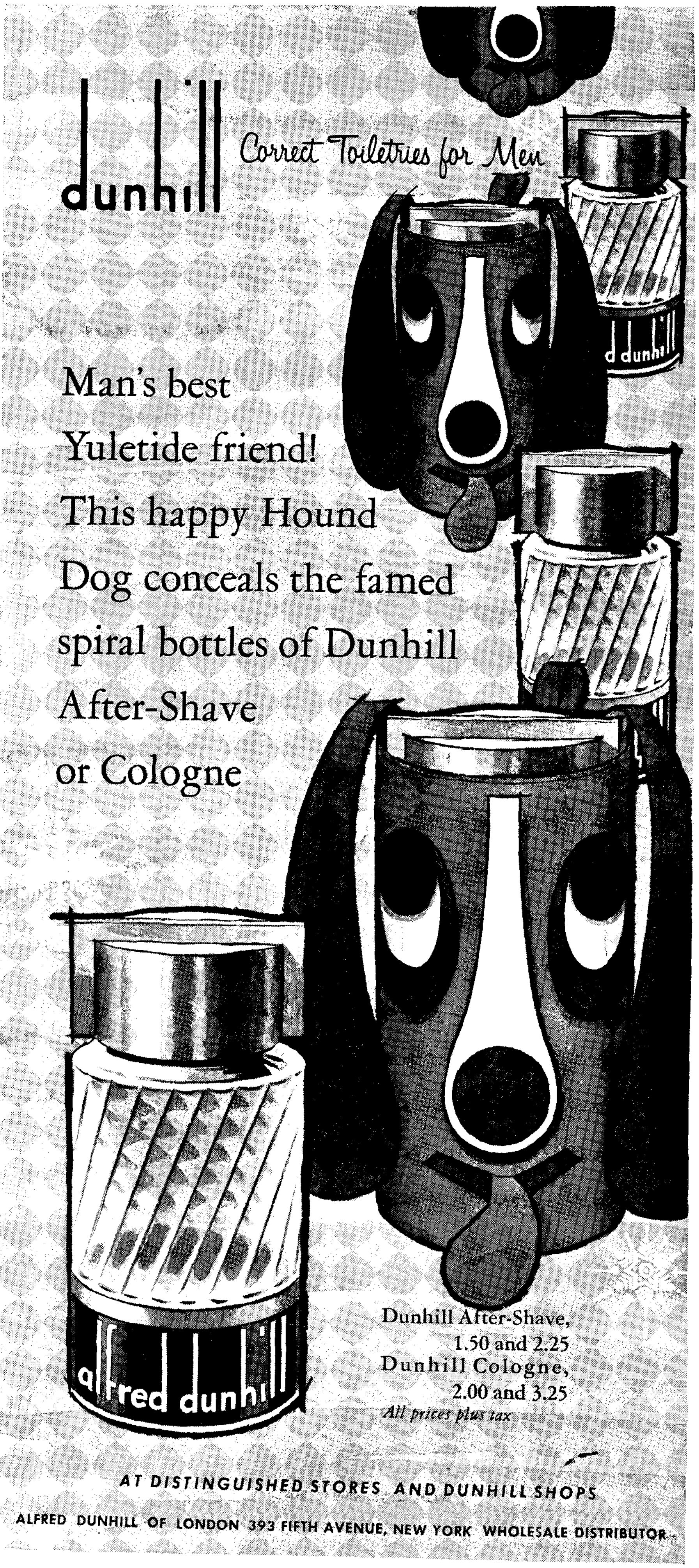
"Well, no," I said. "No."

The man from Latina from that moment on quite ignored me.

"Well, goodbye," I said.

They gaped at me as though I were a complete fool.

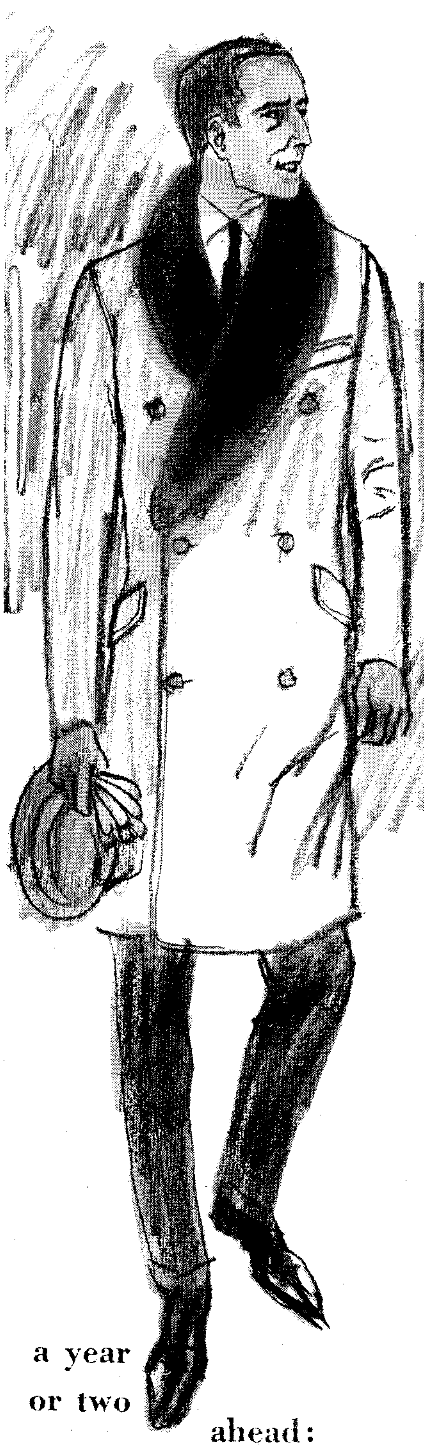
I edged toward the door and got out of their sight. I was on a holiday again; for a while, I had forgotten. Now I walked at my own pace back toward the center of town. One's step carries one's personality almost as much as one's voice. I felt I had lost mine and found it again. They say that to please an Arab, God makes him lose his donkey and then find it again; well,


dunhill
Correct Toiletries for Men

Man's best Yuletide friend! This happy Hound Dog conceals the famed spiral bottles of Dunhill After-Shave or Cologne

Dunhill After-Shave, 1.50 and 2.25
Dunhill Cologne, 2.00 and 3.25
All prices plus tax

AT DISTINGUISHED STORES AND DUNHILL SHOPS
ALFRED DUNHILL OF LONDON 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTOR



a year
or two
ahead:

the cut of this greatcoat in natural vicuna, double-breasted, side-vented, shawl-collared in natural ranch mink from Sweden. The tailoring, all Baker, all by hand, $750. The same cut in British woolens, other furs . . . all at the social register stores.

Baker Clothes

200 Fifth Avenue

that's how I felt now, or something like it. I walked along; I paused; I lingered; I retraced a few steps. At Sora Marzia's I turned sharply in. I found myself in a cavelike room with a vaulted ceiling and very thick walls. It looked like a corsairs' den. Corsairs had probably called here more than once. There were several wooden tables. At two of them a few sailors and fishermen were drinking wine. A woman that I took to be Sora Marzia was sitting near them on a chair turned toward the center of the room. When I sat down at a table, she stood up and came over. She was about seventy, tall and big, with a weather-beaten face, like a pirate's. We smiled at each other. She asked me if I wanted to have supper or only something to drink.

"Oh, supper," I said.

She went and got a tablecloth from a cupboard and set the table for me; then she went into the kitchen and fried a plate of fish. I could see part of the kitchen; the light in it wavered as though she were cooking on charcoal.

While I ate, she sat on her old chair and listened to the fishermen talk. Sometimes she put in a word. Now and then, she glanced over to see how I was doing. Sometimes she smiled. In the old room, under the vaulted ceiling and between the massive walls, I felt protected. But what made the place so nice was her presence. Her face had grace, and her body. I admired her firm, bony structure. It was a comfort to look at her.

When I had paid the bill, I asked her if she knew of any place where I could stay.

"There's a hotel," she said.

"I've been there," I said. "But it's not really what I want."

"You didn't like it?"

"No."

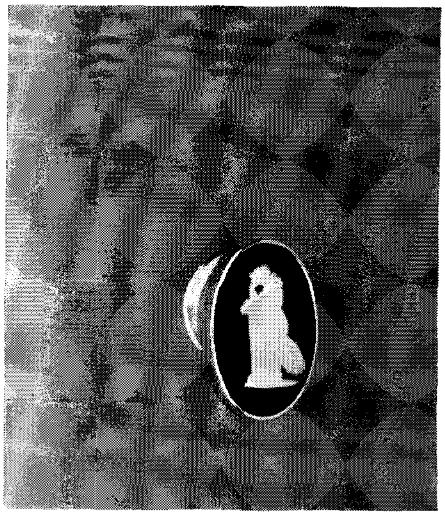
From the way she nodded and smiled, I thought that she didn't like it any better than I.

"There's a family near here that rents a room," she said. "Come with me; I'll show you where it is. Just back of this house."

She led me out through a back door, then up a little alley. "It's that door there," she said, pointing to a door up a small outside staircase without a railing. "You just knock."

I thanked her and she went back to her *trattoria.*

I knocked at the door she had shown me. A woman and a man came to open it and asked me to come in. It was a small apartment they had, very poor; and we went through the children's



**Wedgwood
in miniature**—
a discreet tie tack by
Destino. Black, blue or
sage green backgrounds,
framed in silver, 10.00
plus Federal tax.
The Man's Shop
On the Street Floor
Lord & Taylor

TREASURE
from
SCOTLAND
THE FAMOUS GROUSE BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
SCOTCH
for the
TRUE
CONNOISSEUR

The Famous Grouse
Brand Scotch Whisky
represents the cumulative
blending experience of
five generations of the Gloag
family since 1800. To test the
superb quality of this treasure
from Scotland, try it straight.

FAMOUS
GROUSE
Brand Scotch Whisky
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N.Y.C.
Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof

room to reach the room they were going to give me, which was their own. They would sleep with the children.

"Oh," I said, retreating toward the front door. "It's not quite what I was looking for. But thank you, thank you very much for your kindness," and I gave them some money for their trouble.

I went back to the harbor. It was only about nine o'clock, but there was no one else on the boardwalk, and the only bright light was Sora Marzia's.

"You didn't like it?" she said when I walked in.

"It was nice, but it was their own bedroom."

"I know," she said, "but they wouldn't have minded."

"I gave them a tip. The room was closed in by another. I need to feel free to go out when I want to. You'll think I am a very difficult person, but tonight I really wanted to be able to rest. I've worked for so long without rest, and I am very tired."

"The hotel," she suggested.

"The hotel is so ordinary."

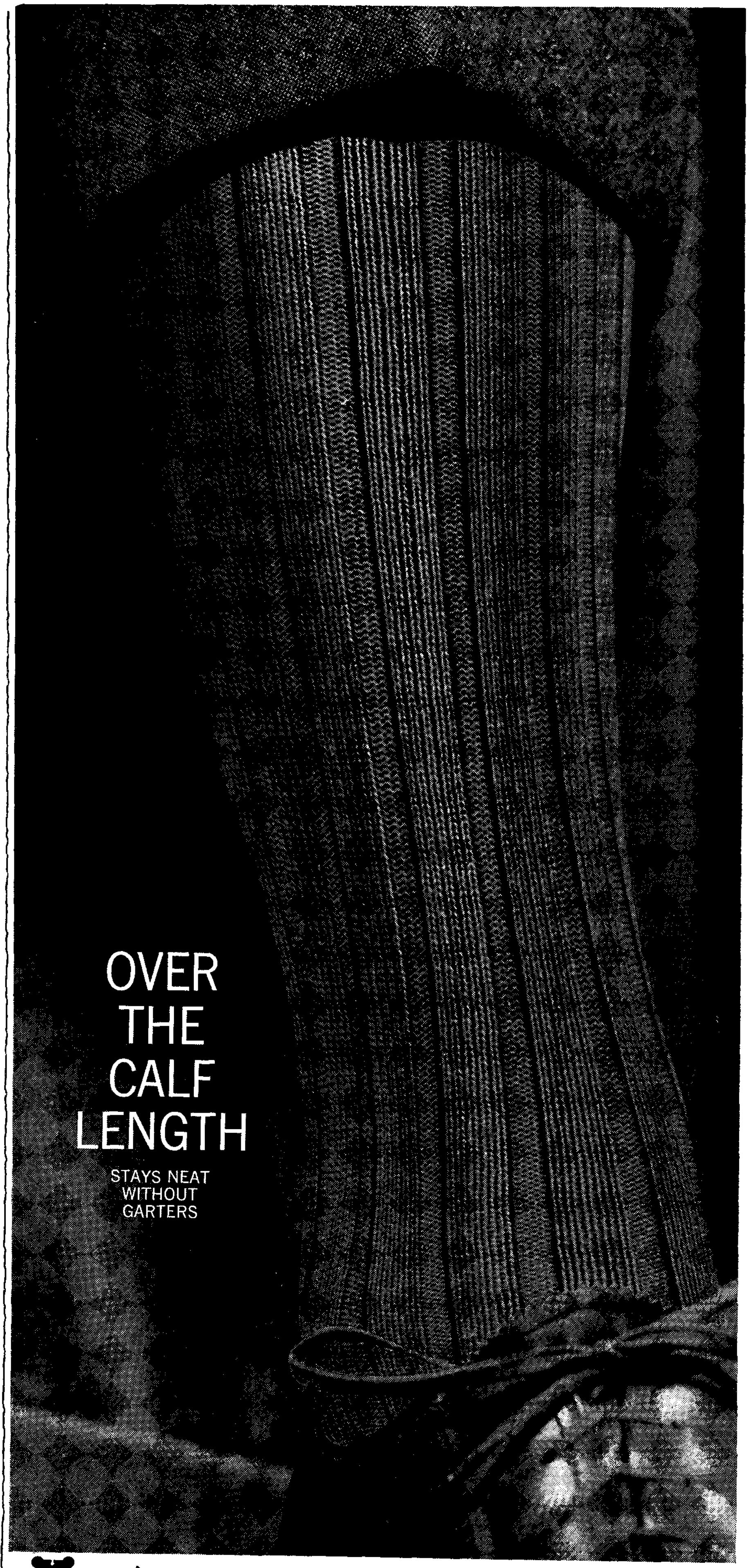
"But if you are very tired you should be able to rest anywhere."

"No," I said. "Not anywhere."

I sat down at a table and asked her to bring me some wine. From where I was sitting, I could see a spiral stone stairway leading upstairs. I imagined the view from the windows—the harbor, the lights, the boardwalk just below. Perhaps there was a room she could give me. "Do you have a spare room here?" I said.

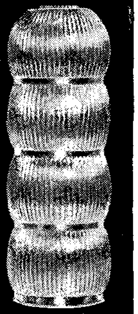
She shook her head. "You are not afraid to go to the hotel, are you?" she said.

"Oh, no, I am not afraid." But I suppose I was afraid—afraid of the cold



Interwoven® Socks
50% WOOL — 50% NYLON • ONE SIZE FITS ALL • $1.95 PER PAIR

No other
gift makes
a woman
more
attractive,
more
feminine



NEW
L'AIMANT
MEASURED PERFUME

Imagine! Exquisite Florentine-finish golden metal case holds over 200 lavish sprays of precious perfect L'Aimant perfume. (Just $5). For the boudoir, its perfect companion is L'Aimant Measured Mist Eau de Toilette. Over 1,000 treasured sprays. Also $5. Refills for each, $3.50. All prices plus tax.

COTY

COMPOUNDED AND COPYRIGHTED BY COTY, INC., IN U.S.A.
© COTY, INC., 1960. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

unfriendliness, afraid of the ugliness. It resembled so much of the world.

I sat a little while longer, and then I left. Outside, the boardwalk was deserted and the little forest of masts was almost still. I went back to the hotel. The three men were sitting around a table, discussing things. They all looked at me when I entered. "Could I have the room now?" I said, as though I had intended to take it all the time.

They looked at me as if they knew that I had been looking around for another. The owner had a smirk on his face. He rose and took a key from a board. I followed him up two flights of stairs, then along a corridor. The room smelled as though it had been closed since the summer before. I looked out the window, but there were no lights to be seen. I went to sleep. At four o'clock in the morning, one hour before sailing time, the ship's horn blew. A few minutes later, the owner pounded on my door, but I was already up.

I HAD arrived at Ponza at night, and it was still night when I left. After nearly two hours of sailing, the ship called at Ventotene, a flat, tufaceous little island. Prominent, near the water, were a series of low concrete huts—the remains of an internment camp built by the Fascists. The windows and the doors were all shattered, and even some of the walls. It was good to see those cracked walls. Freedom, when it came, must have come with a vengeance.

The official from Latina, looking very limber, got off and was met by several people who shook hands with him vigorously. One took his bag. Perhaps I had misjudged him.

The ship left to call a few minutes later at Santo Stefano—a tiny island several hundred feet high, once a volcano and now a prison for men serving a life sentence. A zigzag path led from the pier up the steep climb to the fortresslike prison on the top. Three huge placards had been placed along the path. With a pair of borrowed binoculars I was able to read them. The first one, at the foot of the climb, said, "THIS IS A PLACE OF SUFFERING;" the second, halfway up, "THIS IS A PLACE OF ATONEMENT;" and the third, at the top, "BUT ABOVE ALL, THIS IS A PLACE OF REDEMPTION." In my mind, I could hear the prisoners repeating to themselves and to newcomers the three phrases through their long sentence. I could see the warden speaking them from his chair, quoting them again

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.

THE CAT'S MEOW
. . . is what you'll be
in our kitten print
cotton blouse.
Blue, rose or green
kittens on a white
background. Short sleeves.
Sizes 10-16 **$8.95**
PLEASE ADD 35c FOR SHIPPING
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

Marcel Franck

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN
THE WORLD

THE
"WEEK-END"

You can take it with you!

If it's perfume — and you have this perfect purse-size atomizer.

It puts your perfume where you want it — not all over the inside of your handbag!

Made in France, and complete with black suede travel bag, in Chrome 9.00; in Gold Finish 11.50.

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

and again, using theatrical gestures.

No one got off the ship but a *carabiniere*. Down by the pier, a young woman with a child, the wife of a convict, kissed her husband goodbye and came aboard. Then two *carabinieri* and a manacled prisoner also came.

We left. From a distance, I saw the husband of the young woman slowly making his way up the path. I looked at the rocky shore. There were grottoes that reminded me of Capri, and heather and cactuses all the way up to the prison. The island wavered in the sunny air as we left it behind. The wind brought its fragrance to me. But I couldn't see its beauty; thoughts of prison and escape crowded my mind. I went into the lounge. The young woman with her child was sitting and talking to an older woman. I went to the lower deck. In the corridor, the prisoner, pale and sickly, in a shabby gray uniform, a gray blanket over his shoulder, stood manacled with the *carabinieri* beside him. And here I was looking for a holiday. What did I need a holiday for? My whole life was a holiday. I felt a distaste for myself for looking for what I already had, for being as unsatisfied as I had been with my trip, the hotel room, my life.

THE ship called at two ports in Ischia, then at Procida, where another old fortresslike building stood out not far from the harbor, and I thought that it, too, must be a prison. I asked about it. It was.

I landed in Naples. The city looked wide and loose and free. Festive after the islands. But I didn't stay. I took the first train back to Rome.

The apartment was cold and dusty, the narrow bed unmade. A piece of string, a pair of scissors, a few sheets of paper lay on the table the way I had left them—the scissors open, the string in a loose coil, the sheets scattered. I picked them up and saw, in the dust-free areas left, one after the other, the islands. I wiped the table and gazed at the blankness. Only when I was back in front of my books and equipment did I feel coming over me a sense of calm.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

• •

SOME TIPS ON WATCHING BIRDS

This is not poetry, he said;
Here are no Grecian glimpses of lost birds
Exotically entrancing and entranced
In well-kept gardens where they soar and sing.
This chitter is not song.

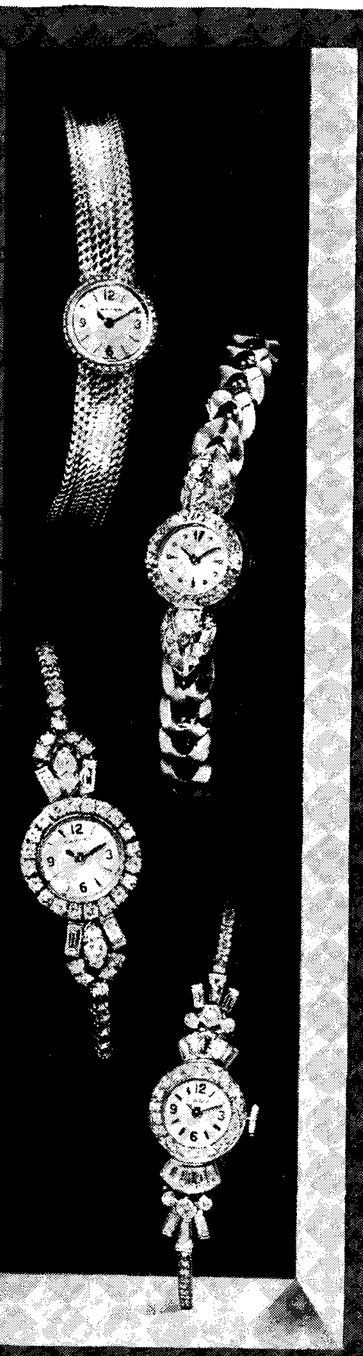
There isn't room for nightingales
Upon this perch where spring can only be the hope
That hope will spring;
But as a bird watcher I would like to say
That one bright cardinal cocked
Is not exactly worth a score of finches.

Beauty cannot be banded,
But is found sometimes
In the most unlikely treetops; the poets now
Are not all brain-bewildered.
Because the phoenix sways a moment
On some clothesline does not mean
Old flames are finally dying.

The trick is seeing, and binoculars
Are certainly no better than the eye
For anyone with faulty vision—
The bird will always fly before he finds it,
And there has never been
A Field Guide to the heart of anything.

A would-be watcher must begin to wait
Even as aviaries of the mind are emptied
Of sparrows and those nondescript small birds
That nothing but love
Can quite identify for sure.

—DEATT HUDSON



Four superbly styled ladies' wrist watches with finest Swiss movements.

(Reading down) Watch and fine mesh bracelet in 18 kt. gold, $485. Diamond watch on 18 kt. gold bracelet, $850. Diamonds and platinum, $2,550. Diamonds and platinum, fancy cut stones, $2,900.

Shown actual size. Fed. tax incl.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

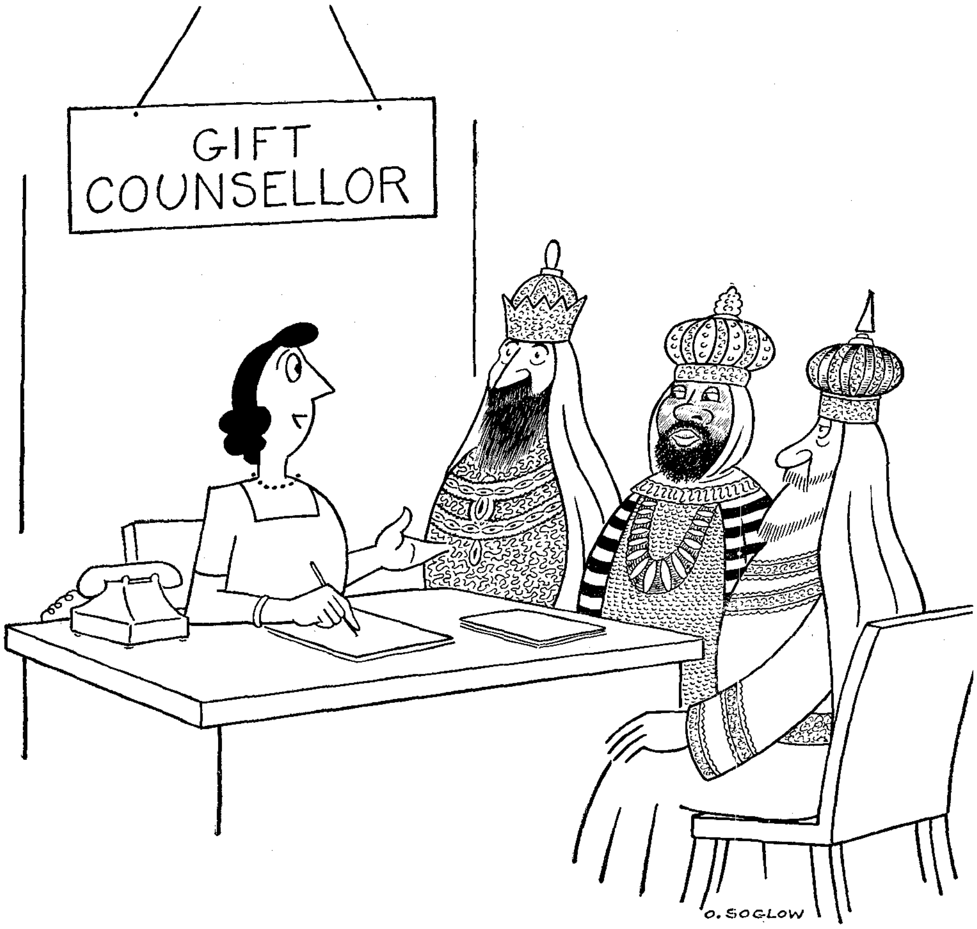
ONWARD, ever onward in our Christmas-gift researches! This week, we take up presents for children and for men. And now, without further ado, we will have our say on

Toys

WHATEVER the rest of the population may be doing on Christmas morning, it appears that a good many of our best-beloved children will be up early trying to compete with the Russians—that is, if the toymakers have had their way. Lots of this year's toys and games look terrifyingly didactic at first glance, having dressed up as teachers' aids—the natural enemy of the true plaything—and a casual observer might think we had lost our nerve and decided that hours of plain old having fun would no longer do. At second glance, fortunately, this impression fades. If some of the titles belong in university, not toy, catalogues, many of the scariest items turn out to be really delightful entertainment. And anyway, the toyshops are also packed with all kinds of wonders that make no pretense of doing children any serious good.

Among those masked entertainers is a new card game called Elemento. An indulgent uncle with a fourth- or fifth-grader to provide for might hesitate over this one, because the cards are printed with the symbols for the hundred and two chemical elements, from Ac (actinium) to Zr (zirconium), along with their atomic numbers and their atomic weights. But these esoterica, when the kids get down to playing, simply enable them to pair and match cards, and what looked like the freshman year at M.I.T. is actually a fine game, similar to rummy and scored in much the same manner. Most toy stores have it, at $3.95, and the price includes a wall chart of the periodic table of elements, in case any fifth-grader has absent-mindedly neglected to get it by heart. (Note: For a child who wants his rummy straight, F. A. O. Schwarz sells a regulation deck of playing cards, standard in every respect except size. They're seven inches tall, and $4.)

Continuing with science, we found ourselves delving into the wonders of static electricity, with the aid of a new toy called Crazy Atom Fiddlesticks. It may sound ominous—everything with the word "atom" in it sounds ominous nowadays, and the suggestion of a mad scientist twitching away at his reactor while Rome burns doesn't help—but it turns out to be a classic device in modern dress. (In one earlier version, the crazy atoms were happy clowns, but that was years ago.) The new design consists of two slender tubes of transparent plastic, eighteen inches long, into which have been sealed some tiny white balls. These are the "atoms." When the tubes are rubbed briskly, static electricity is produced, causing the balls to hop around hysterically and at the same time enabling the tubes to attract pieces of string and bits of paper, or repel the contents of an ashtray all over the floor, which is as much fun, surely, as any toy can be expected to provide; $1 at Childcraft, 155 East 23rd Street. The same shop sells a good four-inch bar magnet and a shaker full of iron filings, for $1.65. Besides introducing a child to the magnet's intrinsic fascination, this set permits him to perform one of the simplest and most beguiling of all scientific demonstrations—putting a magnet under a sheet of paper, pouring filings on top of the paper, and watching them form patterns corresponding to the magnet's lines of force. Mary Arnold, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th), also sells magnets—a trio of them, shaped like Life Savers but about twice as big, and labelled "Earth," "Sun," and "Moon." When they are gathered together on, say, a tabletop, they form a little planetary system of their own, their magnetic fields keeping them at proper distances from one another. The idea is to give a child a notion of the nature of the universe, and the price is $1, complete with a plastic case. And Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), offers a magnetic toy for youngsters who are just being introduced to the letters of the alphabet; it's a composition board, fourteen inches by twenty, accompanied by a set of slightly magnetized plastic letters that stick in place but can easily be pulled away if one is working on the problem of how to spell "MAMA." The set, which includes numbers as well as letters, is $3. A child who knows the numbers and is ready to do something with them might like learning to tell time if he had a fine big cardboard clockface with



New! Warner Wash! Gives professional washing care to girdles, bras, lingerie, woolens. Prolongs their life, preserves their looks. It's Warner's gentle-formula cold water soap. $1.50 for ten full ounces.

What's black
and white
and new
all over?

Warner's latest...greatest MERRY WIDOW...that's what!

Revel in the lightest, the loveliest, the *first* Merry Widow *ever* fashioned of 'New Dimension' Lycra, the new elastic fiber Warner's and DuPont worked hand in hand to develop... lighter and longer lasting than elastic's ever been! And you can zip *this* Merry Widow... solo... right up its lacy front! With its new "bare look," low-back flattery, it shapes you in a way that's almost wicked, whittles your middle while it gives a lovely lift with softest of nylon lace cups.* But, remember, darling, if it isn't by Warner's,® it just *isn't* a Merry Widow!® At your nicest stores. #1308. White, Black, Red Pepper. $16.50.

New and Young from Warner's

*(ANTRON® NYLON FRONT, ELASTIC OF NYLON, LYCRA® SPANDEX, POLYESTER)

The Margarita Hour

And Isn't It Always?

Si, senores, always it is time for CUERVO (pronounced kwair-vo) TEQUILA . . . the fabulous Mexican distilled liquor (pronounced by epicures as unsurpassed with your favorite mix for distinguished cocktails!) A suggestion: a CUERVO Tequila Margarita* . . . quintessence of sophisticated hospitality.

*Tequila Margarita: 1 oz. Cuervo Tequila, ½ oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. fresh lemon juice. Shake with ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass.

WHITE OR GOLD LABEL 86 PROOF

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

YOUNG'S MARKET CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

movable metal hands; $1 at Childplay, 203 West 14th Street.

For pre-premedical students, or just any child in the vicinity of nine, there's a sixteen-inch-tall Visible Woman on sale at most toyshops. Similar to last year's Visible Man, it is an assemble-disassemble project of transparent and colored plastic that shows the human body—well, most of the human body—from skin to skeleton. Visible Woman costs $4.95, and her name, no doubt, is Galatea. Is a boy you know headed for a career in electronics? We understand that growing crystals to supply the needs of electronics industries is about to become a profitable small business, but if he isn't quite ready for that (it's hard for fifth-graders to get adequate financing), he might enjoy making large-scale models of crystals with the Crystal Models Lab. This is on sale at the Science Materials Center, 59 Fourth Avenue (9th), and the equipment includes a hundred and twenty-six Styrofoam spheres, in several sizes and colors; a pair of jigs to hold the spheres in place during construction; and quantities of wire rods to connect them together. These components can be turned into big models of chemicals in crystalline form—sugar, say, or salt—by anybody who follows the photographs and diagrams in a forty-page booklet; $18.95. The Gilbert company offers a couple of nice science sets this year: a Physics Lab, with equipment and instructions for carrying out experiments in light, heat, optics, and fluid dynamics ($13.50), and a Lab Technician Set for Girls—specifically, girls who are less interested in getting their Ph.D.s than in wearing white coats. This set includes a microscope and some live shrimp eggs, which, when placed in salt water, will hatch into swimming shrimp in the course of twenty-four hours. The set is $14.98, and if by some wild chance the shrimp should grow to maturity, the next step presumably would come under the heading of cookery, which is an art, not a science. Both of these Gilbert sets are aimed at children from ten to fifteen years old. If you're simply looking for a serviceable microscope for a child, the Museum Shop of the American Museum of Natural History sells a remarkably compact plastic one, weighing only four ounces but equipped with three lenses—one-hundred-, two-hundred-, and three-hundred-power magnification—and an efficient focussing gear; $2.25. A variation on the microscope—a Micro Projector—does just what its name suggests: it projects, on a four-foot-square screen, anything the child

JACKETS!

Ours alone! Jackets and more jackets! For active or spectator sports. For town or country. *Seal or otter action-styled ski jackets $125.00 up. Spectator jackets—wolf or fox $150.00 up. Quilted print suburban and ski jackets $29.95. Ski parkas and waterproof sailing jackets*—nylons, cottons, silks, prints and solids, all colors! *$16.00 up.* Choose from our unparalleled collection. Every jacket an Andre original! All sizes or tailored to your shape.

ANDRE

21 West 56th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

HOTEL Fontainebleau

FREE GOLF
at our own Country Club

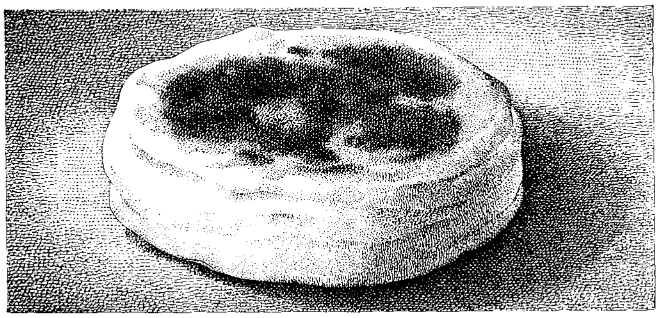
Cabana Club, 2 swimming pools,
Putting green, driving range,
tennis courts.
La Ronde Supper Club,
radio and TV in every room.
Parking on premises.

FOR BROCHURE & RATES
WRITE DIRECT OR
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Ben Novack, President
Duke Stewart, Manager

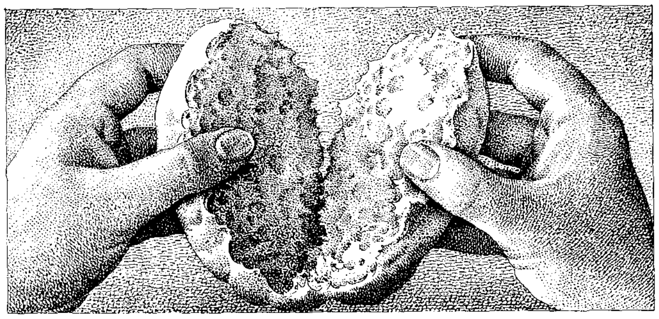
1,000 FEET OF OCEAN BEACH
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

An Educational Advertisement about the English Muffin



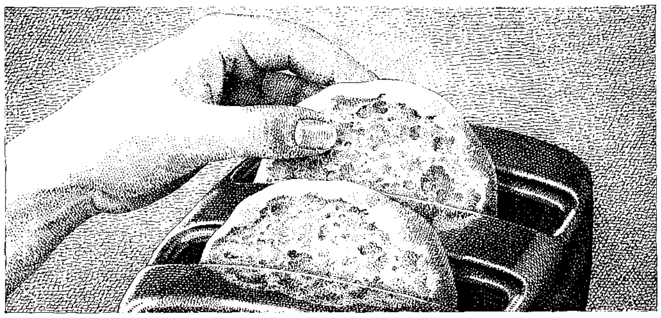
1. THIS IS AN ENGLISH MUFFIN

It happens to be the *original* Thomas' English Muffin. In truth, nothing else that *calls* itself an English Muffin can even begin to compare.



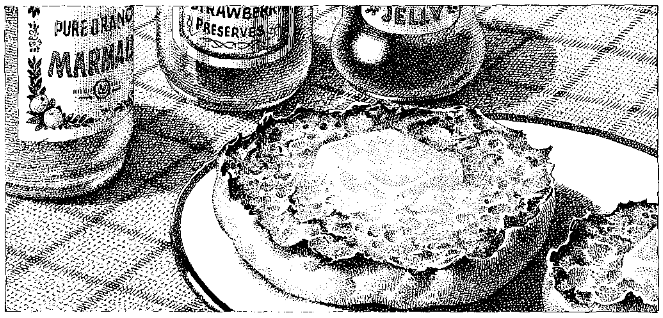
2. NEVER "KNIFE" *THE* ENGLISH MUFFIN

Pull gently apart *just before toasting*, turning it slowly as you pull. You may puncture edge beforehand. Presliced or machine-split muffins lose freshness, texture!



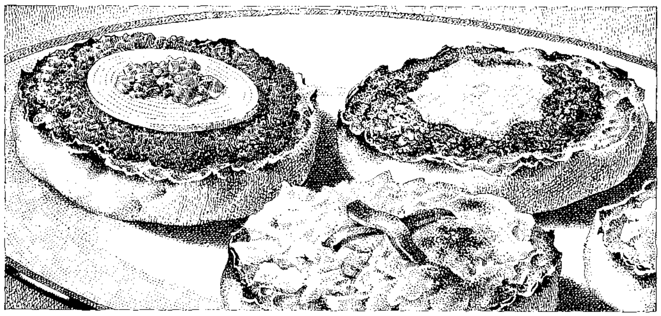
3. PUT THE HALVES IN YOUR TOASTER

See that wonderful surface texture of hills and valleys you've created by *pulling* the halves apart? They toast to golden perfection, eager to soak up melting butter.



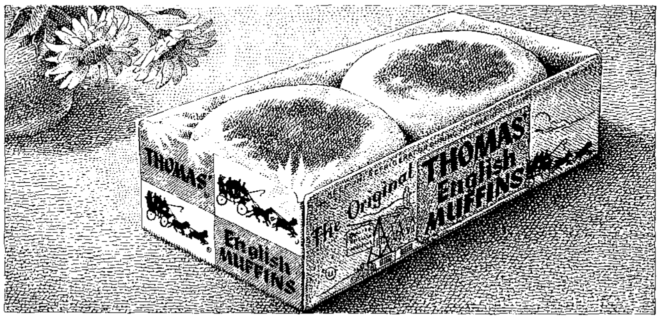
4. BRIGHTEN UP BREAKFAST

...by serving Thomas' English Muffins with aforementioned butter, jam, jelly or marmalade . . . or under a couple of yellow, yolk-spilling eggs!



5. PIZZA AND MUFFINBURGER RECIPES

...are on the back of the package. And you'll discover that there are dozens of other delicious and nourishing ways to serve Thomas' English Muffins, too.



6. ORDER THOMAS' BY NAME

Thomas' English Muffins are available in grocery stores and served at restaurants and luncheon counters when specified...by name. *Well worth specifying!*

It's like Sunday breakfast every day with...
Thomas' English Muffins...THOMAS' PROMISES!

S. B. Thomas, Inc., L. I. C. 1, N. Y.

for the perfect evening

American Express Company
CREDIT CARD
Your Signature
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE — NOT TRANSFERABLE
012 345 678 9
YOUR NAME
YOUR ADDRESS
YOUR CITY AND STATE
10 60

Where to, tonight?

Dinner . . . night club, perhaps?

Your American Express Credit Card Directory lists hundreds of choice restaurants . . . inns . . . night clubs . . . where you're welcome to "charge-it" with your American Express Credit Card.

Whatever your plans—wherever you go—*always* carry your American Express Credit Card. It can make *any* evening the "perfect evening"!

You'll find a complete listing of *all* Manhattan establishments—restaurants, shops, hotels, motels, travel agencies, car rental—that honor the American Express Credit Card—in the Manhattan Yellow Pages.

If you don't already have an American Express Credit Card, apply *now!*

American Express Credit Cards

30 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y. DIgby 9-1818

Look for this sign ®

cares to put on a glass slide, and magnifies it up to a thousand times. The projector itself is about a foot long and five inches wide, and, complete with screen, costs $18 at Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (33rd). The same store also sells a real telescope, with a focal length of twelve hundred millimetres, a 76.2 aperture, four eyepieces, magnifications of from sixty to six hundred, and a 2x Barlow lens. If you understand these imposing specifications, which is more than we do, you may not be surprised to learn that the price is $200. The point is that with it a young astronomer can see Jupiter and its moons.

Many of the large toyshops are selling a package called the Science of Photography Lab, which is our old friend the beginner's developing and printing set—and a handsome one, too. It has a developing tank, trays, an electric contact-print box, and all the necessary chemicals, plus, as an extra, added scientific attraction, a color spectroscope and some polarizing materials. It even includes the most elementary of cameras—a pinhole box model, about fifteen inches long and made of cardboard. The ensemble costs $19.95.

In getting up some of their scientific toys, the manufacturers have been so ingenious that a child's only responsibility is to play with the things. This is true of a marvel called the Solar Space Phone, a one-way telephone whose transmitter can send a voice to a receiver as much as a hundred yards away without using batteries or wires. It's done with mirrors and sunlight and a dash of magic, and the recipient also gets a map of the universe, with a spaceship timetable and some interplanetary-distance charts, to show what the toymakers have in mind for next Christmas. One Solar Space Phone costs $6.98, but Stern, which sells it, reports that many parents are buying two, in order to make repartee possible. Not the least of this set's attractions—for parents anyway—is that when the sun sets all space conversations end. A toy called the Tantalizer also involves a mirror. This mirror stands upright at one end of a twelve-by-fourteen-inch Masonite board, with a metal shield at the other end that prevents the player from seeing the surface of the board—and, more important, his own hands—except by looking into the mirror. The trick is working with an assortment of accompanying props, including some puzzles to be put together, while depending on the mirror image. It's a Tantalizer, all right, but the way

HILL-DAY

Southward bound?

Take along this early-blooming blouse . . . beautifully tailored by Hill-Day in fine cotton broadcloth from Switzerland. *For the south now, summer later!* About $11.00. For nearest store, write to HILL-DAY INC., 110 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

ours alone—from Switzerland

Beautifully printed pure silk squares with appealing *Poodles*, delightful *Dachshunds*, or handsome *Siamese Cats* on glowing background colors of red, blue, white or beige. A welcome gift to any winter wardrobe! 27" square, $7.50. Add 35¢ for postage and handling.

ESTABLISHED 1898

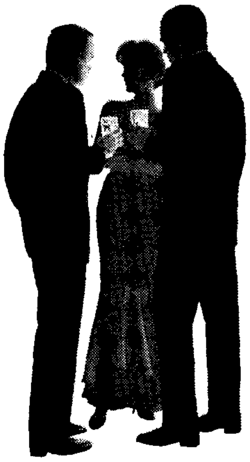
MAX LITTWITZ INC.

801 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.

things are going in the toy world this year, we're surprised that it wasn't labelled something like the Psychological Space Perception Reorientation Lab. It costs $4.95 at Schwarz and Rappaport. Schwarz also sells a disassembled transistor-powered broadcasting station. When it's put together, it's about the size of a telephone, and nine-year-olds can entertain their households by butting in on whatever program the family radio is broadcasting. The transmitter is $15.55, with batteries. (In reporting on electrical toys, we quote all-inclusive prices, but since some toys are sold with batteries and the like as extras, you'd do well to make sure that you've actually bought a complete outfit.) One of the biggest radio-operated items we've seen this year is an airplane with a fuselage nearly three feet long and a four-foot wingspread. Its engine runs on Glo-Fuel, a substance familiar to any member of the high-school crowd who might be interested in this craft, and the thing actually flies, with the pilot handling the controls from the ground by means of a small radio transmitter. The lucky owner of this big beauty must take out a Citizens Radio License, but this is free and the Federal Communications Commission will be glad to provide its Form 505 for the purpose; the price of the plane, which is called the Okie, is $150, at Polk.

CYBERNETICS, anyone? Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (83rd), offers a modest battery-powered computer, about nine inches long and five inches wide, that will add, subtract, multiply, and divide. It won't predict the outcome of elections, but then some of the more expensive models have trouble with that, too; $5.38. At the Hammond Map Store, 1 East 43rd Street, there is an extremely handsome pair of transparent Lucite globes, one inside the other, that demonstrate the relation of the earth to the heavens. The inner globe represents the earth, and the outer one is marked with stars and the ecliptic circle. In the space between, there's the sun, and one can locate the geographic zenith of the sun and stars at any time any day of the year; $49.50. And a great many stores are selling an eighteen-inch-square jigsaw puzzle that forms a celestial map. Each of the pieces (there are about sixty) is a familiar constellation. The puzzle is made of laminated cardboard and costs $1.95. (For beginning jigsaw fans, by the way, Childplay has some very simple puzzles—only six pieces—that fit together into gay pictures of firemen,

A Scotch with Authority



light, but not thin

BELL'S
12
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD
12
BELL'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
SPECIAL RESERVE

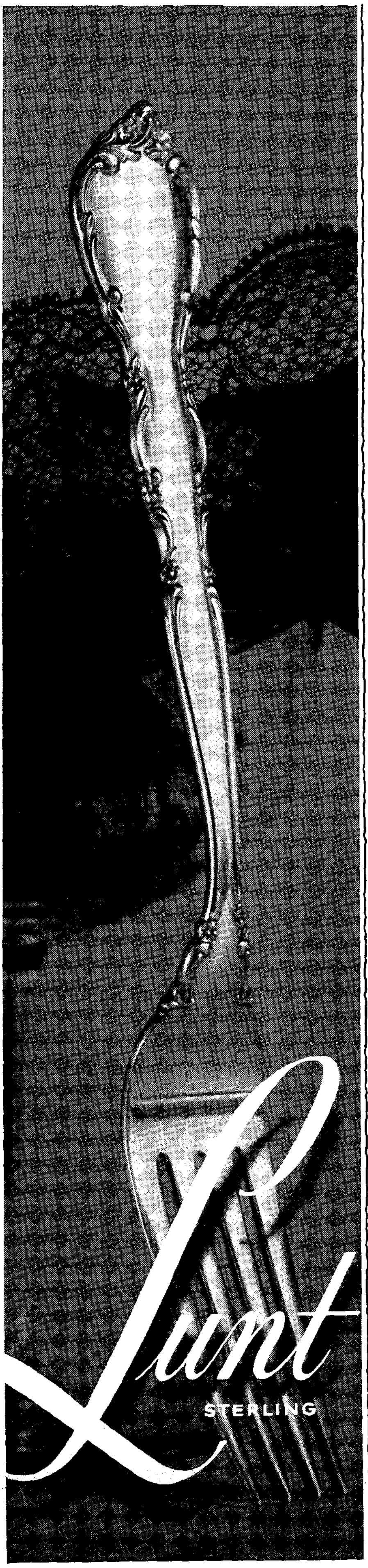
It's the pleasant character of Bell's Scotch Whisky that makes it such a favorite with Highlanders themselves. No gentler Scotch was ever made—yet its taste has real *authority*. When the whisky in your glass is Bell's, *you'll know you're drinking something!*

Bell's "12" (Royal Vat) Mellowed for twelve years in the wood, it has reached the age of greatness.

Bell's Special Reserve An exceptional Scotch at a popular price. Light as Bell's "12," and its equal in everything but years.

BELL'S SCOTCH

86 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ARTHUR BELL & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, PERTH, SCOTLAND. EST. 1825. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.



THIS IS LUNT'S MIGNONETTE.

For information write: Lunt Sterling, Dept. Y-18, Greenfield, Massachusetts

policemen, garages, and so on, about as big as a sheet of typewriter paper. They are made of wood and they cost $1.50.) If you know a child who likes collecting (and what child doesn't?), take a look at the fossils sold at the Museum of Natural History's Museum Shop. A splendid variety of specimens are on hand at modest prices; for instance, a set of ten Lower Cretaceous fossils (mostly ferns and shells) mounted on a card costs only $1.

You may be glad to know that the toymakers, in their enthusiasm for the natural sciences, have not entirely overlooked the social sciences, and have, in fact, created several board-and-token games, by Parcheesi out of Monopoly, that are based on history or economics. The young military historian should be entranced by a game called Gettysburg ($4.95), which is designed to let two participants refight, and even rewrite, the battle; a fast-moving Rebel can get Longstreet into action in time to save the day for Lee. And Diplomacy ($7.50), concentrating on history in the making, is, naturally, a game whose players are supposed to tap their profoundest resources of guile. (Next Christmas, parents may be looking for a game called Ethics.) Both of these are sold at Brentano, and so is Management ($4.95), in which junior tycoons take out loans, make capital investments, keep balance sheets, and drive each other into bankruptcy. In Stock Exchange, the players speculate in such common stocks as Genuine Motors, Generous Foods, and American Tabasco, and no grownup needs to be told how tricky *this* game is; $4.95 at Rappaport. Then, there's a game all-inclusively entitled Life ($6, almost everywhere), which gives each player a pretty generous start—$2,000 and a new car—and asks him to decide whether, say, he'll go to college or cash in his life-insurance policies. The Life winner makes a million dollars. The loser might prepare himself for a steady job by practicing on Bloomingdale's toy switchboard, which makes realistic buzzing noises when one of its four plugs is plugged into one of its four jacks. There's no headphone but there's a dial slightly smaller than a real phone dial for the operator—who is expected to be slightly smaller than a real operator. It won't connect a young investor with his broker, or anybody else, but perhaps that's all to the good; $4.98.

THE style range offered in building blocks and construction sets this season is fairly wide. For a five-year-

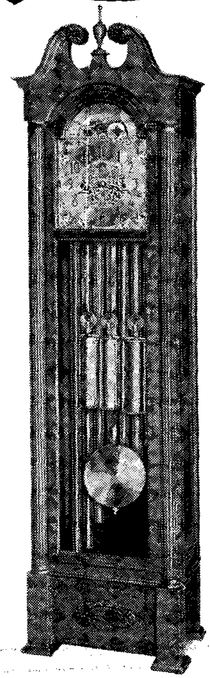
BONWIT
TELLER

GALA PLACE CARD HOLDERS

Brighten up your holiday table with Bonwit's exclusive rose-shaped place card holders. Done in gold-colored or silver-colored metal, about 1½" wide. 4.00 each. Mail and phone orders.

Gifts and Antiques

At all Bonwit stores.


HEIRLOOM

of the FUTURE

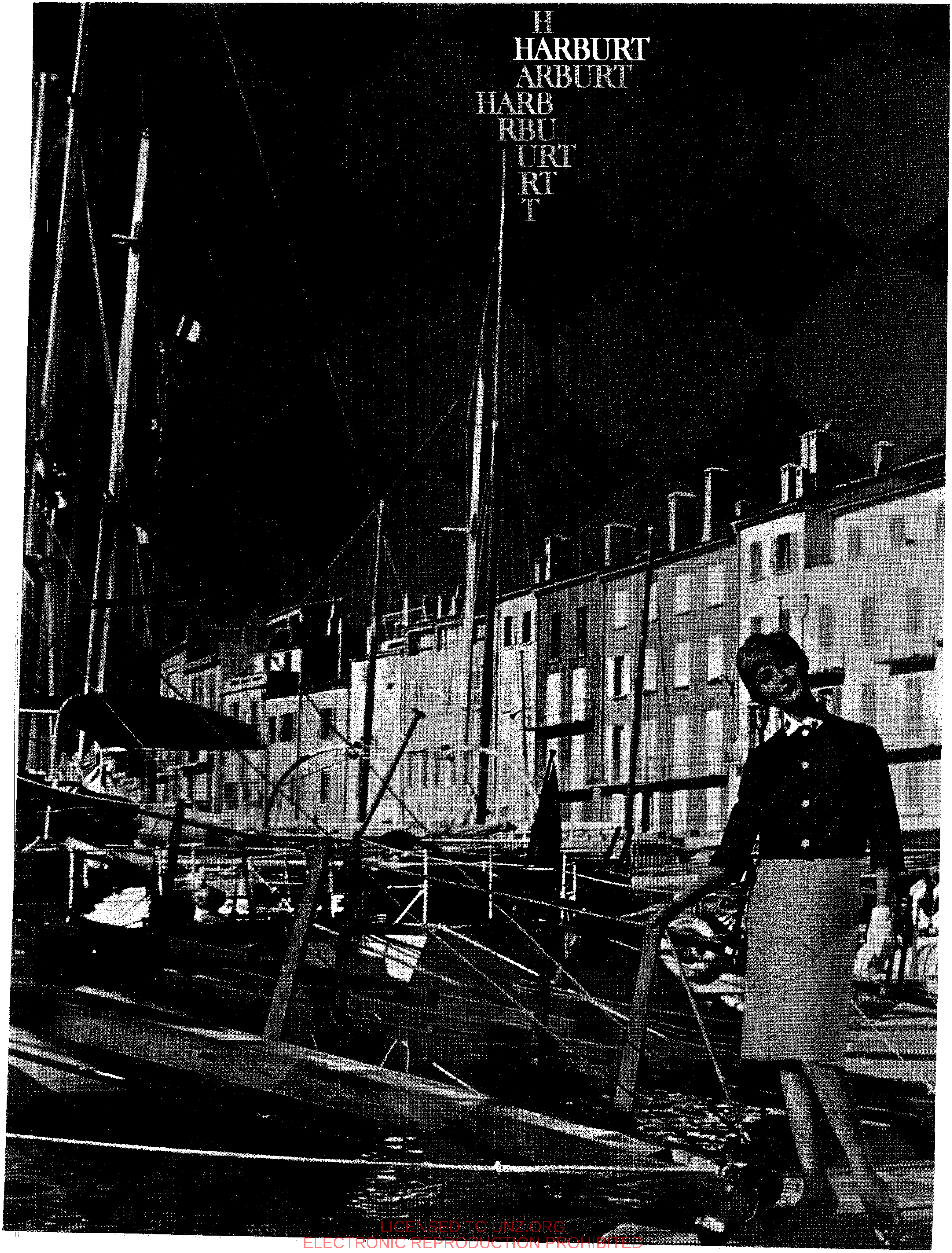
The rich distinguished beauty of the Whittier will give a lifetime of pleasure to you, your grand-children—and their children, as it marks the passing hours with its soft, mellow, tubular bell chimes. Honduras mahogany case, 8-day, key-wound, weight-driven movement. 80" high, 20½" wide. Westminster chimes alone, or three chimes — Westminster, Canterbury and Whittington. See the Whittier now—at your dealers.

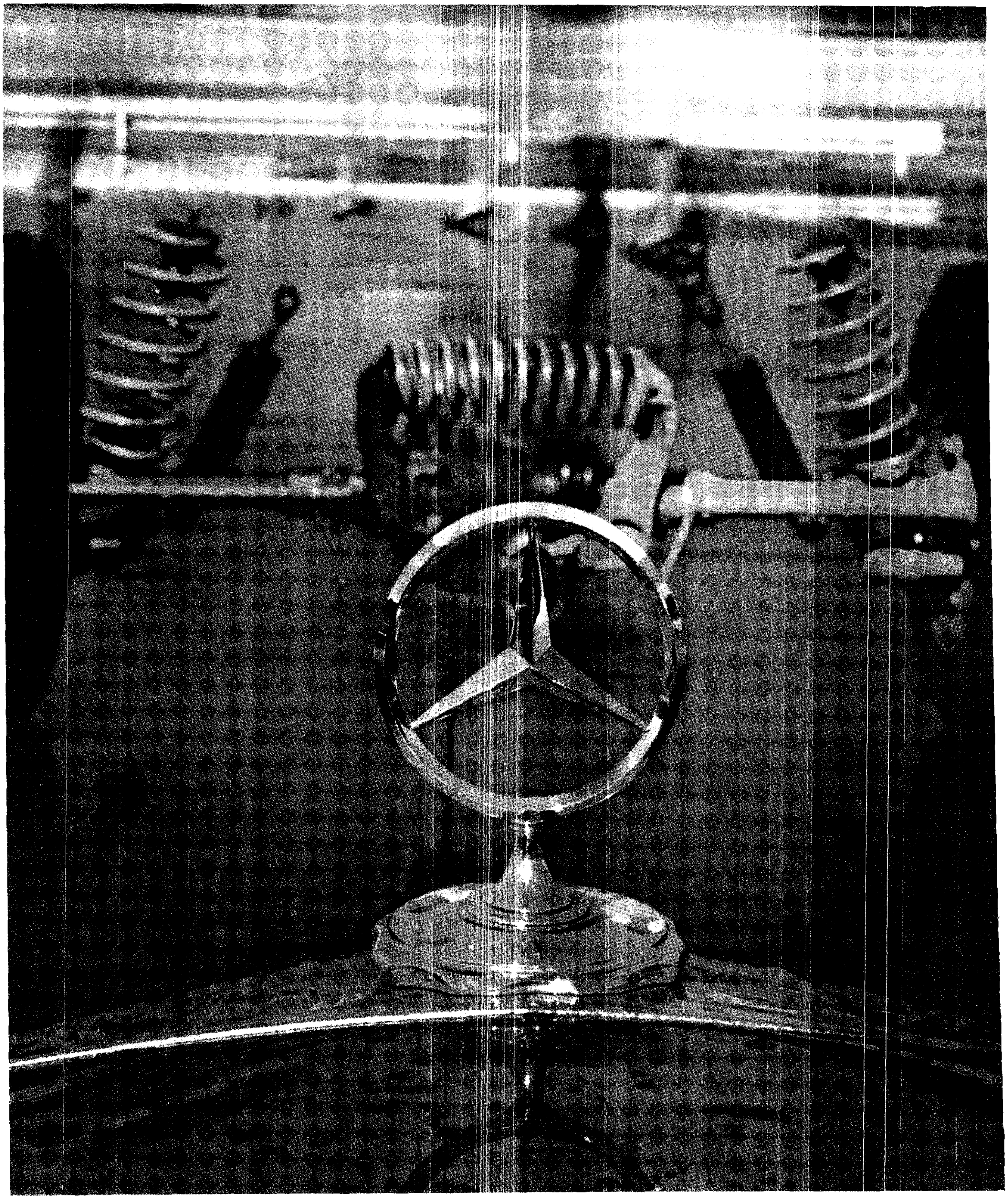
Write for color brochures of all Herschede and Revere clocks.

The **HERSCHEDE** Hall Clock Co.
Starkville, Mississippi

AMERICAN CLASSIC LANDS IN FRANCE

en in St. Tropez, tone-on-tone coordinates in light bright colors. Bright green over light mint, light mint/bright green, lilac/grape, aqua/peacock. 65% Dacron uPont polyester fiber), 35% pima cotton in stain and wrinkle-resistant Multigard® finish. Skirt, about $12. Jacket, about $13. Pants (not shown), about $12. zes 7 to 15, 8 to 18. Harburt of Boston, 1407 Broadway, NY. Bloomingdale's, NYC and branches; J. W. Robinson, California; Stix, Baer and Fuller, St. Louis.





This spring does an amazing thing. Here is a Mercedes-Benz rear axle, a swing axle. When one wheel hits a bump, it never disturbs the tranquility of the other, nor of the passengers riding above it. The horizontal spring (used on the 220, 220S/SE sedans and the 300SL) keeps the inside wheel on the ground when the car is cornering, so that traction is even throughout a turn. As a result, the ride is more comfortable, secure and safer than other cars. Mercedes-Benz is the only car in the world to employ this axle on passenger cars. It was originally developed and used on record-breaking Mercedes-Benz racing cars. This is but one aspect of the advanced engineering characteristic of Mercedes-Benz cars. These and other virtues make Mercedes-Benz the car of connoisseurs, and the three-pointed star, the proudest symbol on any road. Mercedes-Benz cars include sedans, convertibles and sports cars. Prices range from about $3,300 to $13,000. Ask your Mercedes-Benz dealer for a demonstration. European delivery arranged by your Mercedes-Benz dealer at overseas prices.

Mercedes-Benz Sales, Inc. *(A Subsidiary of Studebaker-Packard Corporation)*

old who is fond of French Provincial, Altman sells a box filled with enough wooden blocks to build "Mon Village," a charming small town consisting of a church, a windmill, and a red-turreted château; $8.50. For the contemporary-minded, a construction set of a hundred and ninety-seven steel panels called the Curtain Wall Builder includes plans for several modern skyscrapers or factories. These panels—and the finished buildings, of course—are on the same scale as the most popular electric trains (HO gauge) and will therefore fit in perfectly with many model railroaders' landscaping ambitions; $5, at most stores. (A Curtain Wall skyscraper might be topped off with a New York City flag, four by six inches—a huge pennant by HO standards—on a ten-inch staff; seventy-five cents, at the Museum of the City of New York.) For younger architects, whose tastes run to a sort of Abstract Expressionism, Schwarz sells, at $6.95, a nesting set of bright-colored, cylindrical plastic boxes, which can be piled up into a lovely tower, thirty-one inches tall. The only purpose this edifice serves is to be knocked down, put up, and knocked down again, thus combining self-expression and action for action's sake in a truly satisfactory manner. Rappaport offers a wooden-block construction set with no style but with all the utility in the world; it includes wheels, axles, shafts, and ingenious joints, and with it an imaginative four-to-eight-year-old could build almost anything from a doll's cradle to a working crane; $10.

Nearly every toy store sells a kit whose recipient can assemble a quarter-scale model of a V-8 automobile engine about fourteen inches long. Its components are of transparent plastic, so that all the works are visible. A little electric motor (flashlight batteries) moves the pistons up and down, tiny lights indicate the action of the sparkplugs, and—well, it does almost everything except burn oil. The price is $11.25. And Polk offers two interesting assembly toys. The first makes a weather predictor—or, at any rate, a little house in which two figures live, except that one or the other is always going outside to forecast rain or shine. This is $2.98. The second contains all the parts for a ten-inch-high cuckoo clock that, when assembled (a booklet tells how), really runs and cuckoos. The works are metal and the outside is a light-colored wood, busily decorated in the best Black Forest tradition; $10.50.

Now a couple of delightful novelties for the novice artist. First of all, a col-

DAGENS NYHETER.
Tisdagen den 20 september 1960
NTEN FOR HAMMARSKJÖLD
ev spelar fredsroll
77 dödsoffer i flygkrasch på djungelön
Försoningsgester
World-wide...
HINE
le Cognac sec!
HINE
COGNAC
THE DRY COGNAC BRANDY

In Stockholm, as in other world capitals, the dry delight of Hine Cognac has made it the choice in finest homes and dining places. Hine, preferred since 1763, because it is the *dry* Cognac.

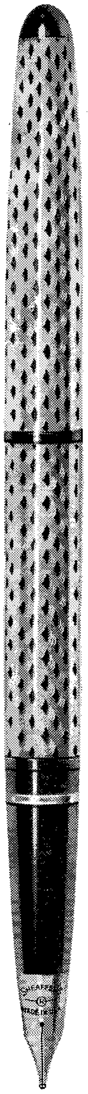
"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. COGNAC BRANDY • 84 PROOF

How to play Santa for $10.00

Give her Lady Sheaffer, a jewel of a pen! The warmth and charm of a lady's handwriting can only be captured by a good fountain pen. And here's the most feminine one of all! The Lady Sheaffer pen shuns ink bottles, refills cleanly, easily with drop-in cartridges of *Skrip* writing fluid. Illustrated: Paisley pen with gold-colored accents, $10; matching pen and pencil set is just $14.95.

SHEAFFER'S

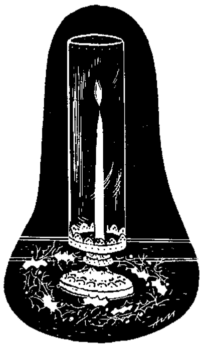
©1960, W. A. S. P. CO., SHEAFFER PENS, MAICO HEARING AIDS



SHEAFFER'S
Skrip

oring book that warrants cheers and hurrahs. It's a big one—fourteen by nearly twenty inches—and the drawings to be tinted are blown-up copies of Ernest H. Shepard's illustrations for the A. A. Milne books. It's called "The Colorful Land of Pooh and Christopher Robin," and it's the first in a series, with a coloring-book version of Tenniel's "Alice" promised next. *This* book, to keep our minds on *this* Christmas, costs $3, at Scribners, 597 Fifth Avenue (48th), among other places. The drawings are backed with blank pages, so that the most successful efforts can be taken out and framed. Hanlan, at 51 Greenwich Avenue (near Sixth Avenue), is strong for Pointillism. It sells a gift called Daffy Drops and consisting of eight tubes that emit their paints one little blob at a time, so everything turns out to look like Seurat. Besides these remarkable tubes, the set contains sheets of letterhead-size paper, plus a cardboard frame to enhance the child's closest approximation of "La Grande Jatte;" $2. And Gimbel purveys a Watercolor Stencil Set that bypasses brushes in favor of four little rollers (like the big rollers that adult do-it-yourselfers use on walls), each impregnated with a bright color. With these, a bowl of water, and the accompanying stencils, the young artist can turn out letters, numbers, and animal shapes. The water colors dry fast, but if they should be stencilled on anything except paper—on the painter himself, perhaps—they can be washed off with no trouble at all. Art-education experts recommend ordinary pebbles as supplies for the beginning mosaicist, and Polk has put together a generous quantity of small dyed stones, which it offers along with a twelve-by-fourteen-inch board on which they can be glued in pretty, pre-drawn patterns; $5. If the artist you have in mind is beyond pebbles and ready to work with bits of tile, you will find his every need supplied at Childplay—a shop that carries an immense variety of arts-and-crafts materials, including shells, pipe cleaners, and bamboo beads. Its mosaic-tile kit, which we were starting to tell you about, consists of a bag full of small colored ceramic tiles (two pounds of them, amounting to some three hundred), a dozen Masonite squares on which to assemble them, four ounces of white cement, and a metal tile cutter; $4.25.

There's a brand-new mechanical-art toy, known as the Etch-a-Sketch, on sale at Childcraft. It's a seven-by-nine-inch glass screen set in a plastic frame with two knobs on it; one knob produces vertical lines on the screen and the other produces horizontals, and the variety of patterns that can be worked out is infinite. (Loose graphite is somehow responsible.) When the etching has been finished and admired by every one of the relatives assembled for Christmas dinner, the young artist turns the gadget upside down and gives it a shake, whereupon the picture is gone, the screen is bare, and we're ready for another opus; $3.95.



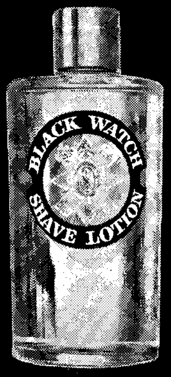
Some educators frown on the old-fashioned windup toy, asking, rather sternly, what further activity it can lead to. The answer is, of course, that it leads to desperate repair activity just as soon as the spring breaks. Despite the experts, windup toys remain a Christmas staple, and, if they lack longevity, what they have, while they last, is pizazz. For example, Bloomingdale offers a windup bucking bronco, eight and a half inches long, for $1.98, and when he bucks, he *really* bucks—although he never does manage to throw his cowboy rider. And since so many children nowadays never see a horse and wagon except in television Westerns, your youngster might be delighted by a chance to study a working model of this ancient rig at his leisure. Schwarz thinks so, anyway. It sells a jointed plastic horse who bobs his head, and even stretches his neck, as he seemingly pulls along a wooden wagon. Actually, the spring motor is concealed in the wagon, and the horse isn't pulling, he's being pushed. The over-all length of the outfit is seventeen inches and the price is $13.95. And at Best there's a ten-inch tan-and-white musical plush bear who crusades tirelessly for dental hygiene. He holds a toothbrush in his paw, and when he's wound up, he brings it up to his muzzle. Bruin never opens his mouth, so he never really uses the toothbrush, and he may not actually have any teeth. Still, he's handsome, he seems wise, the music box inside him plays a lively tune, and if he can't get his message across, who can? He's $4.95.

CHILDREN are fascinated by all sorts of vehicles, which is not to be wondered at, because their parents are, too. In the elementary, or pull-toy, class, we admired the sturdy wooden

"Seagram's use of TV Guide interests me—a print tie-in with TV sports . . ."

TV GUIDE

WATCH WHAT BLACK WATCH DOES FOR A MAN!



the man's fragrance
for around-the-clock distinction
•
shave lotion or cologne, $2.50 plus tax

BLACK WATCH

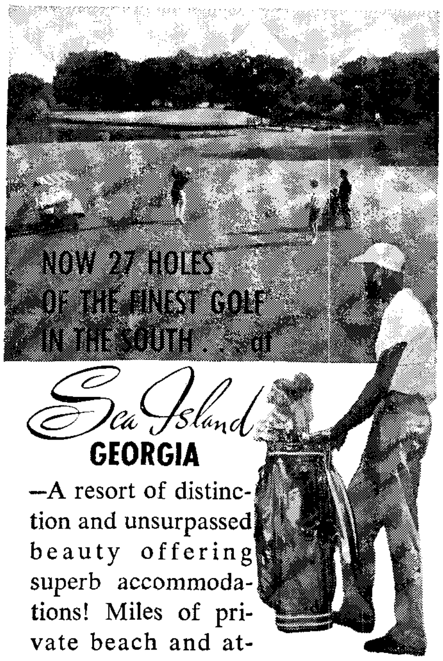
created for men by
PRINCE MATCHABELLI

ambulance, more than a foot long and six inches high, with a bell on its roof, that Schwarz recommends for pullers between two and five. It comes with three wooden passengers—a driver, an interne, and a patient on a stretcher—and it costs $5. Then, too, Schwarz offers an energetic little concoction called the Flying Saucer, seven and a half inches in diameter, which is as much a vehicle as it is anything else. It rolls on four rubber wheels and is shaped something like a hat, with the words "Space Patrol" printed on its brim. But talk about action! The saucer, which is powered by three flashlight batteries, runs all over the floor, changing direction whenever it meets an obstruction, flashes red and green lights, and supports a floating Styrofoam ball on a jet of air, which it blows out of its top; $3.95.

For $1 apiece, the Toy Mart, 630 Fifth Avenue (50th), sells a six-inch cement mixer that revolves impressively and a nine-inch fire engine with a swivelling cab and an extension ladder. They are made of tin and roll on their own wheels when pushed. And at Hanlan, among other New York shops, there's a line of meticulous scale-model miniatures from England, called Matchbox Cars—a reference to their very small size, which is three inches or less. Their wheels revolve, and they come in sets of half a dozen or so. One five-piece assortment, called Models of Yesteryear, contains a steam engine, an old American steam locomotive, a double-decker bus, and antique Bentley and Mercedes racing cars; $2.95.

On battery power, once again, there's a fire engine at Best, about a foot long, equipped with a ladder that can be raised by the push of a lever. When it is answering an alarm, bells ring, lights flash, and one of its three firemen eagerly flourishes his hatchet; $6.35. Gimbel has two state troopers operating a battery-powered jeep with a lighted radar screen on top. When the car stops, one of the officers picks up a telephone, gets his orders, and hangs up, whereupon the jeep races off after the bad guys; $4.29.

Model Motoring is a road-racing layout that, being a cousin of the electric train, is built to HO scale, and that offers two children a chance to race cars safely while they are waiting for their own hot rods. It has a two-lane figure-eight roadway and two racing cars (a two-inch Mercedes and a two-inch Jaguar), each with its own electric motor and its own speed-control box, and the whole affair works on house current, through a transformer, just like an

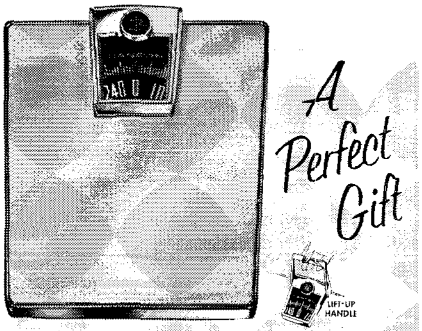


GEORGIA
—A resort of distinction and unsurpassed beauty offering superb accommodations! Miles of private beach and attractive Club. Tennis, fishing, riding, lawn sports, orchestra nightly and *27 holes of championship golf.*

Reasonable American Plan Rates
Air-conditioned • Rental homes

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island • Georgia

Write direct for Booklet W, . . . See Travel Agent or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. CIrcle 5-8055.



HANSON Venus Weighmaster

Electric Light-up-dial. Chrome body and trim with white DuPont "Mylar" mat. Only 1¾" high. Concealed fold down handle. Accurate on carpet or tile. $11.95
HANSON SCALE CO. *(Est. 1888)* Northbrook, Ill.

IN WASHINGTON, D.C. IT'S PROTOCOL TO DINE AT

DUKE ZEIBERT'S
RESTAURANT / 1730 L ST. N.W.

electric railroad. A most satisfactory, hair-raising race can be run, and if the tires don't actually squeal on the turns, the players will. Rappaport charges $24.95 for the track, the cars, a cross-over trestle, guardrails, control boxes, transformer, and wiring.

SPEAKING of electric trains (and you couldn't have supposed we'd report on Christmas toys *without* speaking of electric trains), we'd like to bring you up to date on a few of the Lionel Company's latest additions to its rolling stock. Some of the new items are fairly warlike, among them a flatcar carrying a removable submarine, which can—and very likely will—fulfill its mission in the bathtub ($8.95); a flatcar carrying four missiles, which can be fired one at a time ($7.95); and a track-side missile-launching platform, about a foot square, with an accompanying ammunition dump that explodes from time to time (whenever one of the flatcar's missiles hits it), and yet is always ready to explode again ($6.95). General John B. Medaris, former commander of the Army's Ballistic Missile Agency, is the new president of the Lionel Company, and we understand now why a man of his background was needed. We'd like to think that the helicopter riding still another Lionel flatcar ($7.95) is assigned to fly rescue missions only, but we really can't be certain. However, since this is the season of good will, we're positive that Lionel's U.S. Mail car, whose postal clerk intermittently opens the door and tosses out a sack of mail, is delivering last-minute Christmas cards; $7.95. And surely nothing could be cheerier than thoughts of the circus. Lionel has created a circus car carrying a giraffe who stretches his neck, looks out speculatively through an opening in the car's roof, and then, thinking better of it, ducks back; $6.95. All these cars are about eleven inches long, and they're on sale nearly everywhere.

Schwarz has a fine battery-powered freight locomotive, with four cars (roughly HO-gauge size), which operates on a forty-by-twenty-six-inch oval track augmented by two sidings, so that a lad can switch the tank car, for instance, off into the yard and just let it sit there as long as he chooses. The outfit is simple, durable, and $16.95. Gimbel has a battery-powered HO-gauge train that runs around a three-foot oval and can stop at a sixty-piece cardboard village; $6.29. We certainly don't want to sound the least bit pessimistic, but the Madison Hard-

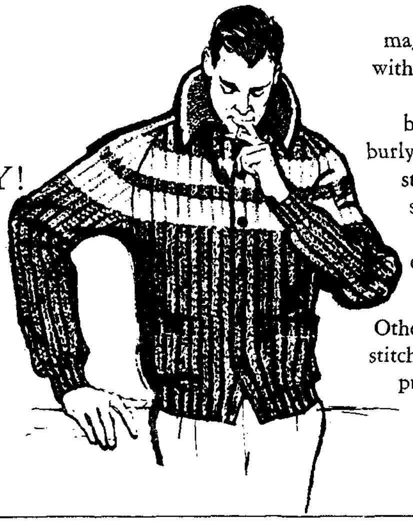
• FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

Fenn-Feinstein OF NEW HAVEN

IF THIS IS HIS DREAM WINTER PLAYGROUND...

THIS IS HIS DREAM CHRISTMAS GIFT!

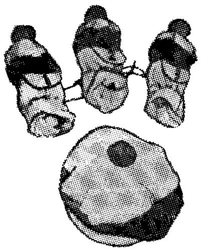
SUN VALLEY!



It is a sweater. A jacket. A magnificent 100% mohair knit with a hand-crocheted air. Made just for us—by one of Italy's boldest designers. Bulky and burly-collared, it sports handsome stripes in the horizontal—and smoked pearl buttons. Black, grey or beige, with contrast colors in ribbing and stripes. A standout—at $50.

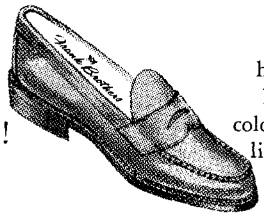
Other bulky knits: Scottish cable stitch, Irish knit or Shetland wool pullovers. Hand frame-knitted brushed sweaters. Cashmere pullovers and cardigans. From $14.50 to $49.50.

BURNING TREE!



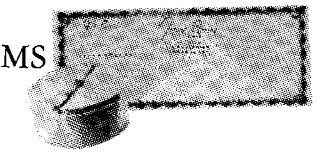
Three club caps and a matching head cap of polished water-repellent cotton—topped with pom poms. Here's a set that puts any golfer in the country club set. Adjustable cap fits any head size. Gold with black trim, natural with brown, black with white or red with black. Boxed, $10. Additional club cover, $2.50.

MT. TREMBLANT!



Our own durable moccasin handsewn vamp of fine mellow calf. It has flexibility—comfort—a rich color—a special look. All-leather heel, light flexible sole and snug ankle fit. Brown or black. $16.95.

IF HE HAS OTHER DREAMS



Give him our Gift Certificate in any denomination—or a special Hat Gift Certificate, in its own gift box with miniature hat. $15. to $35.

P.S. You will find a wealth of new gift answers in our new Christmas catalog. Write or phone PLaza 9-8630.

Frank Brothers

OUTFITTERS TO THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN

9 East 57th Street, New York • 633 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
264 York Street, New Haven • Worth Avenue and Country Road, Palm Beach

FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

Shoreline*

Superb
stainless
with
flowing
grace and
beauty!

Beauty in motion—the sweep and symmetry of beautiful Shoreline in Solid Stainless by Oneida! Luxurious in weight and "feel", superbly balanced, Shoreline comes in lustrous satin finish. 16 pc. for 4, $22.95. 24 pc. for 6, $34.95. 50 pc. for 8, $59.95.

SOLID STAINLESS
by Oneida

Nature makes it carefree...
Oneida makes it beautiful!

Oneidacraft* Premier Stainless crafted by Oneida Silversmiths
*Trademarks. © 1960, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

ware Company, at 105 East 23rd Street, specializes in repairing electric trains of all kinds. The average job, they tell us, takes about two weeks.

Some model-railroaders are as much interested in fitting out a model terrain for their trains to run through as they are in the trains themselves, and the possibilities here are innumerable, especially on that omnipresent HO scale. Schwarz has two particularly useful assortments calculated to lend verisimilitude to the scene—a generous collection of HO-size shrubbery including thirteen trees, at $3, and a thirty-two-piece set of people, automobiles, cows, horses, and goats (and finding a sound HO-scale goat has not always been easy, let us assure you), at $6.75. A rule of thumb for Christmas shoppers seems to be that parents naturally incline toward majestic scenery, like the Rockies, or fat farming country, like southern Illinois, while boys and girls love a heavily industrialized, smog-producing, noisy landscape—just the sort of thing urban planners are trying to get rid of. Hence Polk's HO-gauge Esso-refinery layout—two storage tanks, a tank-truck station, and a drum-filling station—which sells for $17.94, to say nothing of its working trackside sawmill, at $16.95, and its automatic coal chute that pours imitation coal into any open coal car that happens to pull up beside it. This last is $12.95, and it comes in kit form, to be assembled. Extra coal sells at the bargain rate of forty-five cents for about three-quarters of a pint. For a contrast, of sorts, to all this metropolitan modernity, there's an HO-scale windmill, sold by Macy, that is supposed to be powered by a steam engine, thus totally confusing the history of technology ($7.98), and there's a blacksmith shop, at Stern, with a blacksmith who, thanks to an engine that runs on a dry fuel sold in tablet form, pounds on an anvil ($9.98).

If it's a ferryboat you're looking for, Gimbel has a beauty, but it's built with the tub-toy set in mind, rather than the model railroader. Eighteen inches long and made of plastic, it has a ramp at each end and locking gates on its deck, and it carries eighteen small removable vehicles that don't mind getting wet and soapy. In addition to floating, the boat can also be pulled along the ground on its own wheels; $2.88. For out-of-doors boating, and a much older skipper, Polk sells a four-foot battery-powered cabin cruiser that is radio-controlled at distances up to twelve hundred yards—a feature that should obviate those anxious moments when a model

S. F. A's silver
sunflower to give—17.50*

Our server holds a glass bowl high for easy reaching, dip-ables are arrayed on the petals. Gleaming long after the holidays, we can't imagine a more original gift. Richly silver-plated, it stands on pedestal feet and is 11½" in diameter. Guest and Gift Shop, 14 East 50th Street. *Fed. tax included. Mail and phone orders filled.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
at Rockefeller Center, New York · White Plains · Springfield, N. J.
Detroit · Beverly Hills · San Francisco

Piazza
Montici
Originals

Enchanting butterfly paper-weight in white, jade or Malachite alabaster. 3¼" x 3". $4.50
Original one-of-a-kind Montici inlaid marble cigarette box. 4" x 3" x 1¼". $75.00

No C.O.D.'s please, add 75c for delivery.
Send for illustrated Christmas Brochure

the Piazza Montici
19 East 55th St., New York, N.Y. PL 5-8826

for the finest from Mexico

angels at
Christmas

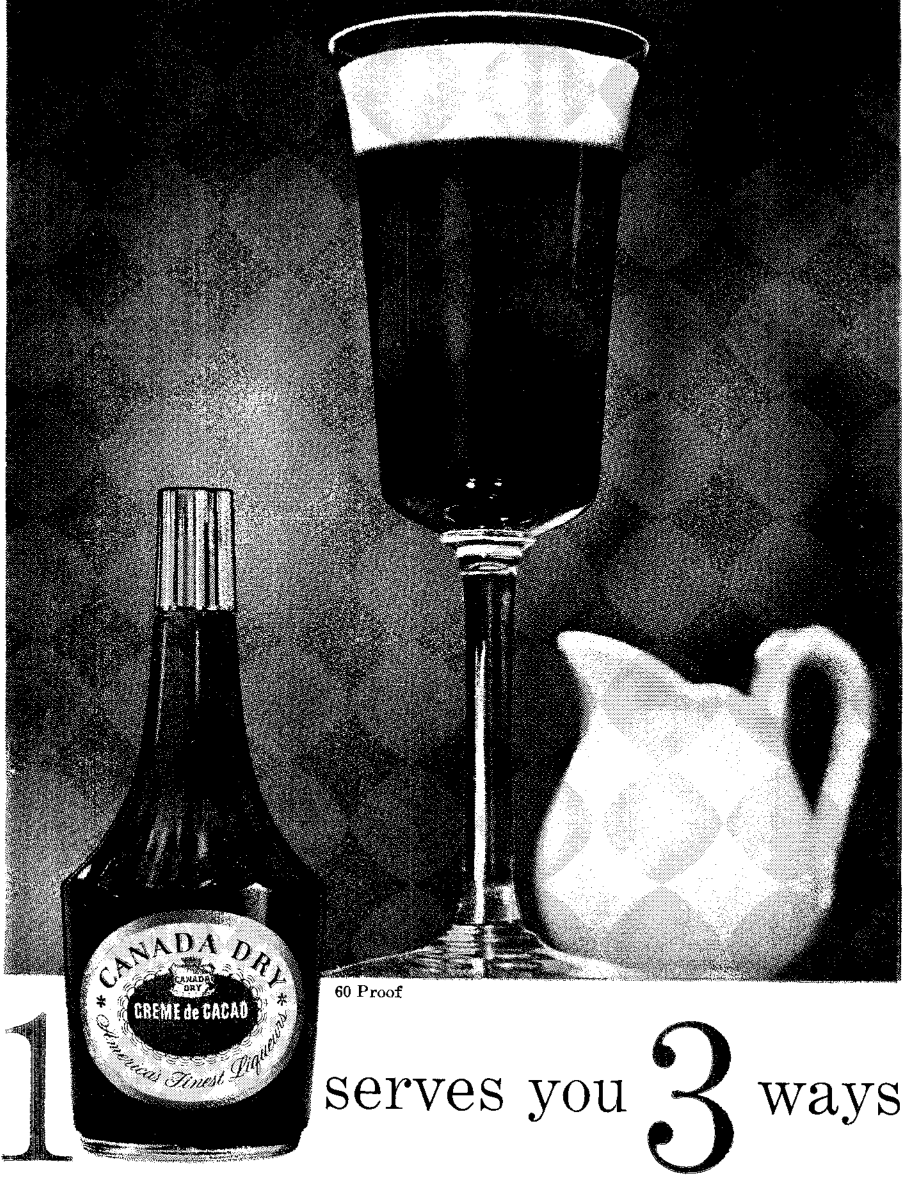
Our black ceramic angels from Coyotepec . . . designed in an ancient tradition.
approx 5" high 2.50 approx 10" 3.50
add 75¢ postage
write for
free catalogue

THE PHOENIX
PAN AMERICAN SHOP
793 Lexington, N.Y.C. • 1514 Wisconsin, Washington, D.C.

craft seems helplessly adrift in the center of the Seventy-second Street pond in Central Park. This one must be ordered in advance, and runs into money—$249.95, complete with radio.

FROM models of vehicles suitable for pulling or watching we turn to toys that can be ridden on or in, of which the prototype—the rocking horse himself—remains as popular as ever. At $10.98, Bloomingdale has one just like the first rocking-horse image that comes into your mind: a sturdy steed, two feet tall, wooden, brightly painted, and with a slightly wild look in his eyes but a gentle demeanor. Macy's favorite rocks on oval steel rockers, and comes from Italy. His head swivels expressively, his ears wobble, and his tail flicks philosophically from side to side; $34.99. If, by chance, the child you have in mind owns a live pony—in which case we apologize for all this silly rocking-horse chatter—you might drop in at Miller's Harness Shop, 123 East 24th Street, which offers a straightforward hundred-and-thirty-page "Guide to Pony Club Tests," containing advice on horsemanship, stable management, shoeing, harness and saddle care, and other matters. The book, published in London by Crosby Lockwood & Son, costs $1.95. But to get back to Macy—not by pony but on the I.R.T., B.-M.T., or Independent lines—there's a delightful covered wagon that doesn't have a horse at all, or even an ox. The driver just sits in it and walks; $9.34. And a truck cab at Gimbel (for, say, a four-year-old), with a crane towering above it, works on the same pedestrian principle; $8.88. Every toy department has something in the pedal line to suggest; if you're shopping for a sporty young man, he might enjoy pedalling an imported Ferrari roadster not quite four feet long ($49.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue). To make his travels more realistic, Childcraft offers a collection of four traffic signs, half-size but otherwise just as frustrating to sports-car types as the real things: "R. R.," "School Slow," "One Way," and "Stop." These come on stands thirty inches high; $7.95. If you know a boy who is just graduating from pedal car to bicycle and lives with a young sister who, in time, will want a bike, too, Stern offers just the thing—a beginner's bicycle that not only has detachable trainer wheels but is a convertible model. That is, it converts from a boy's model to a girl's model by the removal of the frame's top rod; $25. The Science Materials

Only a steady hand is needed to create this eye-catching embellishment for a well-prepared meal. Into a liqueur glass, pour (⅔ full) Canada Dry Creme de Cacao. Then gently float heavy cream over the top to fill. Ready in seconds . . . so delicious!



60 Proof

1 serves you 3 ways

1—Split-second cocktails. 2—New idea cookery. 3—Memorable after-dinner drinks. Your choice of 20 popular flavors. Superb quality. Sensibly priced. Free booklet! "How to be a Cordial Host" tells you how to use them. Ask your dealer or write: Canada Dry Corp., Dept. N, 100 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

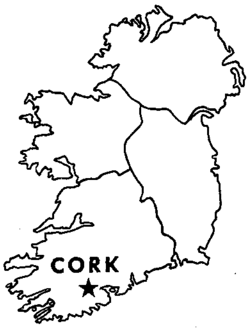
CANADA DRY

CORDIALS by CANADA DRY®

PADDY
10 Year Old
Irish Whisky

Irish, Yes! Decidedly so, but in a class by itself, Paddy adds new meaning to the highball, Irish coffee, straight—or even the mixed drink. Irish as Irish should be, and wonderfully light!

"And so much milder, so much more mellow, because every drop of Paddy is aged 10 full years."



"To enjoy the whisky of Ireland, take a sip of Paddy 10 year old. It's the age that does it."

Astound your friends by serving Irish coffee in glasses made especially for this glorious drink.

"SPECIAL OFFER of Irish Coffee glasses. Four elegant stemmed glasses mailed direct to you from Ireland. Send $1 to Cork Distilleries Co., Ltd., Box No. A241C, Dublin, Ireland."

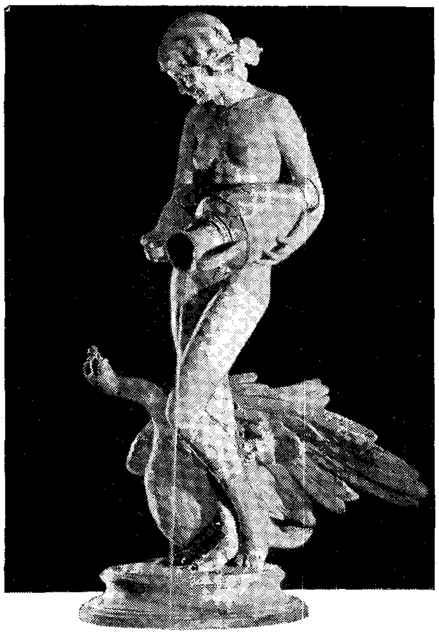
86 Proof SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

Center has a good-quality stopwatch that will time the speed of all these riders to a fifth of a second. It's $12.50, and when mild weather returns, it will serve just as reliably for timing foot or sailboat races.

THE turtle may not strike you as a particularly cuddlesome object, but abstract, if you can, the concept of the turtle shape, with the shell's implications of snugness, not to mention its circularity. And then imagine Bloomingdale's stuffed plush turtle, of practically seagoing size—nearly two feet across—which a youngster might hug, use as a pillow, or even sit on; $4.98. A child who has had the Babar books read to him would doubtless be happy to entertain Babar the Elephant (thirteen inches high and $7.98) or his cousin Arthur, an elephant and a sailor (eleven inches and $4.98), both in stuffed-toy form and both at Bloomingdale. The Steiff company, whose stuffed animals are carried by countless stores, has created a jaunty, almost life-size bat named Eric. That has never seemed to us a bat-type name (we've always called bats Boris or Lon), but everything else about this toy is completely convincing; $4. And Schwarz's red fox has a cherry-colored plush coat—foxily close, when you come to think of it, to matching the huntsmen's pinks. He's eighteen inches from the white tips of his ears to the white tip of his tail, and he costs $7.50.

Many years ago, "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" persuaded us that bears do indeed reside in tree houses deep in the forest; now Schwarz confirms that belief with a wooden model of just such an establishment. It looks like a tree stump, twenty-seven inches high and about a foot across, but its front swings open to reveal a three-room furnished triplex—kitchen, living room, and master bedroom. Father and Mother Bear are in residence, along with several cubs, and they have plenty of company—a fox, a beaver, an owl, a raven, chipmunks, a bat, a couple of small birds, a cat, and a mouse. This marvellous ménage (all Steiff) is intended for someone who really appreciates stuffed toys—we have in mind a lady who's going on thirty-five—and it's certain to be remembered as the present of presents; $75 for the house and its occupants.

Good hand puppets, we think, suggest their own drama. The Childcraft puppet collection includes a slightly bald European mayor eleven inches tall, who wears a medallion dangling on a chain



"GOOSE GIRL" by C. S. Paolo.
42 inches high with 16 inch diameter base. Piped for use as a fountain.
Available in bronze or lead.
"Goose Girl"—in lead 42" high $1,000.00, F.O.B. N.Y.C. Express Collect
25c for catalogue M-61 on complete line—in coins or postage

THE Florentine CRAFTSMEN, INC.
479 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) N.Y. 16
Phone LExington 2-3926

The word for allure...
Mandi
a perfume exclusive by
BERGDORF GOODMAN
At fine stores throughout the country

ORIGINAL
BROADWAY CAST
ALBUM
Capitol
Fiorello!
A New Musical
Book by JEROME WEIDMAN and GEORGE ABBOTT
Music by JERRY BOCK
Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Production Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT

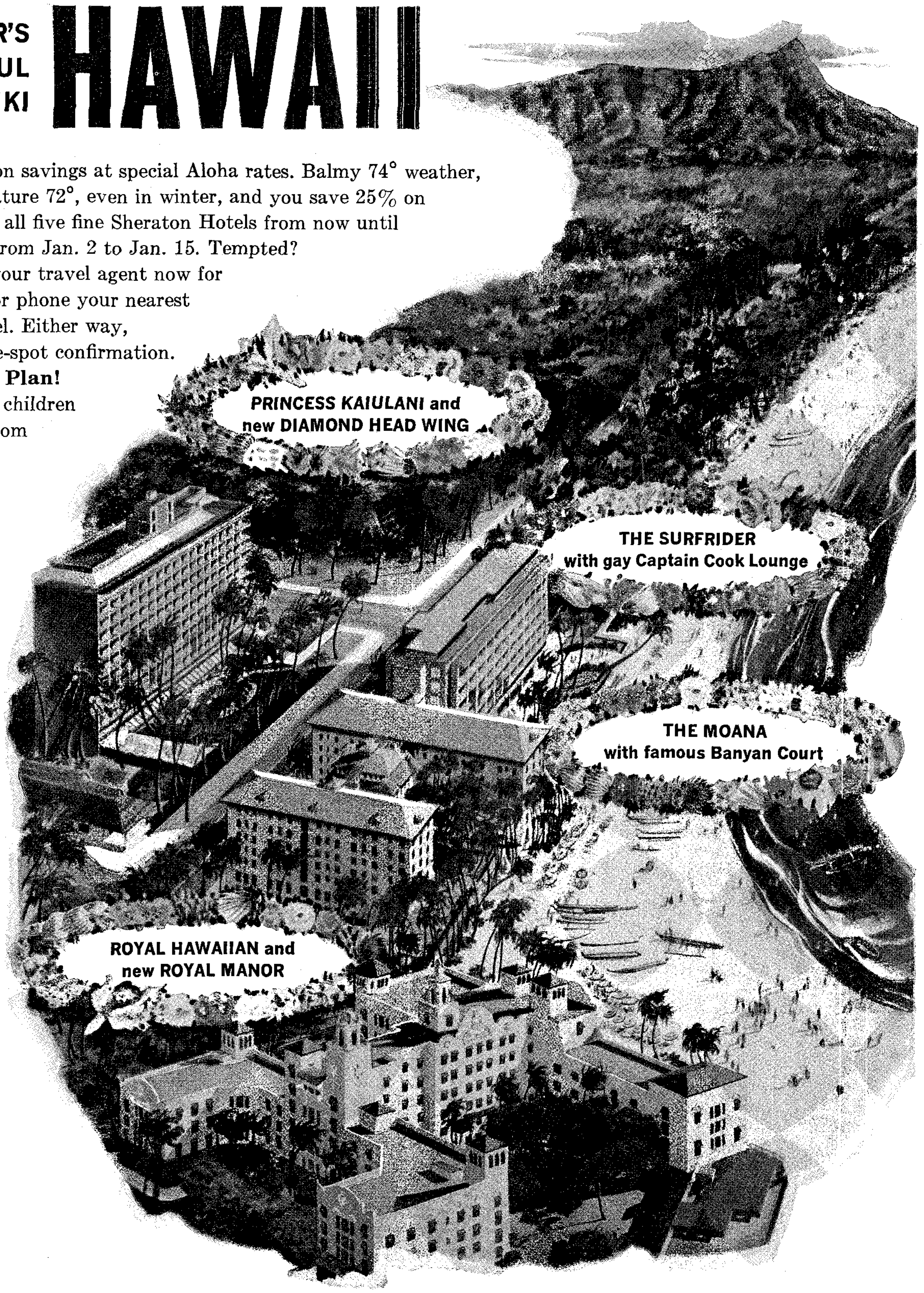
Pulitzer Prize, Tony & Critics' Circle Winner
ON CAPITOL RECORDS

It is a fact . . . United Air Lines flies more jets to more U. S. cities than any other airline. But the thing that counts . . . above all . . . is the Extra Care that United takes with every passenger . . . with every detail of every trip.

WINTER'S
WONDERFUL
AT WAIKIKI
HAWAII

So are Sheraton savings at special Aloha rates. Balmy 74° weather, water temperature 72°, even in winter, and you save 25% on guestrooms at all five fine Sheraton Hotels from now until Dec. 22, and from Jan. 2 to Jan. 15. Tempted? Huddle with your travel agent now for reservations, or phone your nearest Sheraton Hotel. Either way, you get on-the-spot confirmation.

Now Family Plan! No charge for children under 14 in room with adult.


PRINCESS KAIULANI and
new DIAMOND HEAD WING
THE SURFRIDER
with gay Captain Cook Lounge
THE MOANA
with famous Banyan Court
ROYAL HAWAIIAN and
new ROYAL MANOR

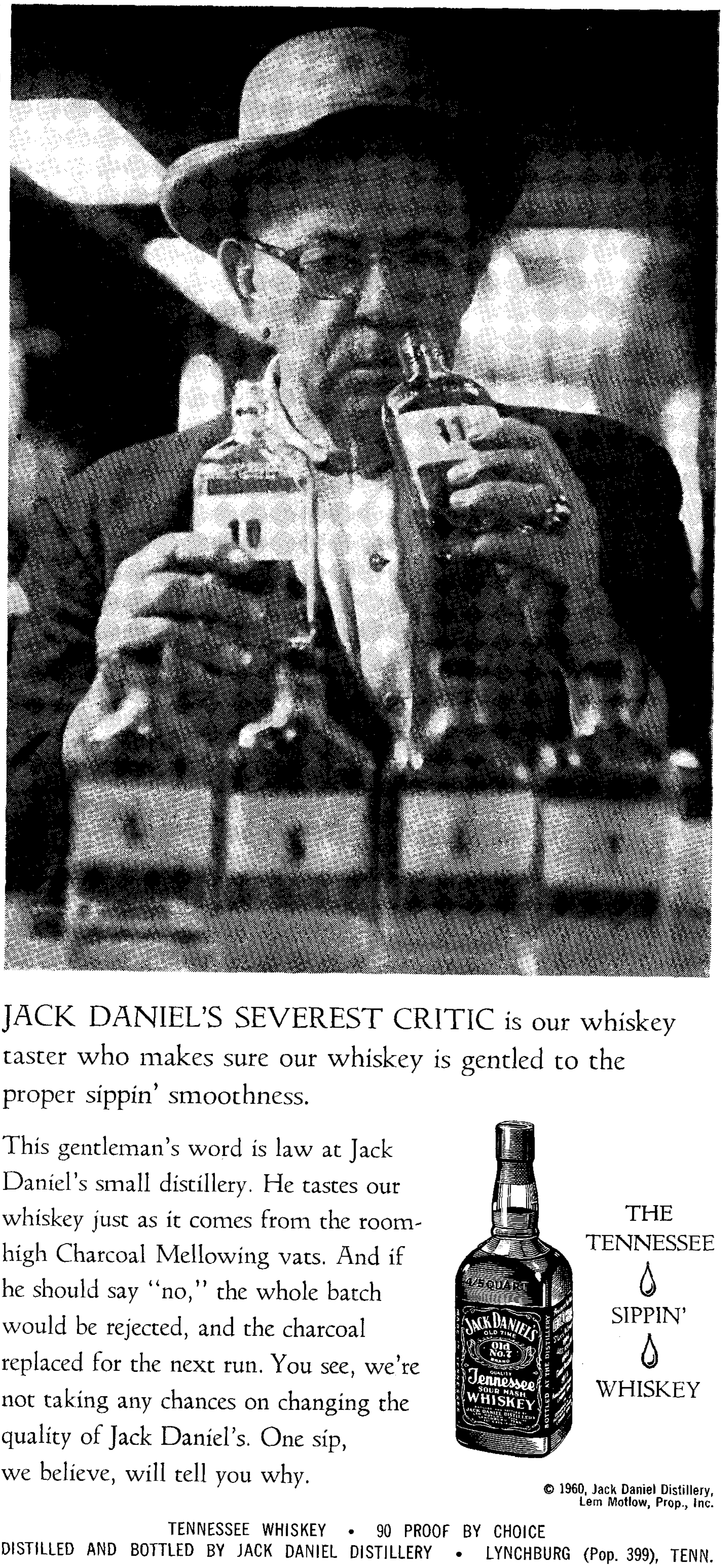
FIVE FUN AND SUN SHERATON HOTELS at Waikiki Beach to choose from with attentive service and sumptuous accommodations. It's paradise living it up at keeping-it-down prices. So, *wiki wiki* to Waikiki for Sheraton savings this winter. You're there in a *wiki wiki*, too — just 10 jet hours from the East Coast . . . 5 from the West.

SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII AT THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

Sheraton Corporation Shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange *Diners' Club card honored for all hotel services*
You'll also find Sheraton Hotels coast to coast in the U.S.A. and in Canada

over his chest and who might easily order a civic banquet from another puppet, a chef dressed in white except for the red scarf around his neck. Each of these is $2.98. For the boy or girl interested in producing domestic situation comedy, Childcraft has a family of five rubber puppets, not more than eight inches high and manipulable by very small hands. The family, consisting of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, and the baby, is $4.95 complete.

Youth at Play has a comical musical clown doll, ten inches tall and dressed in what looks like velvet. He's operated by a remote-control wire (batteries), and as he walks along, his rubbery face keeps changing expression from despair to delight while he listens to himself play on the accordion. He's $4.28. Chatty Cathy, twenty-two inches high, is a talking doll who repeats a few limited statements, like a tourist with a very small phrase book. She says, "I'm hungry," "Please carry me," and so on, and, finally, "Guess what I'll say next," which can only be something she's said already; $11.88 at Macy. Baby Dear, on sale in most toy stores, is a baby doll a foot and a half tall with skinlike plastic arms and legs who, when patted gently on the back, produces entirely realistic burps; $12.95. Silent dolls in the fourteen-to-twenty-two-inch range include a twenty-two-inch skater, at Best, wearing a red velveteen figure-skating costume and, of course, carrying skates ($13.95); a fourteen-inch Italian doll in a short white evening dress with her hair bleached to match ($19.98 at Gimbel); and an eighteen-inch American doll whose date isn't expected to show up for some time, since she's sound asleep with her hair done up in ribbon-bow curlers ($3.75 at Macy). Schwarz's Queen of England doll is twenty inches tall and dressed in a gold brocade court gown, a tiara, bracelet, and earrings. We know she's the Queen



JACK DANIEL'S SEVEREST CRITIC is our whiskey taster who makes sure our whiskey is gentled to the proper sippin' smoothness.

This gentleman's word is law at Jack Daniel's small distillery. He tastes our whiskey just as it comes from the room-high Charcoal Mellowing vats. And if he should say "no," the whole batch would be rejected, and the charcoal replaced for the next run. You see, we're not taking any chances on changing the quality of Jack Daniel's. One sip, we believe, will tell you why.

THE TENNESSEE SIPPIN' WHISKEY

© 1960, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (Pop. 399), TENN.

What a wonderful thing to give!

a Norelco®
continental '400'
world's most advanced,
most versatile,
TAPE RECORDER
of its type

4-track Stereo Record and Playback
4-track Mono Record and Playback

- 3-Speeds for maximum tape economy and multiplicity of uses...
- Amazingly versatile...in the home, in the studio, in the classroom.
- Unbelievably simple to operate...uses piano-key, push-button controls.

Completely
SELF-CONTAINED:
Comes to you absolutely ready to use ...for stereo or mono...recording and playback! Includes dual power amplifiers, dual recording and playback pre-amplifiers, two NORELCO wide-range, stereo-matched loudspeakers and a dual-element, dynamic, stereo microphone. **$399.50**

What a wonderful thing to get!

Norelco®

Brochure available on request:
NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS CO., INC.
High Fidelity Products Division
230 Duffy Avenue, Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

because she wears the Order of the Garter. She's accompanied by a metal trunk, which holds enough wardrobe changes to see her through an extended royal progress; $75 for doll, trunk, and clothes. Best's old-fashioned rag dolls, two feet tall, have one practical novelty; their clothes fasten with snaps, making life easy for girls who can't quite do their own buttons, let alone their dolls'; $4.95.

And then there are a couple of dolls who have dolls. A nurse doll, about three feet high, who is on sale in most toy departments, carries a handsomely dressed baby; $35 for the nurse and her charge. Bergdorf's two-foot-high rag doll has a puppet miniature of herself attached to her arm, and appears perfectly relaxed, even limp, about it, as if it were the ordinary thing; $12 for the two.

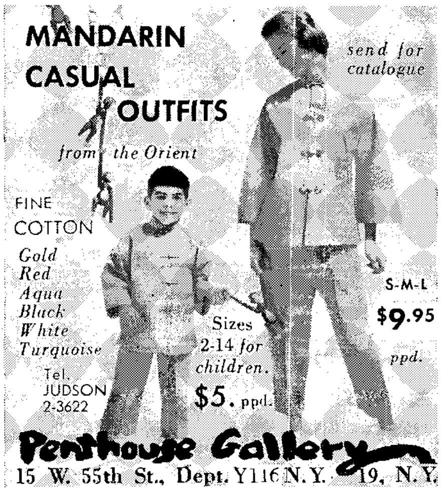
THE Museum Shop of the Museum of Natural History sells several exotic playthings whose educational value is not the least bit in the way. Among them are a rubber coconut tree from Colombia with a child climbing it ($1) and a Hindu lady with braided hair and wearing a lovely handmade, gold-edged sari ($2). These are about six inches high. And the Museum of the City of New York sells an assembly kit with all the makings for a seven-and-a-half-inch wooden doll, just like the dolls that entertained little New York girls in the eighteenth century, plus all the makings for a wardrobe that includes lace-trimmed pantalets, a petticoat, a besashed and lace-trimmed gingham dress, and a bonnet; $4.

When a doll needs fresh air, she needs a pram. Altman has a copy of the one used by Prince Charles, and very probably by Princess Ann and Prince Andrew. It's big enough for a twelve-inch doll and costs $12.50. Schwarz sells a majestic doll carriage, its steel body enamelled white and its blue hood lined in white plastic with a rosebud design. It weighs thirty pounds, and is both so substantial and so good-looking that it's almost indistinguishable from the genuine article; $39.95. Back from her stroll, a doll may like a little light refreshment. Rappaport sells an electric popcorn popper that can make three quarts at a time; $12.95. And, since the nutritional needs of dolls have never been scientifically established, Gimbel has a miniature Mixmaster that runs on two batteries for little girls who think their dolls should eat cake; $2.96. For the young cook herself, Schwarz sells a trio of aprons—one denim, one polka-dotted cotton, and one sheer nylon—

Christmas
BY THE SEA
HOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY

Wouldn't it be fun to see our halls decked with holly, listen to joyous Christmas carols, enjoy relaxing comfort and delightful sea air? And, then be here for New Year's and our two gala parties? Holidays are wonderful—dancing, cocktails by the hearth, planned children's activities and new friends to meet. Attractive winter rates. Write for our new color brochure.

On the Boardwalk at Michigan Avenue
Telephone Atlantic City 4-8111
OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE
BUZBY FAMILY



MANDARIN
CASUAL
OUTFITS
from the Orient
send for catalogue
FINE COTTON
Gold
Red
Aqua
Black
White
Turquoise
S-M-L
$9.95
ppd.
Sizes
2-14 for
children.
$5. ppd.
Tel.
JUDSON
2-3622
Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y116 N.Y. 19, N.Y.

Rare Chinese Food to Delight the Heart—In a Setting of Classic Tranquility

JADE
COCKATOO
Luncheon & Dinner Every Day
ELEGANT DINING AT MODERATE PRICES
BEAUTIFUL COCKTAIL LOUNGE
One University Place
at Washington Square, N. E.
Murals by Joseph Solman
Credit Cards Honored

at $3 for the set. And so to bed, either in a hardwood rocking cradle just like an eighteenth-century Colonial piece ($11.95 at Best), except that it won't hold anything bigger than a twenty-eight-inch doll, or in a triple-decker bed with a ladder, for twenty-six-inch dolls ($10.99 at Macy). Woman's work is never done, though, so the doll's mother may have lots of mending to do after her child is in bed, in which case there's a fine sewing basket with a tufted-satin lining at Mary Arnold, for $2.95.

Saks Fifth Avenue sells an elaborate three-story suburban-looking doll house, fully furnished and with a working system of lights (tiny switches turn on tiny light bulbs, not to mention a sun lamp); $150. This mansion certainly doesn't need any fixing up, but if you know a little girl whose doll house needs redecorating, you can find some excellent pieces at Eric Pearson, 18 West 55th Street, which sells accurate scaled-down copies of antiques. We admired an eighteenth-century tilt-top table, no more than two and a half inches in diameter ($7.75), and an Early American washstand with a workable drawer, which has a blue glass bowl and pitcher, about three inches high, as accessories ($28.50).

And that just about does it. We have one final suggestion. Best has a fine little stacking chair, made of molded plastic and weighing less than three pounds, that is big enough for a large doll or a small child and costs $4.95. Considering what a busy day Christmas is likely to be, a pair of these chairs might make the perfect gift—one for her and one for her exhausted doll.

Gifts for Men

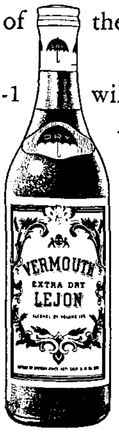
WHEN the Nürnberger Peter Henlein invented the mainspring one fine day in 1500, and the Englishman Robert Hooke came along a hundred and fifty-eight years later with the balance wheel, the timekeeping business began to get away from the hourglass and sundial people, with the result that, in the years that followed, pocket watches and wristwatches have become very hot Christmas items. In fact, one wonders sometimes if there are enough pockets and wrists to take care of all that have been sold. Now comes another technological breakthrough—the electronic watch, which keeps astonishingly accurate time by means of a tiny battery, or power cell, of just one and three-tenths volts; a transistor; a tuning fork (tuned at something between E and F above middle C); a practically microscopic ratchet

CAN YOU JOIN THE LEJON-AIRES IF YOU MAKE MARTINIS 10-TO-1?

Here and there you find an *extremist* who makes "martinis" 10-to-1. The result is indistinguishable from straight gin.

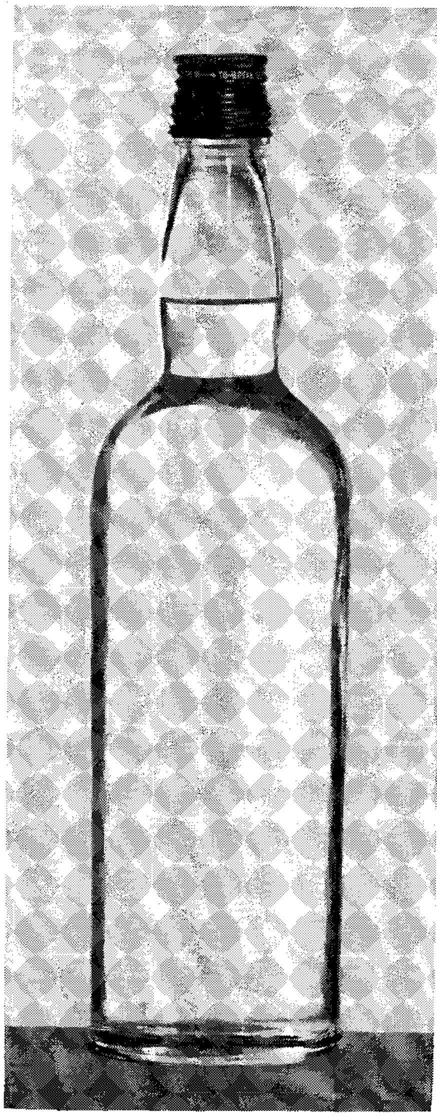
The Lejon-aires, on the other hand, believe the martini to be a *blended* drink . . . a perfect union of good gin and Lejon *extra dry* Vermouth. Lejon is delicately herbed to enhance, never to overwhelm, the flavor of the gin.

Proportions? Anywhere from 3-to-1 to 5-to-1 will delight the civilized taste. So join the Lejon-aires. Use Lejon *extra dry* Vermouth . . . and do your part to help make the world safe for the dry martini.



LEJON Extra Dry VERMOUTH

PRODUCT OF U.S.A., SHEWAN-JONES, ASTI, CALIFORNIA



The gin that needs no label

Coates Original PLYMOUTH Gin is made only in historic Plymouth, England, near the soft upland water of Devon so essential to its distinctive taste. Plymouth Gin is an original recipe and the flavor is unmistakable: eloquent, without being aromatic.

Once you've tasted the distinctive flavor of Coates Plymouth Gin you can tell it anywhere, anytime—whether it's served to you straight, in a martini or on the rocks. And ever afterwards you'll recognize Plymouth by its most distinguishing trademark—the flavor.

COATES
Plymouth Gin IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

Note: Regulations require the label to appear on every bottle. But to those who know the taste of Plymouth, no label is needed. Distilled Gin. 94.4 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

wheel; a pair of coils; and a few other parts, which we needn't go into. The idea, as we get it, is that the power cell and the transistor, together with the coils, constitute a magnetic circuit that sets the tuning fork to vibrating; that the vibrations are converted into a rotary motion by the little ratchet wheel; and that the little ratchet wheel is linked up to the system of gears that turns the hands of the watch. That's all there is to it, and we can't understand why Henlein and Hooke didn't hit on the same idea while they were at it. Well, Bulova is responsible for this innovation, and it played a part in one of our more successful satellites, Explorer VII, which has been in orbit since October of last year. Where all this leads us is to Tiffany, which has the electronic wristwatch—its name is Accutron—on sale in a round, eighteen-carat-gold case, for $330. The battery has to be replaced about once a year, and the charge for that is $1.50, but otherwise the watch requires no maintenance at all. There's nothing to wind, and the thing is so accurate that it doesn't need a setting stem; it has a recessed latch in the back for the purpose, though, to take care of Daylight Saving.

The Hamilton people have made a breakthrough of their own, with an electric watch; this one employs a wee power cell, whose power is transmitted to the hands by an oscillating balance wheel. The power cell, like the one in the Accutron, is guaranteed for a year, and can be replaced as simply as refilling a cigarette lighter, and there *is* a setting stem. Hamilton electric watches are on sale at, among other places, R. C. Falt, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue (Mr. Falt being Area Time Inspector for the New York Central and the New Haven Railroads). A weatherproof Hamilton electric in a round case with a stainless-steel back and a fourteen-carat-gold front is $130.

This year, Audemars Piguet has produced exactly twenty rectangular pocket watches that are neither electronic nor electric but are faced, front and back, with unbreakable rock crystal, through which their old-fashioned but magnificent eighteen-jewel works can be seen toiling away valiantly. Black, Starr & Gorham is offering one of the twenty, in eighteen-carat gold, for $920. And at Cartier, in a round, eighteen-carat-gold case, is the thinnest self-winding wristwatch produced so far—a five-millimetre triumph turned out by Piaget and priced at $820. A pocket *clock* turns up at Tiffany—a round one, no bigger than most pocket

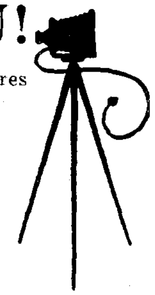
S.F.A's gifted pocket-planner 14.95* Complete

It holds an account of daily doings in a monthly index that slips into a black, brown morocco or pigskin case—with mechanical pencil. A file box stores past and future notebooks. Stationery, Street Floor. *Plus 50c Federal tax. Mail and telephone orders filled.

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
at Rockefeller Center, N.Y. • White Plains • Chicago
Springfield, N.J. • Beverly Hills • Skokie • Detroit

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

LET THE MAN WHO SHOOTS PRESIDENTS... SHOOT YOU!
He knows how to make pictures that look well in print
FABIAN
Bachrach
Photographer of Men
48 East 50th St., New York • PL 5-6233

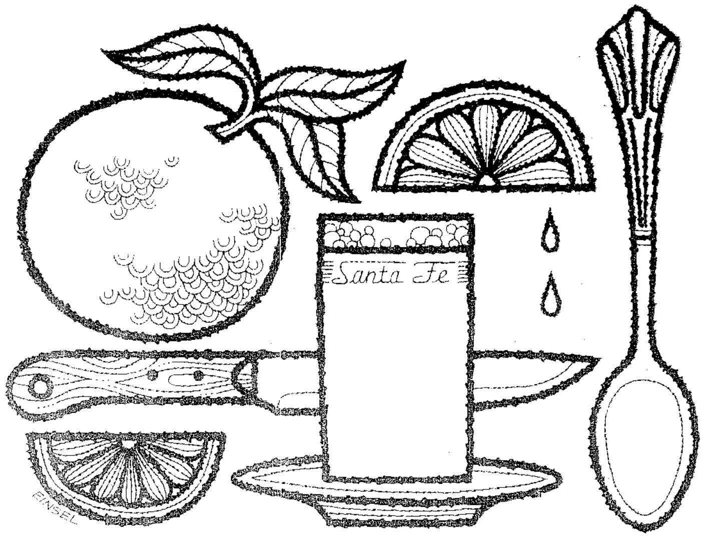


watches. What makes it a clock is an encircling band that serves as an easel at night, plus a sweep second hand, a luminous dial, a seventeen-jewel movement, and an alarm that buzzes instead of ringing. It comes in jeweller's bronze and costs $65.

THERE'S a golf club on the market—called the Private Pro and intended for practice, not actual play—that knows when it is being improperly used and rebels by simply going to pieces in the golfer's hands. If the golfer perseveres with his practice, however, instead of going to pieces himself, the instrument can be counted on, in time, to take several strokes off his game. The club is a regulation driver or five-iron, except for a patented hinge, about a third of the way up, that somehow keeps the shaft rigid as long as the backswing and the drive are perfectly executed but breaks it—or, rather, bends it—at a shamefully awkward angle if the golfer makes a single mistake. The driver costs $21.95 and the five-iron $16.95, at Cutler-Owens, Inc., the golf specialists at 44 West 50th Street. Both clubs, by the way, also come in the ladies' length and in right- and left-handed models.

A practice club that has the same commendable aim but works on a different principle is called the Swing-rite. There's no head on this one, but there's an equivalent weight that shifts around inside the shaft, on a spring; if the golfer swings the club properly, and hard enough, a very gratifying "Crack!" results. The Swing-rite, which is somewhat shorter than a standard golf club, can be adjusted so that the difficulty of achieving the "Crack!" is commensurate with the golfer's strength, and the price is $24.95, at Tripler. A man who prefers the smack of real iron on real golf-ball hide would welcome a contraption called No-Shag, which consists of a strong nylon net on an aluminum frame six feet square and is meant to have golf balls driven into it. This costs $19.95 at Bloomingdale. And there's a tube of a dozen golf balls at Abercrombie & Fitch that should see a golfer through anything short of a hurricane or an earthquake. Three of the balls are floaters, three are fluorescent, three are heavier than ordinary and meant for use in a high wind, and three are fair-weather balls; $14.75 for the dozen.

How about some croquet sets? At Abercrombie & Fitch, there's a regulation nine-wicket layout, made by Haines, of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania,



The little extra touch behind your orange juice on the Super Chief

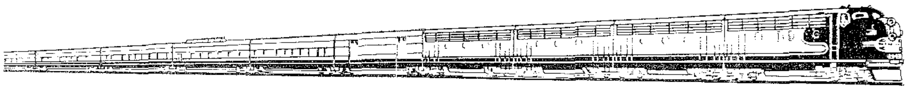
Super Chief personnel always go a little further, do a little more to make your trip pleasant. Even to the matter of your breakfast orange juice.

Good orange juice begins with good fruit. So our buyers select plump, ripe oranges, the pick of the California and Arizona crops. These are taken aboard before each trip between Chicago and Los Angeles and tucked away in the *Super Chief* cooler to keep them fresh and firm.

Then the little extra touch. The chilled oranges are freshly squeezed for each order and served in a tall glass—a cool, refreshing way to start the day. (Or if you'd prefer a sliced fresh orange, just say the word.)

It takes only a little extra effort to cut and squeeze fresh oranges for breakfast. But it's things like this that make a *Super Chief* trip between Chicago and Los Angeles a unique experience in the world of travel.

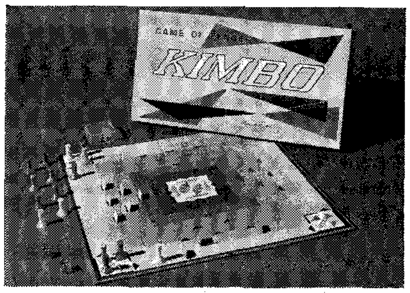
Santa Fe



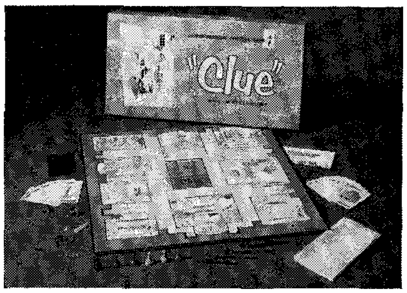
The Super Chief runs daily between Chicago and Los Angeles
For reservations contact any Santa Fe Traffic Office or Travel Agent

FAMOUS
PARKER GAMES

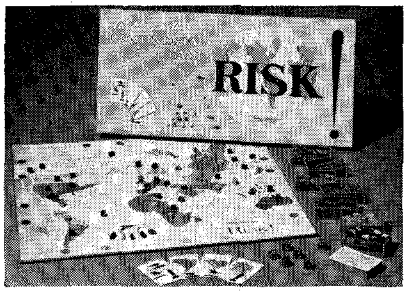
If Your Gift's Intent Is MERRIMENT!



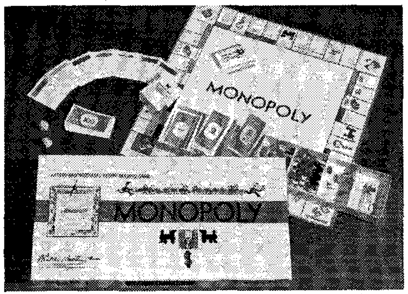
KIMBO
Parker Brothers Game of Fences
Unusual, challenging *new* game in which offensive and defensive play is controlled by movable fences. Exciting, different! $3.00



CLUE*
Parker Brothers Detective Game
Brimful of adventure and fun, America's favorite "whodunit" game sharpens the wit, piques the interest of every mystery fan. $3.50



RISK*
Parker Brothers Continental Game
An all-out global contest for control of continents, as power is pitted against power in this extraordinary game. Superb gift! $7.50



MONOPOLY*
Parker Brothers Real Estate Trading Game
Outwit friends or family with skillful buying, selling, trading; win a "fortune" in real estate. A classic in entertainment! $4.00, $5.00
**Parker Brothers Registered Trademark for the Game Equipment*
PARKER BROTHERS, INC., Salem, Mass.
Makers of **CAMELOT***, *great Battle Game*
Manufactured in Canada by Collett-Sproule Boxes, Ltd., Toronto

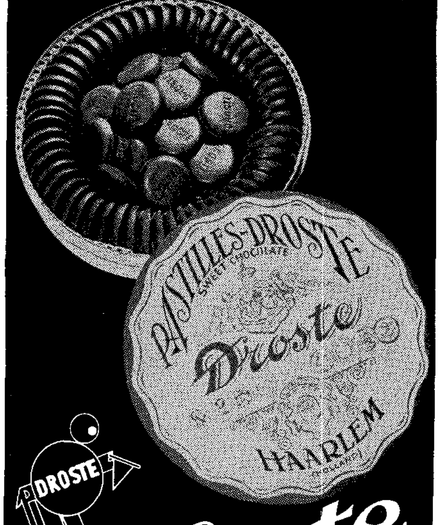
that includes four nicely balanced maple mallets and four balls and costs $99.50. There's also a set for the English, or six-wicket, variety of the game (only one winner post), made by Jacques, of Surrey, England, and priced at $169.50.

SPEAKING of technological breakthroughs, as we were a while ago, are you ready for one in hairbrushes? Kent now offers military brushes with satinwood backs that have natural bristles shorn on a diagonal. This makes them quite short on one side of the brush and fairly long on the other—an arrangement designed to fit the brush to a man's crew-cut hair. We are unanimously assured by Mark Cross, Lord & Taylor, and Altman, where the brushes are sold, at $17.50 the pair, that they perform admirably.

IF the crew-cut on your list is to be given something more substantial than a pair of brushes, you could get him a knee-length mocha-brown lambskin, or mouton, coat, with slash pockets and a fly front concealing leather buttons. It's available at Bergdorf Goodman's Men's Shop for $275. Not far away, at David Furs, 50 West 57th Street, there's an even more luxurious fur coat—a chesterfield of Alaska seal, with flap pockets, a fly front, and an extra-long vent in the tail, so that the wearer can settle down comfortably behind the wheel of his sports car; $1,695 and ten days' notice. The faithful old coonskin is still with us, and Revillon, 11 West 57th Street, will make one to order of pelts from the noble long-haired Minnesota raccoon. The coat has a bluish cast, like the ice on a Minnesota lake, and costs $770.

SOMETHING to brighten an executive's desk? A silver Scotch Tape dispenser at Black, Starr & Gorham is $7.50, and a silver stamp dispenser (it holds a roll of a hundred stamps) is $8.75. The ashtrays at Cartier come in materials like jade, jasper, crystal rutile, nephrite, agate, and bloodstone, and all of them are studded with fourteen- or eighteen-carat-gold nails or with cabochon rubies, sapphires, coral, and so on, set in gold. A rectangular nephrite ashtray studded with four eighteen-carat-gold nails costs $125; a free-form crystal-rutile ashtray studded with four rubies costs $285; and so on. The ashtrays at Long Sang Ti, 24 East 55th Street, run to jade, rock crystal, carnelian, tigereye, and agate. A red-and-white striped agate oval ashtray costs

PASTILLES



Droste
of Holland
Circlettes of pure, mild bittersweet chocolate famous the world over.
Wherever fine confections are sold.
Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., Clifton, N. J.

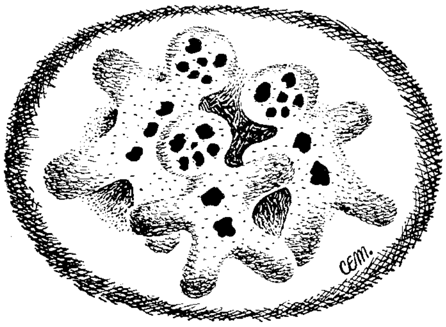
Relaxing Surroundings
The Inn offers wonderful food and lodgings in a delightful atmosphere located in the scenic countryside adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Private function rooms. Excellent golf.
DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200
PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

caught...

by the camera of
Josef Schneider
America's top child photographer
119 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. C. CO 5-1223

$60.50, and a large leaf carved of Brazilian jade costs $71.50. A pair of bookends at Piazza Montici, 19 East 55th Street, consists of alabaster unicorns couchant on black marble bases; $35. At the C. P. Leathercrafts Shop, 21 East 57th Street, you can find a gold-tooled leather rack, in a choice of fourteen colors, for the whole set of metropolitan Telephone Directories, the Manhattan volume occupying a niche of its own and the others doubled up. The price is $50. A walnut-finished dictionary stand, meant for a desk or a deskside table and big enough for the biggest Unabridged, is built to hold the book open and is tilted to a good reading angle; $29.50 at Scribners, 597 Fifth Avenue (48th). A baronial tobacco caddy handmade of Italian rosewood is on hand at Alfred Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th). On its back is a pipe rack for six pipes, and its lid, on piano hinges, is airtight, which is good news for roughly a half pound of tobacco; $60. In the Macy Smoke Shop, there's a forthright cast-iron tobacco jar, seven inches high, that is a replica of a Swedish tobacco jar a hundred and fifty years old. It's decorated with a rampant lion and some remarks in Latin about smoking and drinking and good fellowship, all in bold relief, and it holds a pound of tobacco; $11.74. Tiffany offers a small silver coffee service for an executive coffee break. Reproductions of Queen Anne pieces, the components are a coffeepot, a creamer, a sugar bowl, and an oval tray to set them on, all for $183. A foot-tall crystal Martini mixer at Lord & Taylor has a pouring lip, a slight taper, and a capacity of half a dozen Martinis, and it comes with a sterling-silver mixing apparatus—a plunger with a propeller at the end. A sea horse is etched on one side of the mixer, and the price is $15.

MOVING on to rare books at H. P. Kraus, the eminent bibliopole at 16 East 46th Street, we first suggest not a book but single pages of beautifully lettered vellum ($10 and $20 apiece) taken from a fifteenth- or sixteenth-



Ingredients of gold must be the heartbeat of our whisky. Golden barley grain and water crystal pure... build from these to capture flavor unsurpassed.
George Ballantine & Son Ltd.
FOUNDED 1827
Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Dumbarton & Elgin Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
BALLANTIN
The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's
IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C.
Bottled in Scotland

THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT... A LESTER LANIN ALBUM

LESTER LANIN
CHRISTMAS DANCE PARTY

LN 3617 BN 547*

Other best-selling Lester Lanin recordings:
HIGH SOCIETY LN 3699 BN 570*
DANCE TO THE LESTER LANIN BEAT
LN 3656 BN 556*
DANCING ON THE CONTINENT
LN 3578 BN 533*
DANCING AT THE MARDI GRAS
LN 3547 BN 520*
COCKTAIL DANCING
LN 3531 BN 516*
HAVE BAND, WILL TRAVEL
LN 3520 BN 517*
LESTER LANIN GOES TO COLLEGE
LN 3474 BN 501*
LESTER LANIN AT THE TIFFANY BALL
LN 3410 BN 505*
DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF LESTER LANIN
LN 3340
LESTER LANIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
LN 3242

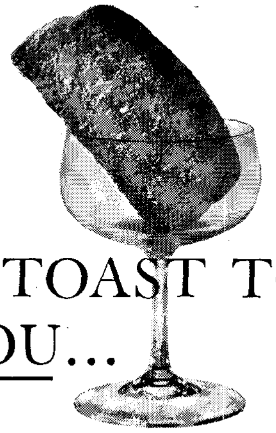
*Stereorama

EXCLUSIVELY ON
EPIC

®"Epic", Marca Reg. "CBS" T. M. Printed in U. S. A.

century Book of Hours. Or if that isn't demonstrative enough, a first folio of John James Audubon's "Birds of America," published by the author, at $45,000. (Oh, sorry! On rereading our notes, we see that this one has been sold.) Somewhere in between is a first edition of Albert Einstein's "Die Grundlagen der allgemeinen Relativitaetstheorie" (you know—$E=mc^2$), published at Leipzig in 1916, for $250, as well as a little number called "Zur Psychopathologie des Alltagslebens (Vergessen, Versprechen, Vergreifen) nebst Bemerkung Ueber eine Wurzel des Aberglaubens," published by Sigmund Freud in Berlin, in 1901, and containing his first description of the Freudian slip, also for $250. The latter is a presentation copy with an inscription in Freud's handwriting to "Herr E. Mach in Verehrung d. Verf."

NEXT, we offer an accumulation of odd items, one or another of which might be the solution to some extremely special Christmas problem. A kit for marking queen bees, so that their owner can keep tabs on their age, is available, for $2.75, at the A. I. Root Company, 12 West 21st Street. It consists of a tiny cage, for holding the queen; a vial of queen-bee paint, which is similar to nail polish; and a sort of stylus, with which to put the paint on her thorax. A collapsible and portable speaker's platform, eight feet long, three feet wide, and available in various heights from eight to forty inches, has steel legs and a plywood floor; it costs $50 at the Adirondack Chair Company, 106 West 17th Street. A knobby blackthorn cane, imported from Ireland and just the thing for an evening's stroll in Central Park, is $15 at the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street. One of those dome-shaped stock tickers they used to have at the New York Stock Exchange—in working order, if that matters—is obtainable, for $160, from the Collector's Company, a mail-order house operating from Box 179, Wall Street Station, New York 5. And a bell-shaped aluminum squirrel baffle, meant to baffle the squirrels who try to climb the pole supporting a bird-feeding station, is obtainable, for $5.95, from the Gokey Company, 94 East 4th Street, St. Paul 1, Minnesota. A leather-bound logbook, four inches by eight, in which a parachutist can keep track of his jumps in columns designated for the purpose (distance to target, altitude, time elapsed in drop, the weather, the date, and stuff like that), costs $2 at Parachutes, Inc., of



A TOAST TO YOU...

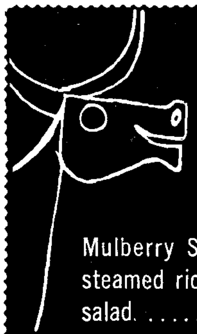
if you're debonair enough to know that Master Orange Toast tickles and tempts your taste buds. Its unsurpassable crispness and orange tanginess are the very stuff dreams are made of. Filled with cheer to make your heart beat faster!

Master
ORANGE TOAST
CRISP! GOLDEN GOOD!

Ask for it wherever you shop for food or write Zinsmaster, Minneapolis, Minn., Box 957, and we'll tell you where to get it.

Master ORANGE TOAST

You should try the new crisp rye wafer... CARA-RY!



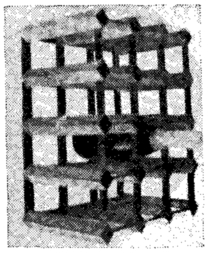
POLLO A LA CACCIATORE

A standby chicken favorite from the Bay of Naples to Mulberry Street. Served with steamed rice and tossed green salad. $1.95

Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
Sunday Brunch 11-4

COOKERY Lafayette
UNIVERSITY PLACE AT EIGHTH STREET

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.



WINE RACK
BLACK STEEL FLATS
STAINED WOOD BLOCKS
$10.75 *postpaid*
UNASSEMBLED
(with full instructions)

STANDS OR HANGS VERTICALLY OR HORIZONTALLY

DUE TO REVISION OF MAILING LIST, WE RESPECTFULLY INFORM CUSTOMERS THAT CATALOGUES WILL NOT BE MAILED AUTOMATICALLY THIS FALL, BUT ON REQUEST ONLY.

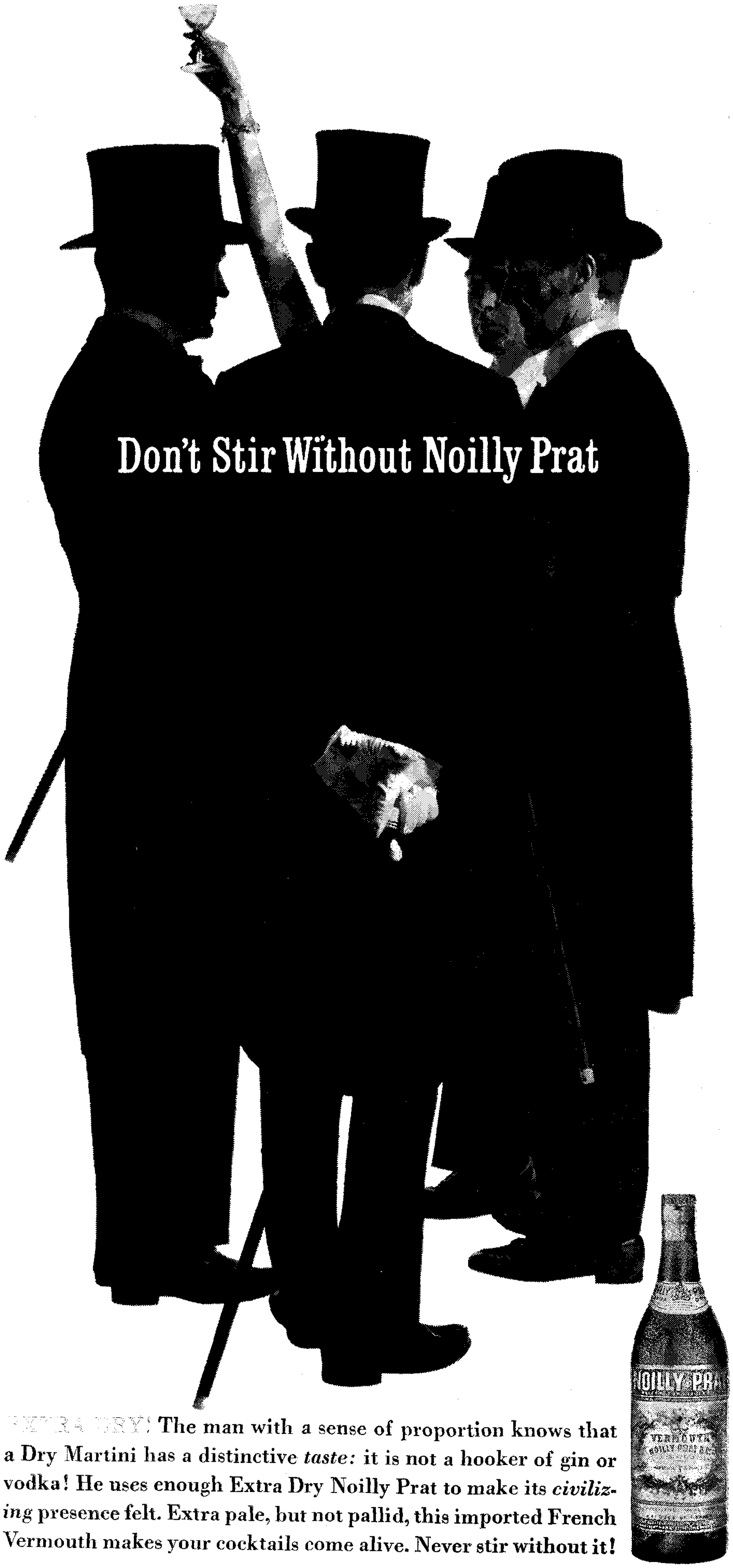
903 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Orange, Massachusetts. A laminated-wood boomerang, made in Florida, costs $2.95 at Abercrombie & Fitch. And at Brooks Brothers, there is a Britannia-metal brandy flask that looks precisely like a black leather case for horn-rimmed spectacles; it holds four ounces and costs $10.

WHAT skin diver wouldn't bubble with joy at finding under his Christmas tree an eighteen-foot, two-passenger sports-model submarine built to cruise at a depth of two hundred feet? Abercrombie & Fitch has one, built in Italy and called the Sea Shark, that boasts a cruising range of two hours and a top speed of four miles an hour (six, on the surface), and comes with a built-in depth meter and compass; $1,500. A luxury model of the same thing, with a clear Plexiglas canopy over the seats, a cruising range of *four* hours, a decompression meter, built-in air tanks, and two Scubair diving suits, costs $2,500. Both models, we should mention, are made of Fiberglas and operate on electric motors.

A sort of torpedo that a skin diver can clamp onto his air tank whenever he wants to be propelled effortlessly through the water is on sale at the Richards Aqua Lung Center, 233 West 42nd Street, where it is described as the greatest underwater breakthrough (there we go again!) in ten years. This breakthrough is two feet long and nine and a half inches in diameter, and weighs only fifty-four pounds, but it contains an extremely efficient electric motor and the battery to run it; its waterproofing is good for depths of two hundred feet; and its propeller is safely housed in a cage at the rear. One big advantage of this vehicle—it's called the Power-Pak, and it costs $200 complete—is that it enables the diver to remain underwater three times as long as he could if he were hauling his air tank around with muscle alone; the harder you work underwater, the more air you use. As for speed, that depends on the diver and his circumstances; a small diver working in warm water can get as much as six miles per hour, while a big fellow encased in a rubber suit would get about three.

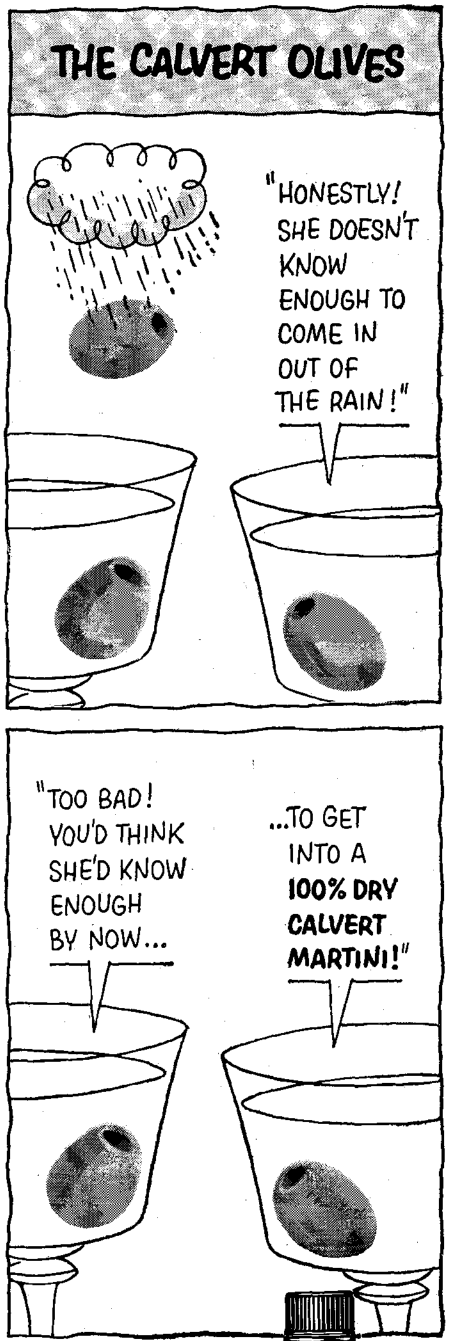
IF a pipe cleaner seems more like it, let us tell you about the Kleen-Reem pipe-cleaning tool, which is on hand at the Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Avenue (48th). This contraption, which is made of stainless steel, plated brass, and aluminum, consists of a milled cylinder about four inches long and three



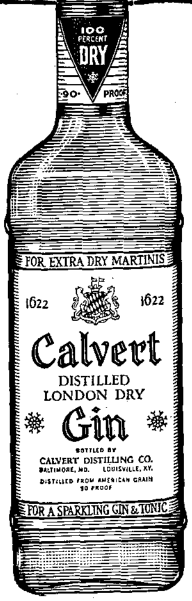
EXTRA DRY! **The man with a sense of proportion knows that a Dry Martini has a distinctive *taste:* it is not a hooker of gin or vodka! He uses enough Extra Dry Noilly Prat to make its *civilizing* presence felt. Extra pale, but not pallid, this imported French Vermouth makes your cocktails come alive. Never stir without it!**

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

THE CALVERT OLIVES


"HONESTLY! SHE DOESN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN!"
"TOO BAD! YOU'D THINK SHE'D KNOW ENOUGH BY NOW...
...TO GET INTO A 100% DRY CALVERT MARTINI!"

ONLY A 100% DRY GIN... MAKES A 100% DRY MARTINI


100 PERCENT DRY
90° PROOF
FOR EXTRA DRY MARTINIS
1622 1622
Calvert
DISTILLED LONDON DRY Gin
BOTTLED BY CALVERT DISTILLING CO.
FOR A SPARKLING GIN & TONIC

Calvert Gin

90 PROOF

DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN
CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

quarters of an inch in diameter, with three two-inch blades extending from one end. These blades work on the variable-pitch principle, like an airplane propeller, and the operator adjusts them so that they fit his pipe bowl precisely; then he grinds. To take care of the stem, there's a slender drill, telescoped within the cylinder, that can be threaded with a pipe cleaner for a definitive Saturday-night job. With a small supply of pipe cleaners, the price is $5.95, and with pipe cleaners, cleaning fluid, and a zippered soft-leather carrying case it's $8.75. While we're on the subject, a sampling of eight pipe tobaccos mixed by the venerable English firm of John W. Surbrug, each in a separate plastic pouch containing an ounce and a half, costs $3.50 at Wilke. The mixtures are Golden Sceptre, White Label, Superior Latakia Blend, Friars, Trinity, Best Make, Jackson, and Crystal Palace, and it's hard to imagine a pipe smoker who wouldn't find something to suit him among them. A black or brown calf tobacco envelope at Dunhill has a self-sealing flap (a sort of new-day zipper), and it holds about three ounces. It comes from France and costs $10.

A key holder that costs $1.38 at Lederer de Paris, 711 Fifth Avenue (55th), consists of a short chain with the customary key holder at one end and, at the other, a simple chromium hoop meant to frame a silver dollar. If a simple silver dollar seems unimaginative, you can take the hoop around to the Money Mart, 101 West 43rd Street, and try it with all kinds of dollar-size coins, among them an eighteenth-century Austrian Maria Theresa silver thaler ($2.50), as well as one-peso pieces from Venezuela, Cuba, and Mexico, and a bronze sol from Peru (all around $2). The worthy firm Old Buttons has a new address, 510 Madison Avenue (52nd), and a new set of English horn waistcoat buttons embossed with horses and riders, horses alone, heads of hounds, fish, squirrels, and so on; thirty-five cents apiece.

NOW for luggage. Altman has some Italian pieces made of suèdelike reverse cowhide and elegantly trimmed with polished-leather reinforcements. One, which has square ends and straight sides and stands eleven inches high, has a bottom exactly the size of a shirt coming home from the laundry, and will hold a dozen and a half such shirts; $137.50. At Gucci, 7 East 58th Street, there's a remarkable bag, half saddle leather and half heavy-gauge canvas, that is remotely derived from the duf-

Till's Fruit Cake
A Real Southern Delight
SAKS FIFTH AVE

S.F.A's
Christmas sweetmeat—

Till's rum-soaked fruit cake from an old southern recipe will grace any Christmas dinner—tickle the most blasé palate. Our delicious pantry pleasure comes in preservable tins. 2 lb. size, 3.95. 3 lbs., 5.75. 5 lbs., 9.75. Guest and Gift Shop, 14 East 50th Street. Mail, phone orders filled.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
at Rockefeller Center, N.Y. • White Plains • Chicago
Springfield, N. J. • Beverly Hills • Detroit

H.NILS
Danish Silver

MADELAINE

One of 23 patterns from H. Nils' selection of sterling silver. Sent directly to you from Denmark, $28 to $35 for a 6-piece dinner place-setting. Duty of about 15% addl. Catalog on request.

H. NILS
DANISH SILVER
573 Madison Ave.
New York 22

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

felbag. It stands fifteen inches high and is eighteen inches in diameter, and has a leather base eleven inches deep, a strip of leather down each side, and a wide leather saddle at the top, which folds down and fastens at the side over a zippered closing. There's a slot in the saddle through which the handles are drawn, and altogether it's a handsome piece of baggage; $104.50. Abercrombie & Fitch has an exceptionally well-organized case for air travel. Something like the elderly Gladstone but made of brown canvas, it carries two suits on hangers and keeps them as nearly free from wrinkles as a man has a right to expect, and among its other provisions are an inside pocket for two pairs of shoes and an outside pocket for a raincoat, a sweater, or whatever. The whole business zips together neatly, to look like a suitcase; it's called the Air Man, and its price is $41.25. At Mark Cross, an over-the-shoulder something called a Boodle Bag is a sort of cross between a postman's bag and a musette bag. It is fifteen inches long, six and a half inches wide, and nine and a half inches deep; is made of hand-boarded tan cowhide; has an open outside pocket for papers and the like; and costs $29.15. An English sportsman's bag available at David T. Abercrombie, 97 Chambers Street, is made of two thicknesses of dark-green thirteen-ounce canvas vulcanized together with rubber, and is about as waterproof as a carryall bag can get. It is piped with leather at every seam, its zippers are protected by a wide flap, and its handles, which start about halfway up the side of the bag on either side, have a leather flap that snaps around them to hold them together and make it easier on the fellow carrying the thing. Thirty inches long, and capable of holding a takedown shotgun, a pair of boots, and a couple of changes of hunting clothes, it costs $29.34. If your outdoor man already has a sportsman's bag, he might like a dandy little survival weapon, as such things are called, to put in it. This is a .22-calibre semi-automatic rifle whose barrel and magazine can be disassembled and stowed in the hollow plastic stock, and, what's more, the whole business floats, thanks to that stock. The gun was designed as an Air Force emergency weapon and is made by the Fairchild Camera and Aircraft Corporation, which calls it the AR-7 Explorer; the price is $49.95.

An outdoor fellow who doesn't want to get *too* far away from it all might like to take along on his excursions a portable television set that works on a bat-

ONE OF A SERIES OF WILLIAMSBURG PORTRAITS BY FABIAN BACHRACH

Cabinet-crafter

WITH a few basic hand tools and consummate skill, Williamsburg's cabinetmaker of the eighteenth century hand-fashioned furniture that is priceless today. Two centuries have only enhanced the quality of his work.

Mr. J. J. Heuvel, the master cabinetmaker, projects today the heritage of Williamsburg's superb craftsmen two hundred years and more into the future. He plays an exciting role in the living pageant that is Williamsburg today. Mr. Heuvel works here every day, just down the street from the apothecary and close by the silversmith, wigmaker, bootmaker and many other craftsmen who ply their trades in the traditional eighteenth century ways.

Every day these men and women relive the time when Williamsburg was a great cultural and political center of colonial America. You will sense an excitement blended with the gracious and unhurried pace of this early Virginia capital, when you come to historic Williamsburg and *see.*

Write Box 718, Colonial Williamsburg for color folder, see travel agent or call CIrcle 6-6820 in New York, FEderal 8-8828 in Washington, D. C.

COLONIAL Williamsburg VIRGINIA

open your eyes to a VASTA VISTA

A vaster view — that's what you get in El Salvador! For here nature did things in the grand manner. Sky-blue mountain lakes. Volcanic peaks. Lush green tropical valleys. A breathtaking, surf-breaking ocean shore!

And man-made marvels, too! Three civilizations greet you in El Salvador. Wander in the thousand-year hush of a Mayan temple. Linger in the lacy shade of an old Spanish garden. Mingle in the colorful cosmopolitan hustle of a 20th century coffee capital.

Best of all, you live *sumptuously* (on surprisingly few American dollars) at modern *magnifico* El Salvador Intercontinental Hotel!

Step out on your private balcony; you command an Olympian view of mountains, valleys, the sparkling city of San Salvador. Lounge by the turquoise pool. Cocktail in the intimate La Terraza Bar. Live with all the comforts and convenience the flesh can bear. This, amigos, is Intercontinental service!

Let your travel agent introduce you to "The Intercontinentals." Or write us today: Chrysler Building, New York 17.

El Salvador

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

The World's Largest Group of International Hotels in the World's Most Romantic Lands

tery as well as on ordinary household current. It has a nineteen-inch screen, weighs forty pounds with its battery, and has been named the Astronaut by its manufacturers, the Motorola people, who have disguised it, with fair success, as a piece of luggage. The TV set alone is $275 at Altman, and the battery is $88.

A folding motor scooter, which was thought up with the idea of giving terrestrial mobility to the pilots of small planes, no matter where they might land, has proved equally adaptable to the needs of yachtsmen, who sometimes find that it's a long walk from the dock to the grocery store or the icehouse. And it might even solve the parking problem of an apartment dweller. The vehicle—a one-seater called the Joyride Scooter—has a two-and-a-half-horsepower engine good for thirty miles an hour (and eighty to a hundred miles per gallon of gas), yet it weighs only fifty-one pounds and folds up into a package twenty-three inches long, eighteen inches wide, and fourteen inches thick. The price, complete with carrying case, is $195 at the Crow's-nest, 16 East 40th Street.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, which is constantly trying to improve a fisherman's chances of catching a fish, is offering this season a sort of one-man sonar apparatus, called the Angler Fathometer, that gives its operator a very good idea of what's underneath his boat as far down as a hundred and twenty feet. All he does is drop a transducer overboard, on a twelve-foot cable, and sit at ease in his chair watching a six-inch dial; whenever a fish—or, for that matter, a school of fish—swims by, a telltale blip or school of blips shows up on the dial, and the fisherman drops a baited hook where it will do the most good. Or the fisherman who knows what sort of water and what sort of bottom is preferred by the particular fish he is after can cruise around until the Fathometer registers the right kind of place; then he can drop anchor and start fishing. The instrument, which is manufactured by the Raytheon Company, is also a great aid to navigation, since it will warn of underwater perils ahead and search out the safe channel in a maze of reefs. Its price is $125 and the battery it needs costs $9.95. A nice fishing chair to sit in while watching the Angler Fathometer is a golden aluminum model with a white plastic seat and back—the whole thing resistant to the ravages of wind and sun and spray. It is fitted with a

the new Commodore!

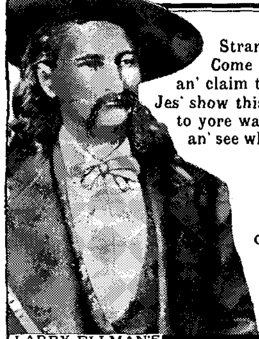
Had a meal or drink at the Commodore lately? You'll really enjoy the fine food, wines and spirits in:

- THE TUDOR ROOM
- THE BAR AND CAFE
- THE COCKTAIL TERRACE
- THE COFFEE SHOP

All Commodore restaurants now directed by Chef Amblard; extensive wine list carefully selected by C. C. Philippe, Executive Vice President and General Manager.

HOTEL Commodore

42 ST. AT LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. 17 • MU6-6000



SURPRISE!

Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

BEVERAGES BEYOND BELIEF!
FROM THE CORAL SHORES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC
islander RESTAURANT
385 N. LA CIENEGA
LOS ANGELES

gimbal fishing-rod socket and is so constructed that several of the chairs can be nested together; $60 at A. & F. A new, very lightweight creel, at the same store, is made of nylon mesh and has a canvas shoulder strap and a ten-by-fifteen-inch detachable waterproof pocket, which serves not only as a safe deposit for a fisherman's watch, cigarettes, matches, and such while he is fishing but, later on, as a wrapper to take the fish home in; $5.75.

AN outsize coat hanger padded with tan or dark-brown calf and depending from a sturdy brass hook that has special accommodations for a belt costs $12 at Sulka. And a portable safe (it weighs seventy-five pounds and has handles for portability) is the Yuletide contribution of the Mosler Safe Company, 320 Fifth Avenue (32nd). It is discouraging to burglars (at least to burglars with bad backs) and very fire resistant (it has survived an hour in 1,700° of heat and has the endorsement of Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.). Made of welded steel, it's meant for valuable documents that should be readily available; $49 with a three-number combination lock, and $45.50 with a key lock.

And now, for a smash finish, we can wave a brand-new American flag, five feet long and three feet wide, made of a seventy-five per cent nylon and twenty-five per cent wool mixture, and gloriously complete with fifty stars as well as with a canvas strip and brass grommets for stringing it to a pole, at $17.80. A serviceable pole, suitable for an apartment-house or brownstone window, costs $4.68, and a metal bracket for anchoring the pole on a window sill (three screws do the trick) costs $1.64. All this at the A A A American Flag Decorating Company, 306 East 59th Street.

•

ST. ALBANS, ENGLAND (AP)—This town, steeped in Roman history, has posted a highway safety sign saying: "Many Romans lay buried here. Please do not join them."—*Roanoke (Va.) Times.*

Hurry along to the next town, steeped in English grammar.

•

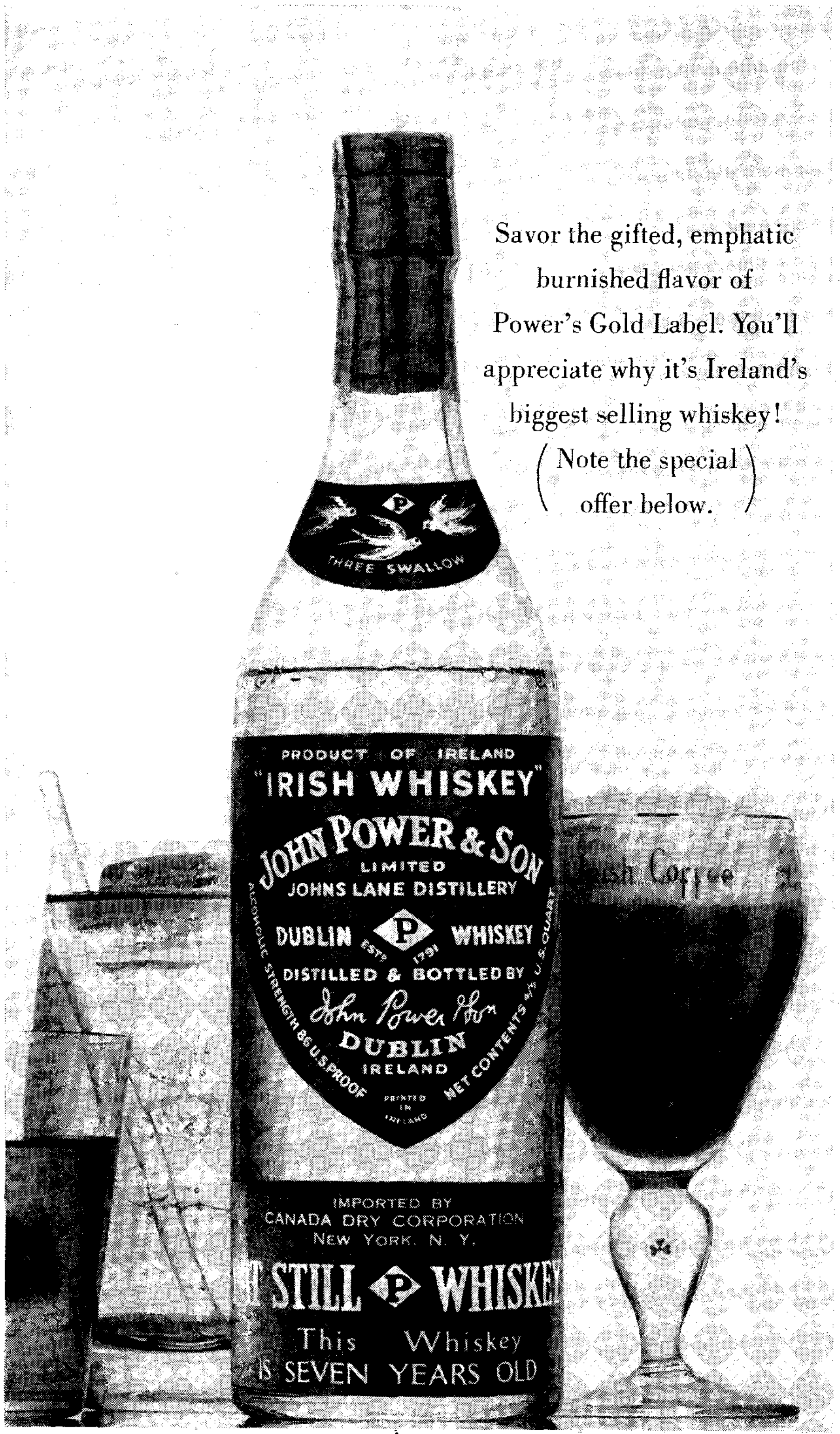
WEATHER
KHARTOUM AREA

The Max temp. yesterday was 113° F and Min 82.

FORECAST FOR TODAY

Little change in temp.—possibility of rising sun.—*Khartoum News.*

Something we must always cling to.


THREE SWALLOW
PRODUCT OF IRELAND
"IRISH WHISKEY"
JOHN POWER & SON
LIMITED
JOHNS LANE DISTILLERY
DUBLIN
ESTD 1791
WHISKEY
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
John Power & Son
DUBLIN
IRELAND
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S. PROOF
NET CONTENTS 4/5 U.S. QUART
PRINTED IN IRELAND
IMPORTED BY
CANADA DRY CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.
POT STILL WHISKEY
This Whiskey
IS SEVEN YEARS OLD
Irish Coffee

Savor the gifted, emphatic burnished flavor of Power's Gold Label. You'll appreciate why it's Ireland's biggest selling whiskey!

(Note the special offer below.)

POWER'S
GOLD
LABEL
IRISH WHISKEY

IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

▲

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER.
4 IRISH COFFEE GLASSES FOR $1

Just like the elegant one shown above. Sent direct from Dublin. Only $1 per set of 4. Mail Coupon to: John Power & Son, Limited, Box 241A, Dublin, Ireland. (Air Mail 15¢; by Ship 8¢) This offer good in Continental U. S. only.

NAME (Print)__________

ADDRESS__________

CITY__________ZONE____STATE__________

A PRODUCT OF IRELAND. 7 YEARS OLD—86 PROOF. CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE U.S. IMPORTER

HEAR THE SOUND OF BROADWAY IN YOUR HOME
WITH THE ORIGINAL CASTS

IRMA LA DOUCE
OL 5560 OS 2029*

BYE BYE BIRDIE
KOL 5510 KOS 2025* 4-TRACK TAPE: OQ 320

The Sound of Music
KOL 5450 KOS 2020*
2-TRACK TAPE: TOB 58 4-TRACK TAPE: OQ 311

MY FAIR LADY
OL 5090 OS 2015*
2-TRACK TAPE: TOB 43 4-TRACK TAPE: OQ 310

West Side Story
OL 5230 OS 2001* 2-TRACK TAPE TOB 13

GYPSY
OL 5420 OS 2017* 2-TRACK TAPE: TOB 53

A THURBER CARNIVAL
KOL 5500 KOS 2024*

COMING SOON
Camelot

*STEREO

HEAR THEM TONIGHT & EVERY NIGHT ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

® "Columbia", Marcas Reg. Printed in U. S. A.

THE ART GALLERIES

The Surrealists

SURREALISM—currently the subject of an exhibition at the D'Arcy Galleries—had its official beginnings in Paris, in 1924, with the issuance of André Breton's famous Manifesto, proclaiming, among other things, the supremacy of the dream over reality. But a good many of Surrealism's charter members—Louis Aragon and Philippe Soupault on the literary side; Max Ernst, Man Ray, and Francis Picabia among the painters—were former practitioners of Dada (which had had its proto-Surrealist aspects), and if one wants to look about a bit, it is not hard to find precursors of the movement even further back. Carlo Crivelli, the Renaissance Venetian who specialized in portraits of people made up of fruits and vegetables, was certainly one of its ancestors, while Hieronymus Bosch, also dating from the fifteenth century, is still unsurpassed in nightmarish quality of invention. Coming down in time, one thinks of men like the Belgian James Ensor, and Odilon Redon, concocting his prim Parisian fantasies, and, perhaps oddest of all, the American John Quidor, who painted his strange, phantasmagorial pictures of death, hobgoblins, and the wilderness alone in the midst of nineteenth-century Brooklyn. Thomas Cole, likewise a nineteenth-century American, in some of his paintings is obviously of the lineage—along with anyone anywhere, in fact, who twisted the phenomena of the real world into dreamlike relationships. These men, though, for the most part, did their twisting and transforming either obsessively (as is apparently the case with Redon) or out of just plain capriciousness. The Surrealists, as a school, were the first to evolve a theory and a system for such manifestations, and it may be that—in their function as members of the movement, at any rate—they went about it a bit too systematically.

You can't be logical about dreams, or manufacture hallucinations. . . . But perhaps I'm taking too long in getting to the show at hand. This is neither so large nor so carefully higgledy-piggledy in makeup as the big one in Paris in the

IN THE WORLD OF FINE HOTELS:
Rome

Sophisticated world travelers to Rome can take their choice among some of Europe's finest hotels: The Hassler on the Piazza Trinita dei Monti is a magnet for sophisticated world travelers; Rome's smart set comes to The Excelsior on Via Veneto. The Grand is a hotel of classic atmosphere.

Here is all the service, the comfort, the luxury to satisfy a perfectionist.

But Rome has its drawbacks too: the weather, the traffic, the noise. Palm Beach, on the other hand, enjoys perfect solitude and an unparalleled climate.

And the cost-careless, comfort-conscious traveler finds the equivalent of Rome's elegant, polished life at Palm Beach's most distinguished address...

Colony Hotel
Palm Beach, Florida

See Your Travel Agent or write
Ledyard D. Gardner, General Manager

CURRY
...served with Ceremony
Exotic curry over fluffy white rice, embellished with rare condiments from the curry wagon . . . majestically served by East Indian boys in native costumes.
Every day including Sunday

PIERRE GRILL
HOTEL PIERRE • TEMPLETON 8-8000
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

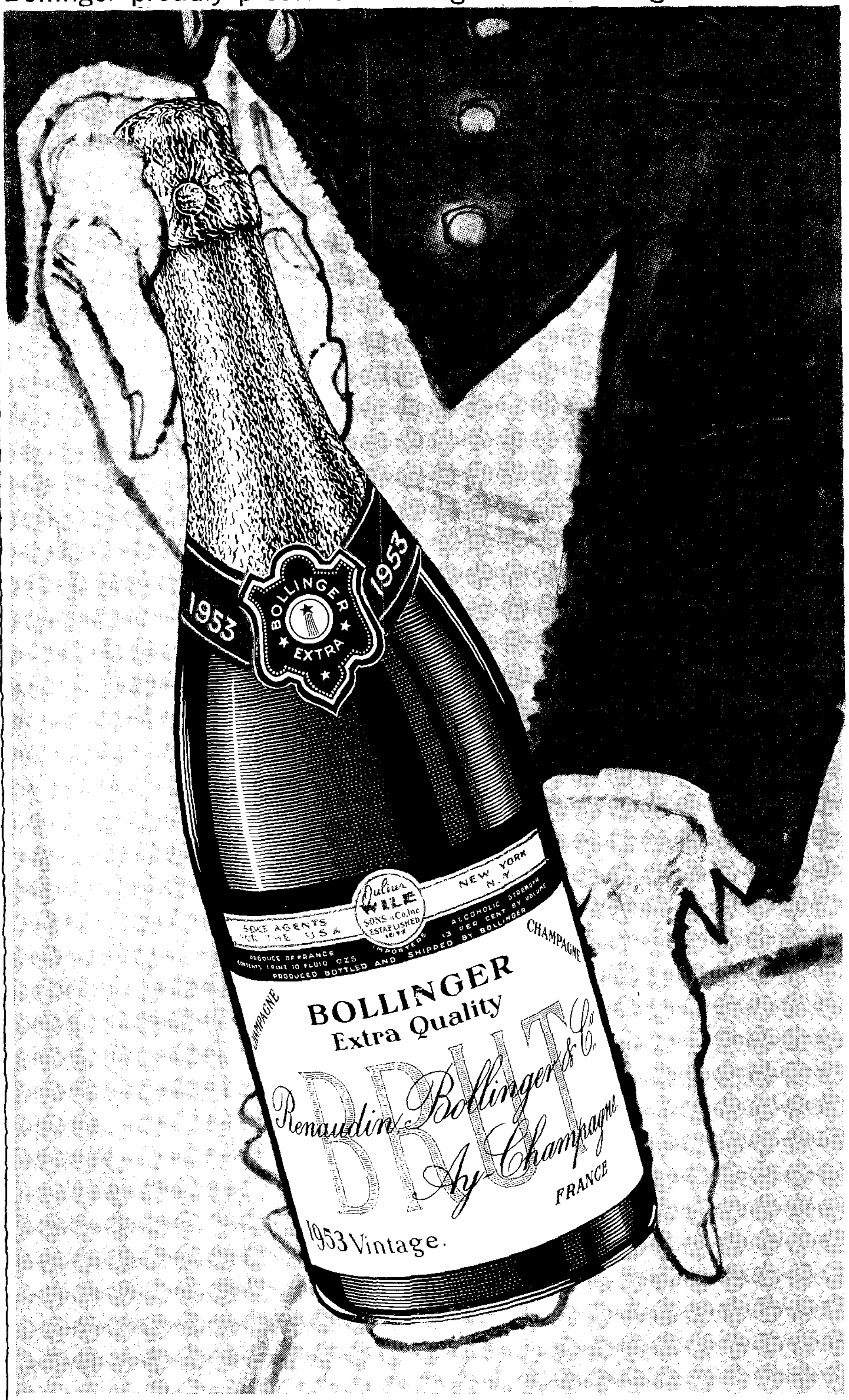
For Travel-Wise Men and Women
BARBIZON-PLAZA
features large luxurious
ROOMS WITH A VIEW
in the very heart of New York
Overlooking Central Park on the finest boulevard in N.Y.C. Every hotel room newly decorated, luxuriously furnished, with bath, radio, TV. 100% Air Conditioned.
Singles $9.50 to $15 • Doubles $15 to 23
Teletype NY 1-3949
Phone CI 7-7000 • Write for Booklet NY.
BARBIZON-PLAZA
106 Central Park So. at 6th Avenue

nineteen-thirties (in which the rooms—at the opening, at least—were left unlighted, and spectators were provided with flashlights to see their way around) or the 1942 one here (in which the lighting was all right but the visitors had to make their way through a maze of twine to get at the exhibits). But this new show has its confusing aspects, too—some of them, I should say, contrived and some inadvertent. There are no snares of string to trip the unwary, though there is a certain amount of similar diversionary bric-a-brac; I noticed, among other things, a child's bicycle attached, upside down, to the ceiling of one of the rooms, a baby carriage equipped with a pink telephone in another, and such items as an old time clock, a beat-up typewriter, and a book on Max Ernst ("MAX ERNST MAX ERNST MAX ERNST," the cover says) in some of the others. The book, of course, may just have been lying there, not in the show at all. Loops of green garden hose are laid here and there along the floors, and there are also a coop full of chickens set off in a corner labelled "Coin Sale" (it looked very clean to me) and—perhaps the happiest of these rather labored inventions—a pile of half-burned logs set neatly on andirons against a wall in which there is no fireplace.

It was the arrangement and the general presentation that really threw me, however. On the day I was there, a formal catalogue was provided, including brief biographies of the sixty artists represented, and illustrated by an example of each man's entry. There was also a smaller check list, which again catalogued the artists and numbered the works of theirs that were included. The trouble was that the pieces themselves were not provided with numbers, and many of those illustrated didn't seem to correspond to the ones on the walls. If some of the itemizations and attributions that follow are a trifle tentative, it's because I was bemused by this situation.

I did see, and identify, enough of the exhibits to realize that the show is

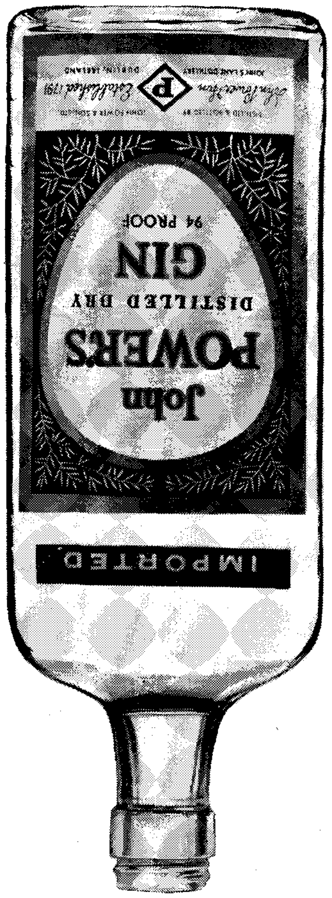
Bollinger proudly presents the magnificent Bollinger Brut 1953



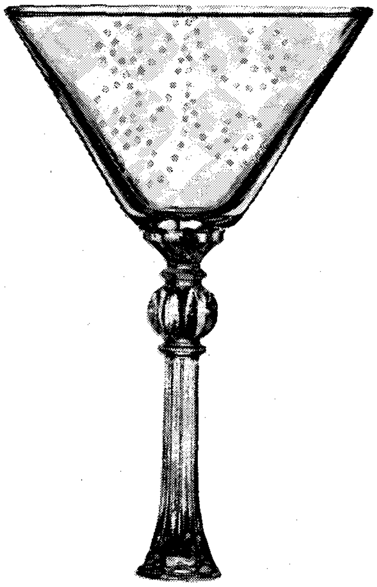
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH II
PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE, J. BOLLINGER

BOLLINGER®
The Aristocrat of French Champagne

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY. JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK



IT'S A "POWERHOUSE"!
THE SCINTILLATING
MARTINI MADE WITH
IMPORTED POWER'S GIN!
POSITIVELY 94 PROOF!
ELECTRIFYINGLY DRY!
AT BETTER SHOPS AND
DRINKING SALONS—NOW!



DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 94 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

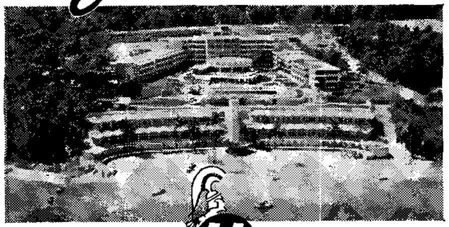
broad and comprehensive in selection. It may, indeed, be too inclusive. It would probably surprise Picasso to find himself a Surrealist, and the same is true, to a greater or less extent, of Wifredo Lam and Arshile Gorky. Such contemporary Americans as Joseph Cornell, Jasper Johns, and Robert Rauschenberg (the last surely a Dadaist, if I ever saw one) are equally peripheral, while the Max Ernst selections (the ones I was able to locate, anyway) were all done only after his involvement with the movement.

All this, though, in a way, is quibbling, for the show is deliberately helter-skelter. Along with the well-known figures, it includes others who are less familiar. In the first group, I'd cite the two Chiricos, "The Amusements of a Young Girl" and "La Magie de la Nuit," both done in his nostalgic, architectural phase; Picabia's dark, skeletal "Aroma;" and Victor Brauner's wispy, wistful study of a woman called "Ego, Id and And . . ." (or, as it's called in the check list, merely "Ego, Id And . . ."). Among the work of the less prominent artists, I noted particularly a nice grayish (and more abstract than Surrealist) "Meditation," by Wolfgang Paalen; a bristly bronze sculpture by the Brazilian Maria; a charming, butterfly-wing-like engraving called "Rendezvous Avec les Rêves," by Jean-Marie Albagnac; and—not to go on too long about it—a greenish, elfin "Il Était Grilheure," by Mimi Parent, a Canadian contemporary, and a series of pieces, "worked" in an almost rococo way, but effectively so, by the German Richard Oelze.

Surrealism, though, as I look back on it—and I do find myself looking back on it, instead of forward for it—seems to have been doomed from the start, partly by its attempt to make a logic out of the essentially illogical and partly by its curiously close relationship with its own times. Surrealism, in my view, was intrinsically a more serious manifestation than is generally realized. At a time when artists were almost by definition antisocial and apolitical, it had its social and political connotations beneath all the foolishness, and it's no mere coincidence that it arose, in France, only a decade or so before the Fall of France, for its turbulence and incoherence appear now a direct reflection of the underlying turbulence and incoherence that then infected the nation and were soon to lead to its ruin in the war.

Certainly, as a movement, Surrealism turned out to be untransportable. I was present, in the background, when some

something wonderful
has happened to
Jamaica!



THE MARRAKESH HOTEL...
Jamaica's newest and most unique! Heavenly taste-tempting food. Beautiful suite-type guest rooms with step-down parlor sections, sunken Grecian baths and terraces overlooking the sea. Huge swimming pool, Cabana Club. Golf, tennis, riding, all water sports.

THE MOST WONDERFUL THING
THAT COULD HAPPEN TO YOUR
NEXT VACATION!

MARRAKESH
HOTEL & CABANA CLUB • BOSCOBEL, JAMAICA, F.W.I.
George de Kiss, Jr., Managing Director

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
ROBERT REID ASSOC., INC.
610 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK • PL 7-2444
• CHICAGO: HA 7-9531 • TORONTO: WA 5-3808
• MONTREAL: WE 5-7413 • MIAMI: FR 7-3575
• HOLLYWOOD, CAL: HO 6-2185

RIGHT
FACE
ON
YOUR
RECORDS

Face up to it—No sense spending your good money for a good player and fine records then risk blurring the music and ruining your records with a poor needle. Right face today . . . ask your dealer for

DUOTONE KEYPORT NEW JERSEY DIAMOND & SAPPHIRE NEEDLES

Makers of the first commercial diamond needle . . . guaranteeing you the natural whole gem every time.

A Polynesian
Paradise on New York's
East Side
ISLAND FOOD AND
EXOTIC DRINKS
Luau 400
LUAU DINNERS and AFTER THEATER SUPPERS
Hal Aloma Trio (No Tax.)
400 E. 57TH STREET EL 5-6555
FREE PARKING

of the Surrealists—Masson, Ernst, Chagall, Duchamp (who helped organize the present showing), Matta, and so on—came over, more or less en masse, in the flight of refugees after the Fall, and I participated, in a minor degree, in welcoming the 1942 exhibition, which was designed to launch the movement in this country. But the movement, as a movement, was already falling apart, and it might be said that instead of Surrealism's taking over America, America took over the Surrealists. Masson, dissatisfied with the doctrinaire attitudes of the school, was already disengaging himself, and the impact of the new life and landscape he found here had a definite effect on his style. Matta moved into outer space. Duchamp, who had long ago stopped painting, settled here. Ernst, another who to my mind was influenced by the change in scene, went West to live, for some years, in Arizona, and paint there. Dali, one of the founders of Surrealism, and whose large, polka-dotted "L'Oreille Anti-Matière" is included in the show, was already becoming a movement in himself. Surrealism itself, in this country (in the hands of men like Peter Blume, for example), largely lost its auto-hypnotic quality and became more overtly social and political in its emphasis.

For all that, the current exhibition contains some excellent pieces, and the affair, once one gets past the tomfoolery, is extremely valuable as a historical survey. The trouble is that one does have to get past it, and the tomfoolery now is a little tired. There were even moments when I felt that the organizers of the affair were themselves a little tired. Garden hose lazily thrown about is no substitute in shock value for flashlights, or for those miles and miles of string.

—Robert M. Coates

•

How almost imperceptible was the pressure with which she pinched her nostrils inside the little piece of cambric, how temperately she blew, what circumspection she used in withdrawing her nose from the handkerchief and replacing it in her sleeve!—*From "The Wayward Wife," by Alberto Moravia.*

What circumspection and what mismanagement!

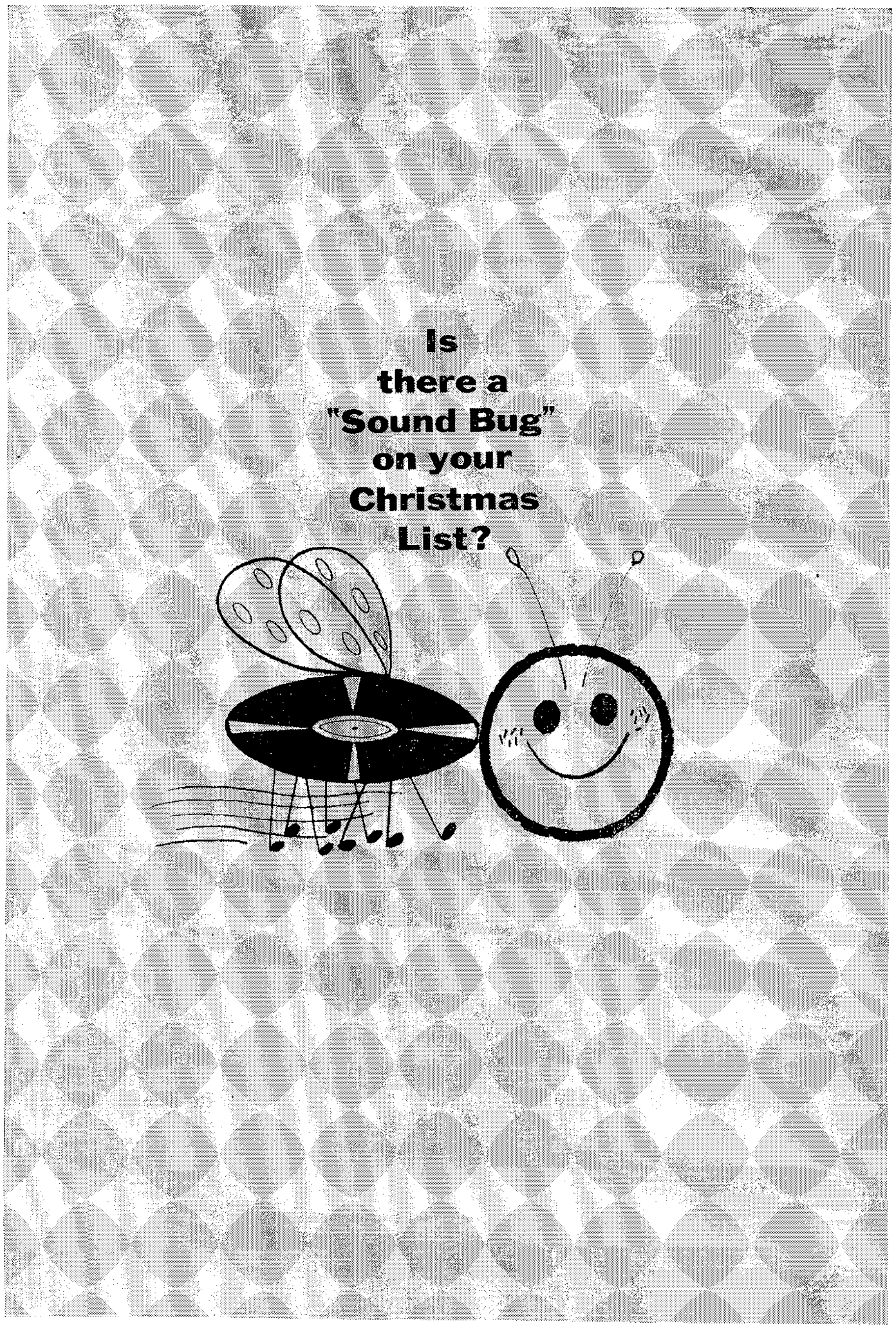
•

THE NEW, BLUNT ARMY

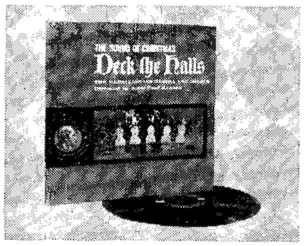
[*Bulletin issued at Headquarters 4th Training Regiment, Fort Jackson, S.C.*]

SUBJECT: Regimental Commander's Meeting Notes

b. Instructors should be cautioned to refer to trainees as *men*, not as gentlemen.


Is there a "Sound Bug" on your Christmas List?

Isn't there someone on your list who gets all excited when he discovers a new sound, new effects that show off his stereo or hi-fi? Lately, there's been a rash of recordings that bat sound around like a ping-pong ball. But Medallion Records achieve a startling new richness of sound through wonderful music that will make luscious listening for many years. Make a sound bug your friend for life: give him Medallion Records for a happy Christmas. Latest Medallion releases in percussive stereo, monaural, 4 track 7½ ips stereo tape.



DECK THE HALLS: The Sound of Christmas, The Medallion Orchestra & Chorus. The joyful peal of bells; voices raised in simple carols; choristers inviting you to the warmth of a candle-bright church; the colorful strains of the village brass band in the festive season. MS 7512

The Sound of TOP BRASS, Volume 2, The Peter London Orchestra. Brilliant 'biting' trumpets, rich trombones, mellow French horns. Includes: Beyond The Blue Horizon • The Continental • Tenderly • Bugler's Holiday • Tico Tico • and others. MS 7508

The Sound of HOLLYWOOD, The Medallion Strings. Great themes from great movies. Current best sellers, plus a sparkling of old favorites. Themes from: The Sundowners • The Alamo • The Apartment • Midnight Lace • Picnic • Spellbound • and others. MS 7513

The Sound of LATIN BRASS, Tarragano and his Orchestra. The pulsating excitement of Latin America: sensuous rhythms; sparkling melodies; brilliantly colored orchestration—feverish brass, soaring woodwinds, throbbing percussion. MS 7511

PERCUSSIVE STRINGS, Volume 2, Frank Hunter and His Orchestra. High-flying violins, mellow violas, throbbing cellos—a brilliant new chapter in The Sound of Strings. Woven with infinite delicacy, flamboyant contrasts and a harlequinade of sparkling colors. MS 7509

The Sound of a MARCHING BAND (120 Cadence) Thundering drums, crashing cymbals, blazing brass! A whole parade of college and military marches! Includes: Roar Lion Roar • On Wisconsin • Anchors Aweigh • 76 Trombones • The Thunderer • Colonel Bogey • and others. MS 7507

The Sound of 8 HANDS ON 4 PIANOS, The Medallion Piano Quartet. From sonorous chords to rippling arpeggios—and every pianistic effect in between. The unusual sound of four great pianists, each with 88 glorious keys on which to create excitement. MS 7510

MEDALLION RECORDS

Send for our latest Medallion catalog. A product of Kapp Records, Inc., 136 East 57 Street, New York 22,

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THOUGH TRIBE AND TONGUE MAY DIFFER

MY plane was late taking off from London Airport. Sitting around a little table in the waiting room, a party of women who might have been missionaries burst into song; chanting, to the tune of "Adeste Fideles,"

> "Oh, why are we waiting?
> Why-y are we waiting?"

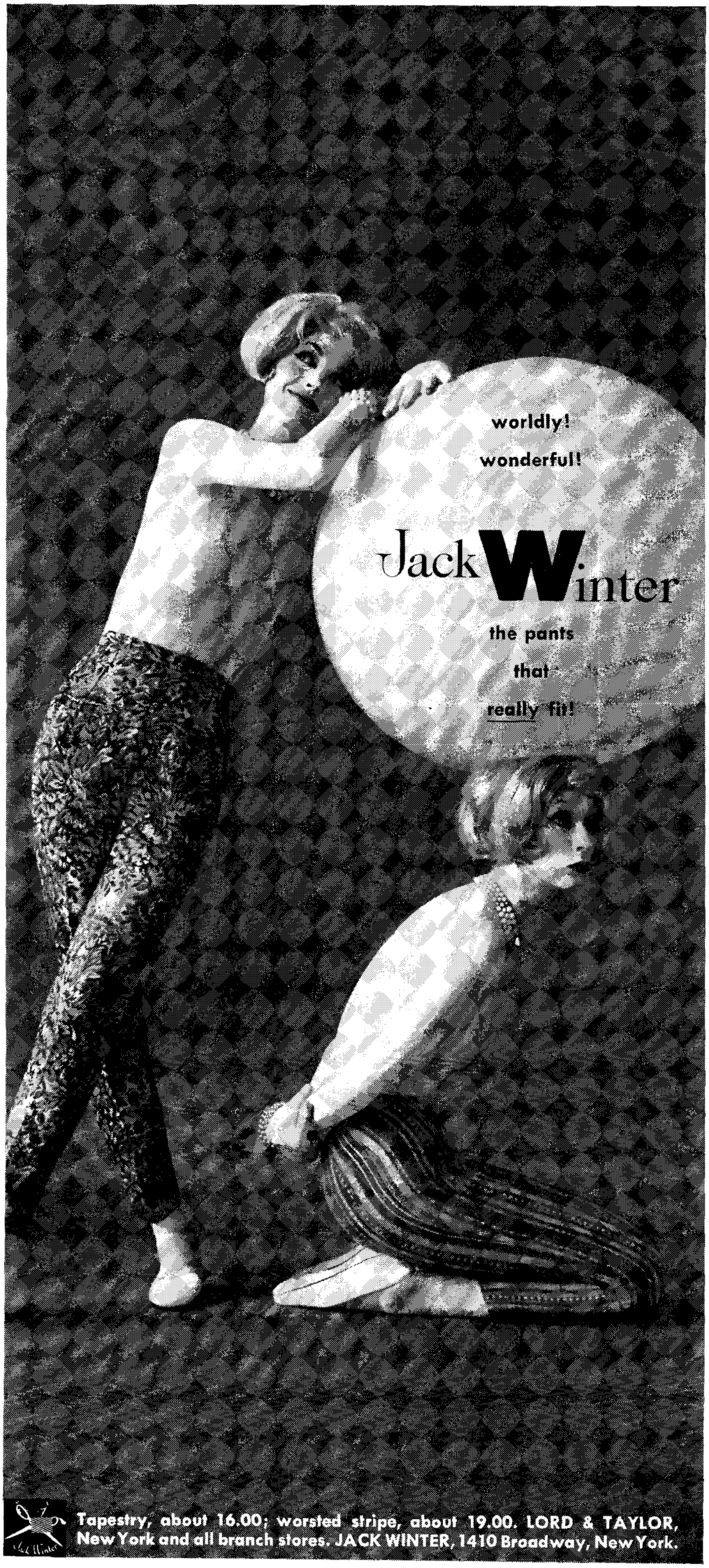
they thumped the table and grinned like schoolgirls. It was an extraordinary way for such staid-looking women to behave, but then our group of passengers was extraordinary altogether. Near me, a dazzling blonde with a beehive hairdo, who looked like a model, and two colored girls, dressed for comfort rather than chic, sat talking in a confidential manner, as if she and they had known each other for a long time. I discovered later that they were sisters-in-law. Up and down past me sauntered a big African attired in a sort of overseas cap and an Arab-style robe. The stewardess had occasion to page him, and I heard a mellifluous name that ended in "o." From his robe, I assumed that he was a Moslem, but it turned out that he was not; his costume was the native dress of Nigeria, worn by all the inhabitants, whether Christian, Moslem, or followers of one or another of the far more ancient native religions. An airport official approached a chirpy little Englishwoman sitting alone in a corner of the room and said something to her. She cried out delightedly "Oh, am I definitely on? That's super!," and, brandishing her ticket, hurried off with him in the direction of the airline desk. Everybody looked pleased on her account, knowing how hard she must have tried to get a reservation, for the plane we were taking was one of the last craft scheduled to arrive in Lagos, the capital of the Federation of Nigeria, before October 1st, the day the nation was to be granted its independence.

At last, well on in the evening, the flight was called, and we trooped aboard in all our variety—dark and light, five women with babies, men in European suits, men in flowing robes. I sat between a young African in Western clothes and the little Englishwoman. We three immediately struck up a conversation, and so did the other passengers all up and down the cabin. Long before the plane was airborne, it was filled with a buzz of friendly talk, punctuated by wails and screams from the babies, that was quite unlike what one encounters in the average group of British travelling together. It was, in fact, the chattiest flight I have ever been on. My two neighbors had Nigerian backgrounds. The young man had been born and raised there, and was now returning home after four years at the University of London; he'd been homesick at first, but now he hated to leave, and, smiling, he admitted that he had even grown accustomed to the British climate. The Englishwoman and her husband had lived for years in Lagos and went home every summer; this year her husband had returned to Lagos ahead of her, and had cabled her to come back right away, because he had received a ticket entitling them both to attend the State Ball. This, I gathered from her awed, delighted comments, was to be the social pinnacle of the independence celebrations. I was well aware that Princess Alexandra of Kent was already in Lagos, as the Queen's representative, for the British press had run photographs of her arriving there in a terrible rainstorm and being greeted at the airport by Nigerian dignitaries under umbrellas.

"State Ball tickets are very hard to get," the Englishwoman explained, "and I never in all the world expected that we'd be invited. But, after all, we've been so long in Nigeria that I suppose it constitutes some sort of claim. Oh, what a rush it's been! Does your husband spring things on you suddenly that way, my dear? I hadn't a thing to wear, and it's a very formal affair. And I couldn't be sure of getting passage at the last minute, either, but I couldn't stop to worry about that. I had to run out and do my shopping first. I had the most extraordinary luck. You'd never think that I could find what I wanted in our town, would you?" She named an obscure place in the West Country. "But the shops there are excellent, fortunately. I was worried about getting a proper fit, because I've put on such a lot of weight at home. I'm not like most of the European women I know. They get fat in Nigeria and take it off in England, but I'm the other way round—it's at home I have to worry. I put it on *here* so badly, my dear. At any rate, I found the prettiest frock, and it was a perfect fit—rose-crystal organza, draped here and straight across here. I was so pleased!" The young man dropped off to sleep at about this point, but I continued to listen raptly. "Then I had to think about my shoes. By a miraculous chance, there was a sale on at the best shop in town, and I found a perfect pair of gold slippers for only three pounds ten—would you believe it? Of course, I already had my gold bag, and Mother lent me a stole with a rose shade in it that will blend, but I can't quite make up my mind about a necklace. What do you think? Would a simple strand of pearls be best?" It seemed no time at all before we put down at Barcelona for refuelling. Still in a euphoric mood, the passengers stretched and yawned and strolled around in the terminal building or outside in the warm, starry night, talking like mad to whatever person happened to be nearest. But they quieted down at last when we were again in flight, and the stewardess, like Nanny in a night nursery, put out the lights and all but told us not to whisper.

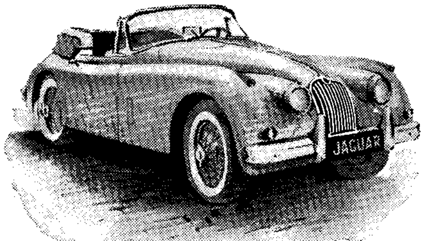
At the time, I was inclined to attribute this surprising bonhomie to the proximity of Independence Day, but I later discovered that I was wrong. It was not something special and temporary. Most Nigerians are naturally genial, and the geniality has a way of rubbing off on people who go there from other lands, like my little Englishwoman. No doubt the Independence, as everybody called the two-week round of festivities celebrating the new order of things, elicited even more good humor than usual, and there was certainly less bitterness than there has been at similar ceremonies in some of the other new African nations, perhaps because Nigeria did not undergo an unpleasant struggle while pulling away from the Crown. As a nation, Nigeria is what it is largely as a result of a British decree of 1900, which lumped together a disparate collection of people and regions to form two protectorates and a colony, under the collective name of Nigeria. Over the years, the various peoples of the region got together—more or less—in a common desire to become a single, separate nation, and when, in 1956, their independence was formally proposed in Parliament, the British didn't put up much opposition. In the early days under Britain, Frederick Lugard, the first High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, laid down the policy that the people should be educated and encouraged to take care of themselves—a policy that has long made Nigeria strikingly different from the Belgian Congo, say, and that naturally favored the nationalists. Presumably because of the absence of turbulence in their colonial history, Nigerians are generally pleasant to foreigners, and foreigners, in turn, are generally pleasant to Nigerians. This has not invariably been true, of course; Nigeria has had her share of war with the whites, but it wasn't a large share, and most of it took place long ago. And, of course, even now white people don't always behave beautifully there. Climate, malaria, dysentery, the slapdash ways of servants—these trials, separately or combined, can still send a Caucasian into old-fashioned colonialist roars of rage. For that matter, I have seen the Lagos telephone system alone do as much. But, by and large, there's an extraordinary amount of good feeling all around.

As we drew near Lagos, the air in the plane grew warm. The Nigerian next to me wiped his glistening face and remarked, with a laugh, that he was no longer acclimated to his own country. The temperature didn't seem to bother the Englishwoman, though. "Wasn't it dreadful the way it rained the day the poor Princess arrived?" she said to me. "I hear that some of the decorations blew down and had to be replaced. My husband says I'll be lost in Lagos—that I'll never know it. They've done wonders in just a few weeks—mending roads and pulling down old houses and practically finishing the wonderful new Federal Palace Hotel. You're sure to like Lagos. It's lovely. Everything grows in that soil, and the tap water is perfectly safe. I always drink it. One can't say that of many cities in Europe. And when you think that Lagos used to be known as the White Man's Grave! Nowadays, all you need worry about is taking your



Tapestry, about 16.00; worsted stripe, about 19.00. LORD & TAYLOR, New York and all branch stores. JACK WINTER, 1410 Broadway, New York.

WHAT EVER YOU GIVE...

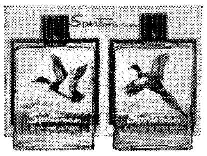


JAGUAR XK 150

GIVE THE BEST!

Sportsman

THE FINEST IN MEN'S TOILETRIES



SPORTSMAN DUET SET— Shave Lotion, Cologne. Matched scent. 3 sizes: $1, $2.25, $3.75

© 1960 Sportsman

SPORTSMAN TRAVELER— leather-like kit with Shave Lotion, Cologne, Deodorant. $4.95

All prices plus tax

anti-malaria pill regularly. People used to die of malaria, you know. And yellow fever—you were inoculated against that, weren't you? That's good, because they're still being very careful at the immigration. But it's hardly necessary. Lagos is healthy now."

THE site of the Nigerian capital, which lies on the Atlantic coast just off the southwestern tip of the Nigerian mainland and is linked to it by a bridge and a ferryboat, is generally referred to as the island of Lagos, but it is really two islands, or even three, depending on how one counts. Lagos proper, also known as Eko, is separated only by a canal from a sister island called Iddo, and a bit apart from these twins is the island of Victoria, completing the Lagos group. The total area of the islands, together with a few small patches of the mainland in the immediate vicinity that are also part of the capital, is only twenty-seven square miles, and their total population is a teeming three hundred and fifty thousand. The waterfront of Lagos consists of creeks and a lagoon—*lago* in Portuguese. It was the Portuguese who, almost literally, raised Lagos out of the sea. A Nigerian pamphlet published on the occasion of the Independence describes their coming: "The first settlers to Lagos found a low-lying mudbank, much of it swamp, which provided a sanctuary from the more aggressive tribes of the interior, but the convenient location of the island and the presence of a rare channel to the sea attracted the exploring seafarers of the fifteenth and later centuries, and Lagos gradually developed as an important trading center. British rule was established in 1861 to enforce the abolition of the slave trade, of which Lagos, to that date, was an important center. In the 1954 Constitution the town was declared to be Federal Territory, separate and distinct from any Region."

Before going ashore from the mudbank to put the aggressive tribes in their place, and then carry them off as slaves, the Portuguese cut down forests and palm clusters, dredged and drained the swamps, and filled them in with sand to make land firm enough to build on—work of a type that, incidentally, has recently been resumed on the mainland to accommodate the residential overspill from the islands. In the early days, the channel was not only, as the pamphlet suggests, rare in those parts but adequate to the needs of any and all vessels of that time. It was spanned, however, by a great and steadily growing sandbar, and as the centuries passed

Enjoy delicious DAIQUIRI cocktails-at home

MAKE THEM THE QUICK, EASY WAY WITH THE ORIGINAL DAIQUIRI MIX

Just add your favorite brand of Rum to Holland House Daiquiri Mix, and you'll serve perfect Daiquiris every time.

Other popular Holland House Cocktail Mixes: Manhattan, Dry Martini, Whiskey Sour, Tom Collins, Old Fashioned, Bronx, Side Car, Quinine Tonic and Gimlet.

HOLLAND HOUSE DAIQUIRI MIX

Full Pint—enough for 32 cocktails. 89¢

Slightly higher in Southern & Western States

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores
Write for free cocktail and canapé recipes!
Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.

Lago Mar

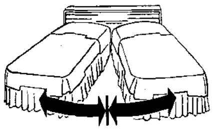
HOTEL AND APARTMENTS
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

Directly on 600 feet of private beach, 2 pools, 3 par golf, tennis, Beach Bar, entertainment.

Under direction of Sidney Banks

SAVES YOUR BACK...
SAVES YOUR FLOORS!

Famous Warco Patent Bed Frame makes bed-making easier than ever before... eliminates wear and tear on carpet or floor because nothing moves on the floor! Interchangeable frames lock in place open or closed. Luxury construction. Money-back guarantee.



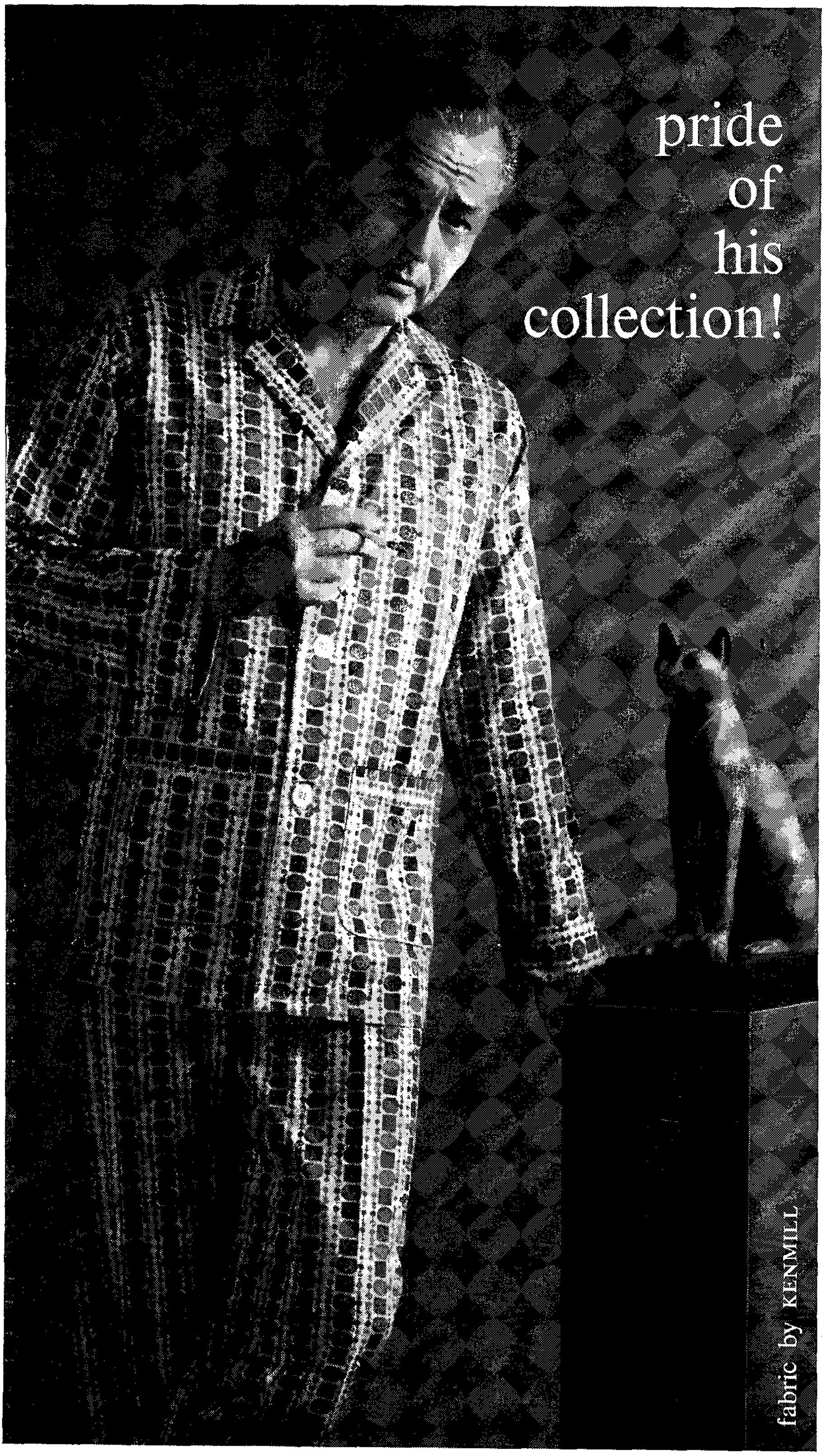
Warco Patent Bed Co.
P.O. Box 338, Delaware, Ohio

and the size not only of the sandbar but of ships seeking to cross it increased, the channel became notoriously treacherous and finally, for vessels of any considerable draft, impassable. The Bar, as it was known, defied several efforts to eliminate it, but in 1917 it was at last effectively dredged, and the harbor has since been accessible to everything afloat.

Now that the Bar is gone, the most vexatious obstacle in the way of would-be visitors to Lagos is the stretch of a dozen miles between the airport at Ikeja and the capital. Public transport has always been one of the chief problems of existence in Lagos, and I had been given to understand that during the Independence, when the city would be seething with the excitement of entertaining special visitors, finding a taxicab might well prove impossible. It was my good fortune to be driven over this last lap by a friend, Jack, who lives near me in the English countryside and who visits Nigeria every year on business, attracted there, like the bulk of the foreigners in the nation today, by its substantial oil resources. Jack had prophesied that I would be glad of a lift into town, and he was waiting at the airport when I arrived.

In the middle of the morning, which was bright but not oppressively hot, we drove off toward the city, with Jack pointing to decorated archways along the way and talking feelingly of the traffic difficulties and the general bedlam prevailing in Lagos during the Independence. I was not surprised, having been forewarned by a Nigerian official in London that many things besides traffic were far from normal in his country just then. "We don't get any answer out of those people down there," he had said, in a rare moment of desperation. "They are not attending to business. They are all jockeying for po-sition in the new government." Clearly obsessed with the fear of an accommodation shortage, he had added severely, "We expect many important people to attend the Independence. President Eisenhower has been invited, and no doubt he will bring a lot of people with him. The same applies to Mr. Khrushchev, not to mention other national leaders. This being so, I greatly fear there will be no room for you."

Fortunately for me, if not for President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev, previous engagements with the United Nations prevented them from attending, though Governor Nelson Rockefeller did come, as head of the American delegation. I am not claiming that I got either Eisenhower's or Khrushchev's



Sudanaire T. M. Pajamas by Weldon®

What makes Sudanaire the most prized luxury pajamas in America? The magnificently printed cotton fabric, woven from the finest imported yarns, the unique comfort of Weldon's exclusive Ful-bak® coat and seat... the smart lounge look of the notch collar coat with elastic waistband trousers. In blue, olive, natural. Sizes: A, B, C, D. $8.95. At fine stores everywhere, or write Weldon Pajamas, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

PAJAMAS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

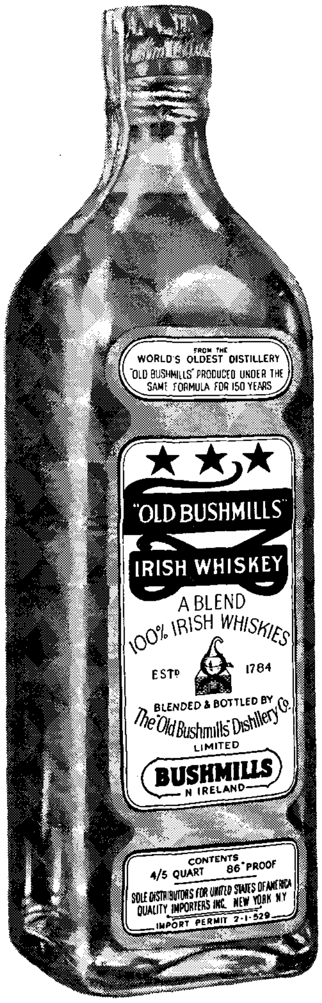
Weldon Pajamas are licensed for manufacture and sold in Australia, Canada, Mexico, South Africa, Venezuela and other countries throughout the world.

CHALLENGE!

Just try having your favorite drink made with OLD BUSHMILLS IRISH WHISKEY then see if it doesn't taste better than ever before!

Due to its exceptional liqueur quality, Old Bushmills makes any whiskey drink taste better, whether it be On-the-Rocks, with Water or Soda, a Sour, an Old Fashioned, or Irish Coffee.

SPECIAL OFFER OF IRISH COFFEE GLASSES: 4 elegant stemmed glasses mailed direct to you from Ireland. Send $1 to Old Bushmills, Box No. 186, Dublin, Ireland.


FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
"OLD BUSHMILLS" PRODUCED UNDER THE SAME FORMULA FOR 150 YEARS
"OLD BUSHMILLS"
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
ESTD 1784
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co.
LIMITED
BUSHMILLS
N IRELAND
CONTENTS 4/5 QUART 86° PROOF
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA QUALITY IMPORTERS INC. NEW YORK NY
IMPORT PERMIT 2-I-529

OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
PRIDE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
86 PROOF. 100% BLENDED IRISH WHISKIES.
QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

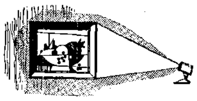
room—in fact, I'm sure I didn't, since I shared a press billet with another woman—but their failure to turn up probably helped me just the same, by relieving the general pressure all over town.

Jack had ascertained from local sources that I was to stay at the Mainland Hotel, a vast building near the bridge leading to the island, and he let me off at the entrance to the place, suggesting that I call him up later if I wanted to go for a ride around town; all business houses were closed for the Independence, and he was at liberty. In the lobby, I was directed to proceed to a ballroom that was serving as press headquarters, and there I found a press officer—a harried Briton—being patient, though clearly exasperated, with a Nigerian photographer in a pajamalike suit of red-and-yellow batik cloth, who was heatedly demanding entrée to some function or other. The room, an enormous one, was almost filled with long wooden tables bearing double rows of lovely new typewriters, shiny green for Independence (the Nigerian flag consists of two vertical green bars flanking a white one), at which a few reporters, mostly African, were pecking away. While I was waiting to speak to the press officer, I read on a well-filled bulletin board that a fleet of "vans," or Volkswagen minibuses, was in attendance, waiting for the members of the press to use them at will. This sounded perfectly delightful, and the vans, when I saw them, looked delightful, too—as new and green as the typewriters. Alas, they were by no means easy to use. They seemed always to be waiting for somebody else, or out of order, or sans driver.

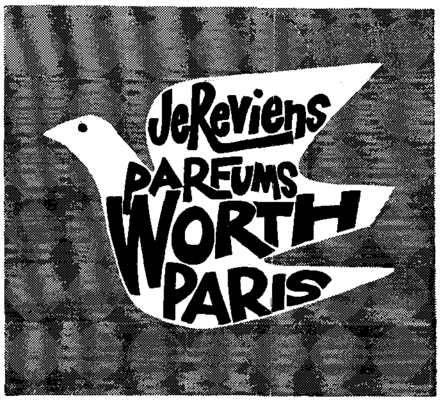
The press officer got through at last with the man in red and yellow, then dealt with complaints from a man in light cream, a man in awning stripes, and a man in a plain shirt and trousers, who turned out to be a representative of the American Negro press. Next, he attended to me, and was relieved to learn that since I had only just arrived, I had no complaints to make but merely wanted to register. Having done so and had a look at my room, I went into the lobby, where my first attempt to avail myself of an Independence van was swiftly frustrated. The vans were all in use, said the dispatcher, ignoring the presence of three empty ones just outside the door. So, after a bout with the Lagos telephone system, I told Jack that I would thankfully accept his offer to show me around. By the time he arrived, it was nearly noon, and as I left the hotel, I expected to encounter a blast

EVERYTHING'S HERE for a good time
Gay, club-like setting . . . snow white sands of a safe private beach . . . swimming in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Championship golf, tennis, fishing, sailing. Superb food.
For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462.
Lido Biltmore
Floyd Alford, Jr., Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

Made in France for Louvre-Like Lighting
Art BEAM-LITE



(Actual size: 5″ x 3⅞″ x 2¾″)
17.50 prepaid
A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT
Incl. 75-W. Mazda silvered reflector bulb, 8-ft. cord.
gray, or black
ALSO ATTACHES TO WALL OR CEILING
Small, compact, handsome fixture provides concentrated lighting to enhance beauty of your paintings and objets d'art. **Adjustable** light beam frames picture only, not wall. Projects round, rectangular, or oblong beam. Ideal for window display, interior decoration. Dealer inquiry invited. Send check or money order to
MORDA DISTRIBUTING CO., Dept. NY12
P.O. Box 24036, Los Angeles 24, Calif.



of heat, but it wasn't really bad. Eventually, I decided that Lagos's reputation for oppressive heat has been established by the British, who don't know how hot it can be in, say, Arizona, or in New York on a sizzling August day. But except for the mild temperature there were all the appurtenances of literature's tropics—palm trees on the horizon and a pitilessly blue lagoon.

Just before I got into Jack's car, a group of Nigerians—men and women—came slowly past the hotel, their bodies bent forward at a sharp angle as they strutted and danced strangely to the complicated beat of drummers in their midst; now and then one of the strutters would stop short, feet rooted to the ground, but would still keep the rhythm by jerking his or her torso this way and that. "It could be a wedding party or a funeral or anything at all," Jack said. "Nigerians dance on practically every occasion. See the drum that fellow on the left has under his arm? That's a talking drum. He can change the tone of its voice by squeezing or releasing it, and it actually does sound like talking."

A child walking by called to us "Hello! Free*dom!* Independa!" and the dancers, shouting and laughing, closed in until they surrounded us. One of the men half knelt in front of us, his head thrown back, and Jack balanced a coin on his forehead. Encouraged, another man advanced and threw his head back, but at this an ancient woman, who seemed to be in charge, scolded him sharply, and told the party to move on and stop begging. She shook hands with us both, and the others followed her example. Then they all danced away, twitching and jerking.

An old Nigerian hand I had talked to in London told me, "Frankly, I wouldn't advise anybody to go to Lagos except in the way of business. The last time I saw it, it was just a lot of mud huts. Of course, that was twenty years ago."

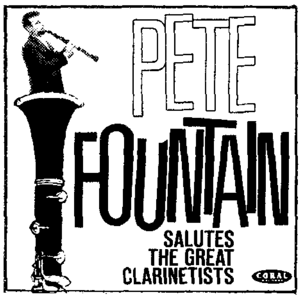
He wouldn't know Lagos now, as Jack remarked while we were crossing the bridge. If it comes to that, people who have been away only a year hardly know it; they get lost in the maze of newly widened streets lined with modern structures, and search in vain for familiar landmarks. Not all the mud huts have been torn down to make way for the rebuilding, but during the Independence the worst-looking of the survivors were hidden behind board or sheet-metal fences, many of them with signs reading "SLUM CLEARANCE," as a reminder that they had not been for-

if it isn't
in the groove...
it just isn't!

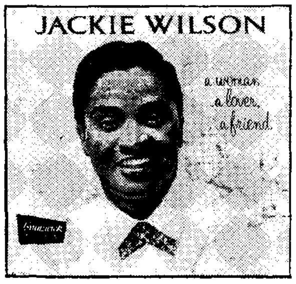
GOOD LISTENING BEGINS WITH TOP TALENT !
OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES COME ALIVE ON

Brunswick RECORDS

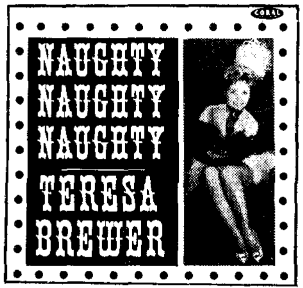
CORAL RECORDS
A Subsidiary of Decca Records, Inc.



"Woodchopper's Ball," "Frenesi," "Begin The Beguine," "Green Eyes," "Let's Dance," "Amapola," and others.
CRL 57333 CRL 757333 (Stereo)



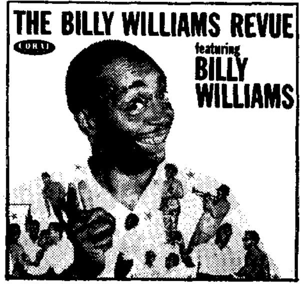
The singer who creates the hits. "A Woman, A Lover, A Friend," "Night," "All My Love," many others.
BL 54059 BL 754059 (Stereo)



For everyone who digs an old song sung young. You might enjoy singing along.
CRL 57329 CRL 757329 (Stereo)

CORAL
his and hers
the McGuire Sisters

Songs in a romantic mood by the McGuire Sisters . . . for every him and her who's ever been in love.
CRL 57337 CRL 757337 (Stereo)



Sparkling variety, begins and ends in high gear. Acclaimed in Las Vegas.
CRL 57343 CRL 757343 (Stereo)

"BIG" TINY LITTLE'S '20's
Brunswick
BIG TINY LITTLE
and his honky tonk piano

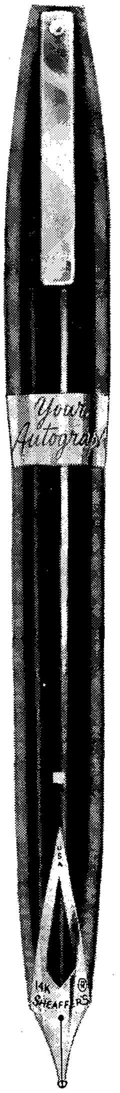
Musical echoes of the Roaring Twenties. The razzle-dazzle, honky-tonk piano of Big Tiny Little.
BL 54057 BL 754057 (Stereo)

How to play Santa for $25.00

Give Sheaffer's PFM, Pen for Men...for his autograph. His own signature is exactly reproduced on the 14K gold band. 14K gold inlaid point is *hand-ground* in a choice of writing styles. Sheaffer's exclusive Snorkel Pen clean filling action and loss-proof innerspring clip. Personalized PFM, Pen for Men, $25; matching pen and pencil set, with engraved signatures, $37.50. Other PFM Pens priced from $10.

SHEAFFER'S®

©1960, W. A. S. P. CO., SHEAFFER PENS, MAICO HEARING AIDS

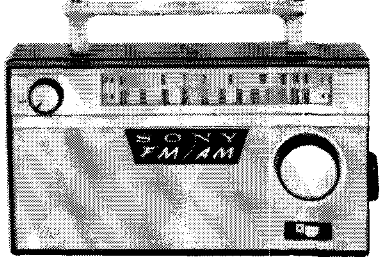


gotten by the public conscience. Very likely they were genuinely on the way to extinction, for Lagos real-estate values are high. Office buildings have sprung up all over the place, and they look much like those to be seen anywhere in the more advanced parts of the tropics—the customary matchboxes, with balconies like piano keyboards, and plenty of glass. Among the landmarks swept away by the authorities in their eager rush were several historic ones, including a Portuguese-style house built in the nineteenth century by Nigerians who had been released from slavery in Brazil, and the original palace of the local *oba*, or chief, which has given way to a big new palace—or, rather, has become a part of it, but has all but disappeared in the process. A few antiquarians regret this, but nobody could maintain that old Lagos was, in general, worth lamenting. It grew squalidly, and for squalid reasons, on swampland. Travellers who want to see the Dark Continent in its original form can still find plenty of it on the mainland, in the bush country or, for that matter, right in the market place back of the Mainland Hotel, where, among booths displaying oranges and tins of soup and shoe polish and Manchester cotton, merchants sell witch doctors' paraphernalia—chicken feathers, weird carvings, whole basketfuls of dog skulls.

The streets of Lagos were almost choked with disorderly lines of traffic. Garlands had been strung between lampposts, and high hoardings had been raised and decorated with bunting shields, some of these in pure blocks of green or red, others bearing the national coat of arms. Along the waterfront, a marina unrolled its length between loops of color, interspersed with great bird cages holding likenesses of parrots whose feathers ruffled realistically in the wind. Office buildings were hung with brilliant strips of cloth. At a distance, the racecourse, which was the center of the Independence celebration, could have been a great oval of fully decorated Christmas trees.

The Nigerians in Lagos seemed to share my opinion that the heat was only moderate. In terms of yardage, they were well dressed—perhaps even overdressed. Most of the men wore robes—either of a single color, with a little embroidery around the neck and down the front, or of large, bright prints—over a simple, sleeveless, shirtlike garment and trousers. Somehow, they managed to ride bicycles in full costume without ever suffering the indignity of getting their skirts tangled in the

*ENJOY FINE MUSIC ANYWHERE
with the remarkable SONY FM-AM
BATTERY-OPERATED ALL-TRANSISTOR PORTABLE



*RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

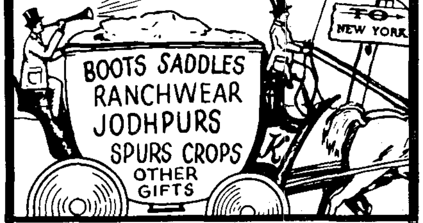
Weighs only 3 pounds, including batteries. Features 12 transistors, 4 diodes. The SONY TFM 121 is a marvel of radio engineering and practical convenience. Plays on FOUR FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES, obtainable anywhere. Ideal for listening to "fine music" FM programs—and other programs as well, on FM and AM.

THE PERFECT EXECUTIVE GIFT.
Price, complete with batteries and earphone........ 99.95
FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE IN U. S.
(add 3% tax in N. Y. C. area) *TM

480 MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH STREET, N. Y.
150 EAST 42ND STREET (New Socony Bldg.), N. Y.
975 MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST. (Hotel Carlyle), N. Y.
795 MADISON AVENUE AT 67TH STREET, N. Y.
PLAZA 3-0180
197 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS • WHITE PLAINS 8-5050

LIBERTY Music Shops

1000 GIFTS for Folks Who Ride!



Give a Kauffman GIFT Certificate or Send for FREE Christmas Catalog

Kauffman
America's Great Riding Goods Store
139-141 E. 24th ST., N. Y. Est. 1875
BETWEEN 3RD & LEX. AVES.
Free Parking • • • MU 4-6060

EMERALD BEACH HOTEL NASSAU

Where time stands still, lulled by the rythmic lapping of the warm Atlantic on our long and lovely private beach.

EB

See your Travel Agent, or any office of Emerald Beach Hotel:
Atlanta, JA 4-3486; Chicago, WH 4-7077; Detroit, WO 2-2700; Miami, PL 4-1660; New York, MU 8-0130; Washington, FE 8-6330; Toronto, EM 3-1648.

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

MOET
BRUT IMPERIAL
CHANDON

Sable by Constantino, Christie Bros., N. Y.

For Memorable Moments . . .

MOËT CHAMPAGNE

. . . The Great Champagne of France

Since 1743—produced and bottled where Champagne was born.

Boating fun is part of life in Fort Lauderdale

Visitors to Fort Lauderdale often exclaim about its homes with two fronts. In this modern *Venice*, where callers are as apt to arrive by boat as by car, a home simply has to have its nautical side.

And, as our picture suggests, even the visitors find boating plays a big part in their holiday life.

This is the New River. It flows from the Everglades to the sea and was once an artery for Seminole canoes. The hundreds of waterways that branch off the river lead to many sightseeing adventures. Rent a small power boat and go exploring. You will see the intimate side of Fort Lauderdale best from the water.

Famous yacht basins where a flagrant array of sleek-hulled cruisers are pampered. Luxurious waterfront homes and palm-shaded lawns. Swimming pool and patio parties in progress. Pipe out a salute as you pass. No proper Lauderdalian would fail to return your greeting.

If you prefer that someone else do your skippering, scenic-cruise boats show you through the waterways. And charter boats, captained by experts, take you big-game ocean fishing. Or party boats (less costly) take larger groups drift fishing.

Plan to come down and don a yachting cap with us. For full details, write: F. B. Crane, Information Director, Box 1181-N7, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

FORT
LAUDERDALE
for the fun of it!

wheels. The women were at least as lavish in their display of drygoods as the men, favoring a three-piece affair consisting of a blouse, a short, tight skirt with a voluminous roll of cloth wrapped around the waist (giving the wearer a portly, pregnant look, which might or might not be misleading), and, on the head, a bulky piece of cloth wound in turban fashion but with its ends sticking up jauntily. Every woman has her own fashion of tying this arrangement, and sometimes a length of matching cloth is worn around the shoulders as a scarf. One sees whole families sauntering forth—father, mother (with baby slung on her back), and older children—all dressed in the same stripes or the same flowery chintz.

It may be that this fondness for cloth reflects the zeal of Christian missionaries during the Victorian era, who insisted that the naked Nigerians cover themselves amply with the stuff. But an earlier influence is probably involved, too. Long before Victoria was born, Portuguese traders did their best to foster an appetite here for cloth from India (a mercantile crusade later carried on by the British with their products from the Manchester mills). In Nigeria, cloth is a sign of education and wealth, so Nigerians take exceptional pride in their fine plumage, and it is a pleasant thing to see.

On the way back to my hotel, we stopped at a filling station for gas. When our tank was full, Jack said jocosely to the attendant as he handed over a "dash," or tip, "Today, I dash you. After Independence, you dash me. O.K.?"

"No, sir," said the attendant firmly.

MY roommate wasn't in when I went upstairs and began unpacking. From the desk, I had learned that I was being allotted the space previously intended for a Miss Lawson, down on the list as a photographer for the New York *Times*. Miss Lawson had sent word at the last minute that she would not be in Lagos for the Independence after all. Her message was duly noted in the pressroom and posted on the bulletin board, but at the reception desk in the lobby things were different. During my stay at the Mainland, the Nigerian clerks were never able to accept the fact that Miss Lawson had not turned up. As far as they were concerned, when I moved into the half of a room theretofore reserved for Miss Lawson, I magically became Miss Lawson myself. Though I repeatedly assured them that they were mistaken, it didn't have the

the perfect finale to a perfect meal

Irish Mist

coffee

Pour one jigger of **Irish Mist**
(Ireland's Legendary Liqueur)
into a stemmed glass goblet.
Add extra strong, piping hot coffee.
Top with lightly whipped heavy cream. That's all!
Do not stir. Sip the coffee through the cream.
It's the perfect finale to a perfect meal.

Irish Mist Coffee
The Irish Mist Liqueur Co. Ltd
Irish Mist
Liqueur
Irish Mist Liqueur

80 PROOF. SOLE U.S. REPRESENTATIVE: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

tax

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defined the word *excise* as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities."

Many of us are apt to feel that the Great Cham's adjective could well be applied to *any* tax . . . so you may be glad to learn that, while we can't help you avoid any excises, we can tell you about a way to gain additional income without additional income tax.

How? By investing in Municipal Bonds—the debt securities of state or city governments, or governmental authorities. Income from Municipals is exempt from Federal income tax . . . and usually from state income tax as well, in the state of issuance.

Our Municipal Bond Department has long been a leader in this field of investment—and its experience, knowledge, and continuing research are all available to you, to assist you in selecting the Municipals best suited to your particular needs.

If you're interested in increasing your income without incurring any more "hateful" taxes . . . send for our booklet explaining the tax-free investment opportunities of Municipal Bonds. It will be a pleasure to send it to you.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange and other leading exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO
Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

slightest effect on their conviction as to my identity; they knew better. They persistently delivered Miss Lawson's mail to me, and withheld mine—or perhaps consigned it to the dead-letter office—and hopefully referred to me anyone asking for Miss Lawson. Anyone asking for *me* was informed courteously and with a tone of regret that I was not resident in the hotel.

As I unpacked and looked around vainly for clothes hangers and drawer space, I wondered what my roommate might be like. Clearly, she was a collector, for one thing. On the floor in a corner lay a heap of musical instruments of strange shapes and materials; I could recognize only one—a long, slender drum—though there was something made of crocodile hide that looked like a dwarf banjo. Or was it a violin, and that object resembling a strung bow a part of it? My cogitations were interrupted by a knock on the door. On opening it, I was confronted by an elegant young man, with tattooed ridges on his cheeks, who asked me, in French, for Miss Lawson. I explained that Miss Lawson didn't live there, and after I had repeated it several times, he went away. I had returned to my unpacking when a fair-haired young woman in glasses came in precipitately. "Oh, Miss Lawson? I'm your roommate," she said. Again I explained, and she said cheerfully, "In any case, I'll have to give up some of my hangers, and so on. You can have the whole room tonight, for that matter—I'm going upcountry again. I've just come from the bush. I've been living in a village there." She began tossing things around, occasionally handing me a free clothes hanger. "Are you going to the State Banquet or the Tattoo?" she asked. "I'm not."

The Tattoo, I knew, was to be held at the racecourse on the evening of September 30th, and it was to be followed at midnight—as the climax of all the celebrations—by the ceremony of lowering the British flag and raising the flag of Nigeria. I asked my roommate if she wouldn't at least be going to the flag ceremony, and she replied, while throwing things into a suitcase, "Oh, why should I bother? I came to see Nigeria itself, not a lot of ceremonies. My paper doesn't care about royal relatives, and, for myself, I'm primarily collecting for my museum. Did you see my instruments? Rather good, aren't they? I'm only secondarily a journalist; I'm really an ethnomusicologist, and besides picking up the instruments I've been making some tape recordings of Nigerian songs. I've been buying carv-

The Maisonette
BUD and TRAVIS
Milt Shaw and his orchestra,
and the Walter Kay trio—
Closed Sunday and Monday—
a la carte Theatre Dinner 6-8 PM
(No entertainment tax)
HOTEL St. Regis
Fifth Ave. at 55 St., N. Y. • Pierre Bultinck, Gen. Mgr.

THE LODGE at Smugglers' Notch
New Double Chair Lift and trails! Other Double, Single Chair Lifts, T-Bars, famous Ski School. Gay luxurious ski living, continental atmosphere. Outstanding French cuisine, wine cellar, cocktail lounges, gay game rooms, dancing, skating. Reservations advised. Tel. *Stowe* Al 3-7311. Write Ivor Petrak, Mgr. FOLDER.
STOWE 4, Vermont

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
* COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

FRENCH-ITALIAN CUISINE
La Petite Maison
LUNCHEON from $2.50
BAR
DINNER from $4.50
Open Daily
Sunday from 5:30 108 E. 60th ST. • PL 5-5667

ings, too. The trouble is, if carvings are really good, and old, the government is apt to forbid one to export them. They're still smarting from the fact that the best Beni bronzes in the world found their way into foreign collections. One sees their point."

I asked how she had found the time to get so much done, since the Independence had been under way only a few days.

"Oh, I came some weeks ahead, with a lot of students in a chartered plane," she said. "It was much cheaper. But until they let me into this hotel, I had trouble finding a place to stay that wasn't too expensive, so this bed has been a godsend. Not that I've slept in it much." As if to make up for lost time, she dropped down on her bed, put her arms behind her head, and sighed a long, relaxed sigh. "It wasn't exactly restful in that village, but it was interesting. I got some good songs out of it. I do hope I don't start up with malaria all over again. I had it last week and was absolutely flat out for a couple of days. Fortunately, I was here in this room at the time, or I don't know what I should have done." Scratching one arm, she went on, "I picked up a loathsome fungus somewhere, but some new wonder drug has just about cured it. Actually, the malaria didn't worry me too much, but I was repeatedly bitten by tsetse flies, which isn't so good."

"Good Lord!" I said, startled. "You might get sleeping sickness."

"I know," she said, "but I couldn't very well help being bitten. Flies and things seem to love me."

"Is there a vaccine against it?"

"No," she said cheerfully, and, dismissing the subject, asked, "How do you stand on snakes? I don't care for them myself, but at the palace in the

When Bill Samuels left the mass liquor industry to create this old style sour mash whisky, he had two ideas in mind. One was of a high rounded flavor he had not tasted

Softest Spoken of the Bourbons

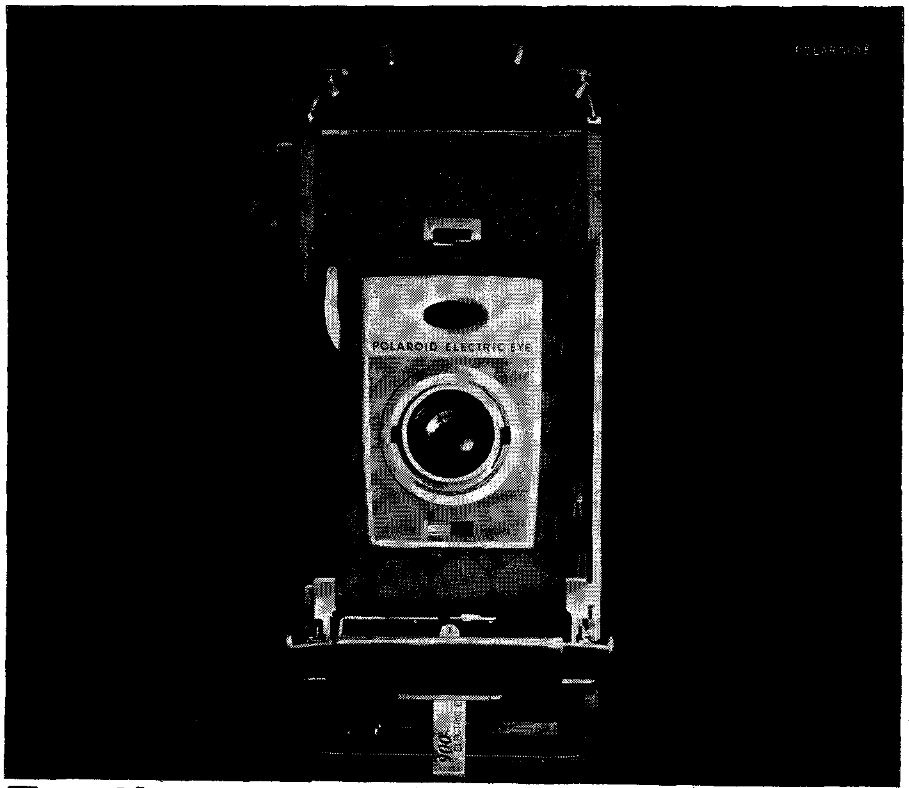
Maker's
S IV Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash

for a long time—the other was the idea of a new gentleness no one ever had actually tasted in a bourbon. For out of four generations of family distilling lore and many years of modern whisky production experience Bill knew exactly what makes a bourbon hot-tasting. He knew how he could soften it to just the glow he wanted. To realize this whisky-maker's dream he found and revived the tiny old Kentucky distillery now called Star Hill. The whisky turned out so *right* to his taste that Bill puts his personal "maker's mark" on each bottle. And a hand-dipped red wax seal goes on as a final defiant gesture against the world of time-motion studies.

The surprising first taste of Maker's Mark reveals how full-flavored, yet truly soft spoken a bourbon can be. Try it. Maybe it will become your favorite.

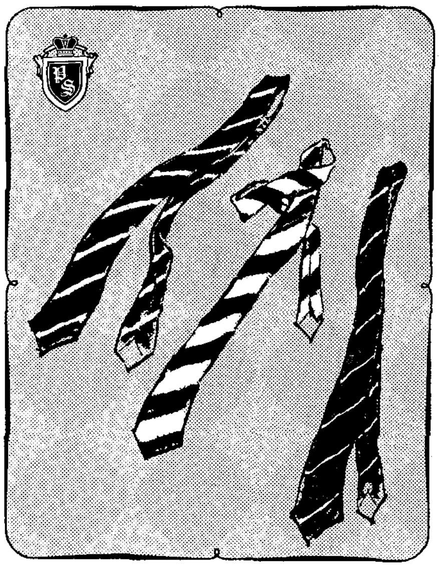
Maker's S IV Mark®

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Old Style Sour Mash Whisky • Ninety Proof • Distilled and bottled by the Star Hill Distilling Company, Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky.



For the man who knows nothing about cameras

Has he got a finger? Can he push a button? Good! Automatically, the new Polaroid Electric Eye Camera reads the light, sets the lens opening and shutter. And he comes up with a perfect picture, time after time! How many days till Christmas?



ROYAL IRISH POPLINS

By appointment of the famed House of Atkinsons in Ireland we present a special collection of their magnificent poplin stripes. Hand loomed of pure silk blended with Merino wool. All hand sewn. The ultimate in quality. **$4** each.

INTERESTING COLORINGS: Narrow spaced stripes of red on navy or black; or silver on navy. Broad equal stripes of red and olive; or lt. blue, silver and navy. Narrow equal stripes of silver and olive; or lt. blue and navy. Also many others. Gift boxed.

Please add 45¢ per package on mail orders

Paul Stuart *Gift catalog upon request*

18 East 45th St., New York, MU 2-0320

Feels like walking on air —

"Fisherman Knit" SOCKS

TRADE MARK REG.

100% STRETCH NYLON EXTRA-LONG ANKLETS

$1.50

Camp HOSIERY ORIGINAL

What gives these handsomely ribbed socks their springiness? 2 special ingredients . . . the luxurious "Fisherman Knit" plus Camp's skillful craftsmanship. One inch longer than conventional anklets. At better stores.

Featured at **SAKOWITZ**
HOUSTON, TEXAS

bush where I stayed for a night last week—that's the chief's house, you know—they kept a snake loose right there in the building. It had a little house of its own, made of leaves and twigs, at one end of the big room. I think it was a boa constrictor, or that other thing—you know, a python. It's a sort of genius of the village, whispering to the chief and telling him what to do. We all slept in the big room—all the chief's wives and some of his children and me on one side, and the chief on the other. I wasn't too keen, but there wasn't anything I could do about it, and that night the snake came out. I gathered that it doesn't often do that. It must be very old—a great thick creature, almost white. It went down to the main door and then turned around and went back into its little house, and everybody was terribly excited. They said I had brought them luck. That reminds me, you must be careful of the palm wine around here. Be sure you get it straight from the tree, right where it's gathered. Watch them do it. Otherwise, it's sure to be adulterated with water—they will do that—and the water's bound to be dirty, of course, and you'll get dysentery. I did. I couldn't *not* drink it, because that wouldn't have been polite. However, there's a very good new medicine—"

The telephone rang and she answered it, and I went on unpacking while she talked. She seemed to be dealing with someone very persistent.

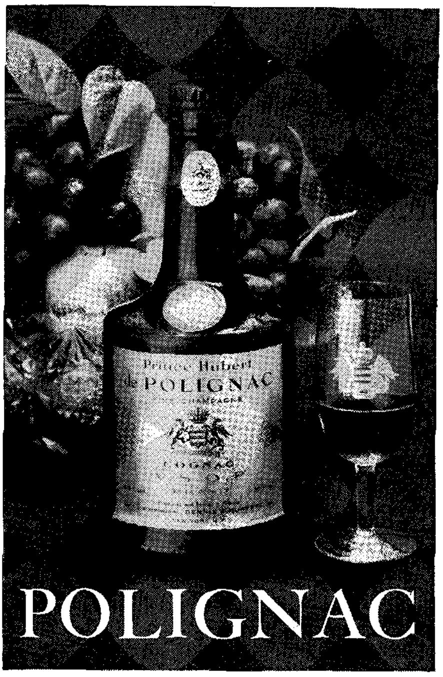
"No," she said crossly after a lot of preliminary conversation. "No, I told you I'm not free this evening. . . . Well, I'm not. . . . Because I have another engagement. . . . I don't see that it concerns you." Her voice grew angrier. "Why should I want to see the Princess, anyway? . . . No, I cannot remake my arrangements. Goodbye." She banged the receiver down and said to me, "If he rings again when I've gone—if anybody rings—would you mind just saying I've gone out? You needn't say anything about my leaving town. It's none of his business. Some people seem to think that just because they know some of one's friends at home in England—"

"Was that an Englishman, then?" I asked.

"No, Nigerian," she replied. "I—Oh, hell!"

The telephone was ringing again, but when she answered, her face cleared. It was merely the desk, announcing that her car was waiting. Grabbing her suitcase, she waved cheerfully and rushed out.

Soon afterward, I had to answer the phone myself. A man with a Nigerian



COGNAC OF THE COGNOSCENTI . . .

Cognac Polignac offers leisurely pleasures for an educated palate—a seductive bouquet to savor slowly, the deep classic flavor of a great cognac. After dinner, of course—but as appropriate over ice any time. Polignac is the only cognac that is controlled from grape to glass by the Cognac Cooperative of France.

80 PROOF COGNAC, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE BY DENNIS & HUPPERT, NEW YORK

LONDON HOUSE

Michigan & Wacker
ANdover 3-6920

Chicago's finest prime steaks!

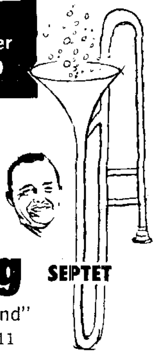
Returning December 13th

Kai Winding SEPTET

"the trombone sound"

Barney Kessel 'til Dec. 11

Never a Cover or Amusement Charge



IN PHILADELPHIA IT'S

Helen Sigel Wilson's

BAR
RESTAURANT

1523 WALNUT ST.

GREAT NECK

FOR SALE—10 year old custom home. 4 bedrooms, 2 up, 2 down, 2 full baths. Large living room with fireplace. Dining room, eat-in kitchen and pantry. Finished basement and laundry room. Pool privileges available, landscaped plot. Sewers. Immediate occupancy. Reduced to $36,500. **Call HUnter 2-2493, or write Mr. Seymour Schweber, 35 West Terrace Road, Great Neck, N. Y.**

accent asked for my roommate, and I said that she had gone out.

"Where has she gone, please?"

"I have no idea."

"She was at home just five minutes ago."

"Yes, but since then she has gone out."

"You see, my friend and I thought we could make up a party tonight, and we wanted her to come with us."

"I see. Unfortunately, she has gone out."

The voice hesitated, then asked brightly, "Would *you* like to come?"

This was truly hospitable, considering that he hadn't the slightest idea who I was or what I might be like. But I had my evening already mapped out. I was going to see a program of traditional dancing at the racecourse, and I told him so, and after that the telephone didn't ring any more—at least, not before I went down to dinner.

THE hotel restaurant was crowded. Even without Eisenhower and Khrushchev and Miss Lawson, it was crowded—with reporters and photographers and television technicians and quite a few people who seemed to have just come along for the ride. The American press contingent was made up mainly of representatives from Negro publications. American Negroes don't like being called Africans, I presently learned, and Africans don't like being called Negroes. Nor is it at all tactful to refer to a Nigerian as a "native," since the Nigerians themselves use the word only in a pejorative sense, as Americans might use "peasant."

I had dinner with a Frenchman, an Israeli, and some old friends from India. For a while, we discussed, as most newcomers to Nigeria do, the signs that one sees painted on the trucks—otherwise called mammy wagons—that serve as buses in the bush, where the more elegant city buses do not ply. Fares on the mammy wagons are low, and so they ought to be, for while some of them are fitted out with slatted benches, most of them are simply plain trucks, into which dozens of people are packed, either standing up or sitting on the floor boards, with more hanging on outside. What makes them remarkable is that each truck owner paints a sign on the front of his cab—not his name or a firm's name but a proverb or a motto or whatever else comes to his mind. "The Lord Is My Shepherd, I Know Not Why" was one that my dinner companions mentioned, and a couple of others were "Money Hard" and "Sea

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS
from CALDWELL

Charms that light up at fingertip pressure, powered by a sequin-small battery, with a bulb the size of a flower seed. Both are readily replaceable, precision built for long life.

Available in limited quantities

Actual size

The First Electronic Jewelry . . . *All 14-kt. Gold*

Illuminated Key Top, lights the keyhole, fits car or house key	$48
Link Bracelet	34
Christmas Tree, enamel ornaments, light in star at top	42
House, light glows through the windows	58
Lamp Post, light shines from the lamp	39

Mail orders postpaid airmail to distant points • Prices include Fed. tax

Send for the Caldwell Gift Book

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Jewelers, Silversmiths, Stationers Since 1839

Haverford, Pa. • Philadelphia 7, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.

400 acres of space, splendor, facilities and fun!

DIPLOMAT

HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB/HOLLYWOOD-BY-THE-SEA, FLA.

Write for information and glorious color brochure

Free Golf!

UNLIMITED – on our on-premises 18-hole championship PGA course, or challenging NEW 9-hole par-3 course! Free tennis on 6 fine tournament-caliber courts!

Your Choice!

3 great places to stay – the exciting NEW Diplomat Inn on the golf course; the casual Diplomat West; the luxurious Diplomat East! Complete American Plan (with meals) or European Plan

Is Deep." Among the Indians at the table was a man who knew something about these signs, and when we came to "Sea Is Deep," he said, "It's a well-known proverb here. These people have a special way of expressing themselves. Their language is inconclusive by our standards, and a short phrase has a meaning for them that is often not apparent to us. I've seen lorries with signs reading only 'As If' and 'However.' And, more definitely, 'Remember the Six Feet.' "

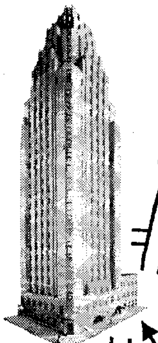
When dinner was over, the Israeli, a young man named Gard, who operated a tape recorder for one of the broadcasting agencies covering the Independence, offered to take me to the racecourse, and after he had picked up his equipment, we set out, accompanied by two Japanese photographers heading the same way. Because we were four strong and insistent, the van dispatcher put up only token resistance before reluctantly granting us the use of one of his cherished vehicles for the trip out. He warned us, however, that we could not expect anyone to meet us and bring us back after the dancing was over; the vans would be too busy, he said, and he instructed the driver not to wait for us, no matter what inducements we might offer.

"Come on," said Gard, with easy contempt. "We'll get back on our own."

So we all climbed into one of the vans and headed across the crowded bridge, between looped strings of colored lights and great, fat papier-mâché calabashes that glowed in the night like Halloween pumpkins. The racecourse was a splendid big place, like most of the courses one finds in former British colonies. The seats were rapidly filling, for the performance was free and whole families were turning out to watch. Only one dim searchlight played on the field, illuminating the opposite tiers just enough to make them seem even farther off than they were. The grandstand was brilliantly lit, however, setting off a rumor that the Princess was expected; actually, she was not, for she was presiding at an affair of state, but the mere anticipation of her possible arrival was enough to keep the crowd happy and excited. While I was in Nigeria, I never once saw any indication that its people felt anything toward the Princess, or the Royal Family she was representing, other than warm, proud friendship and respect. They were getting their independence and keeping their Queen besides, and the emissary Princess—glittering, young, smiling, dignified,

GIFTS THAT GROW
Cypri-ped-ium
Cym-bid-ium
&
Cat-tl-eya
Unique and lasting gifts, orchids grow beautifully with simple care. Cultural instructions included. Plants cost $15.00. Orchid plants can be shipped easily at no extra charge.

THE CITY GARDENER
437 THIRD AVENUE N. Y. C.
LE. 2-8632


Be a part of smart New York . . . stay at

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL

adjoining the United Nations

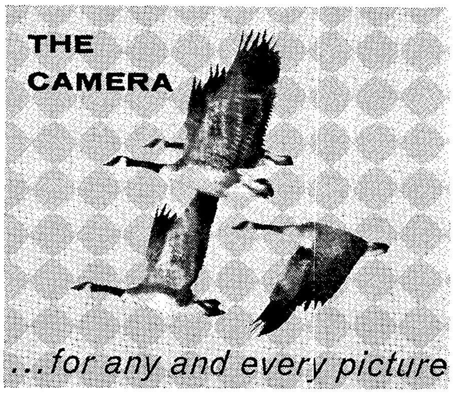
You'll enjoy Beekman Tower Hotel . . . it's so comfortable, so well-located on New York's smart East Side—near the United Nations, overlooking the East River.

Charming single and double rooms and suites. Two moderately priced dining rooms and the delightful Top o' The Tower Cocktail Lounge offer delicious food and beverages.

Ask about especially attractive group rates.

EAST RIVER

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL N-12-10
49th Street and First Avenue
3 Mitchell Place, New York 17
Send brochure and driving map showing how to avoid New York City traffic.
Name
Address
City Zone State

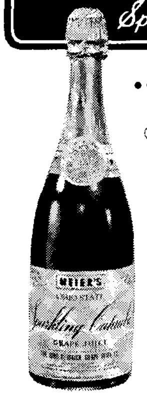

THE CAMERA
...for any and every picture

PRAKTINA® FX
35mm single lens mirror reflex camera with interchangeable lenses and rangefinder

Own the versatile Praktina—the camera that gets the picture you want—anytime, anywhere.

With f2 58mm Carl Zeiss Jena Biotar lens
NOW less than $150.00
At Leading Dealers Everywhere

VEB KAMERA-UND KINOWERKE DRESDEN
STANDARD CAMERA CORPORATION
319 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. • MU 6-1322


MEIER'S
Sparkling Catawba

...NON-ALCOHOLIC *Champagne!*

Ideal for guests who prefer non-alcoholic beverages, and for teen-age parties. The original non-alcoholic champagne, made from the world's rarest white wine grapes! A bubbling, tingling, festive drink the whole family can enjoy.

THE JOHN C. MEIER Grape Juice COMPANY
Silverton, Ohio

A pink and white cottage in Bermuda on the sunniest sea... luxuriously yours at The Ledgelets
- In N.Y. MUrray Hill 8-0123 -

THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE
JACK DELANEY'S
"flavored for Steaks"
LUNCHEON COCKTAILS DINNER
Famous For Its Blue Ribbon Beef
72 GROVE ST. (Sheridan Sq.) • AL 5-7905
Party Facilities • Credit Cards

gracious, dancing at public balls with their own dignitaries, riding through their streets, laughing in newspaper photographs with Nigerian V.I.P.s—was the icing on the Independence cake.

Music roared ceaselessly from a loudspeaker, except when someone was changing the record. We had songs by Frank Sinatra, and Old English country dances, and a potpourri from "Samson and Delilah," and then around to Sinatra again. At last, over on the far side of the course, a welcoming shout went up from the crowd. Drumbeats shattered the insipid rhythm of a Highland fling issuing from the loudspeaker, and, belatedly, the Western music capitulated and was switched off. Then the dancers came in sight, parading, each at his own speed, around the field. They were not easy to see, even though another searchlight had been switched on and was aiding its brother in a wandering way; for the most part, I saw the procession in silhouette, when at all. Clearly, though, there were men, women, and children. Crouching, leaping, gyrating, they preceded or followed four surprising figures that stood out in the half-light like giant birds. And birds were what they represented, no doubt about it. Each was a man balanced on precariously long stilts, who moved forward with the jolting gait of a crane, paused from time to time to peck or to flap great fabric wings, then strode on again. Now and then, one or another of them would throw his body back until he hung upside down between his stilts; a moment later he would recover and continue his march. After the dancers had circled the field, the two searchlight beams finally came to rest together at the base of a flagstaff in the center of the field, providing a fair amount of visibility, and there the various groups of dancers gave their performances in turn.

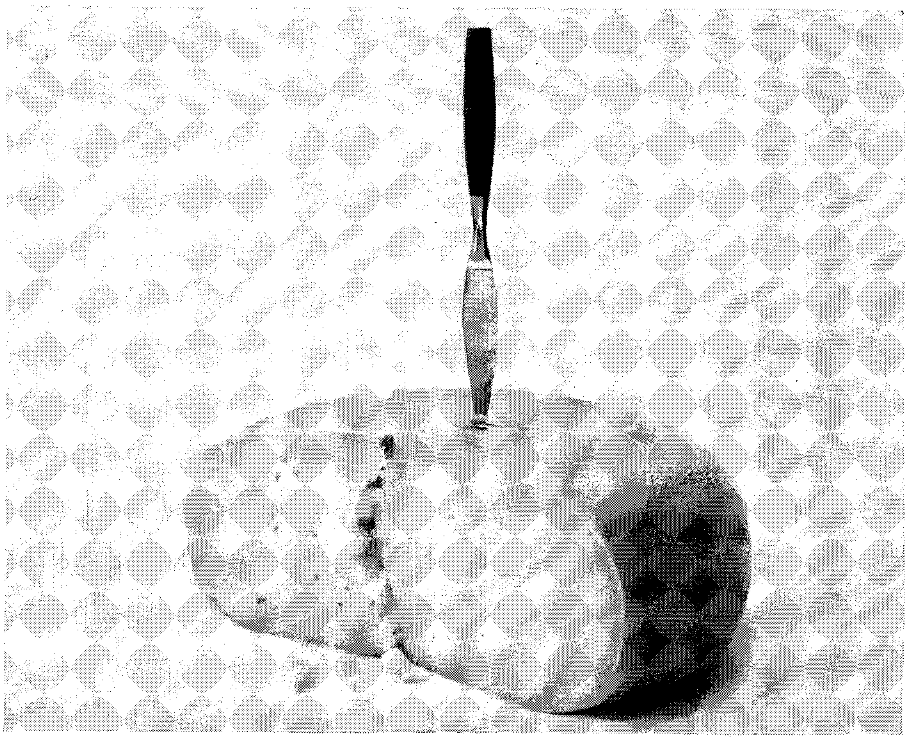
A Girl Guide usher had pushed an explanatory program into my hand as I came in, and now, in the dim light, I turned to a paragraph dealing with the man-birds:

> Legend links the Urhobo Inenike Dance with the movements of a fish-eating bird called *obo* or *ogbudu*, formerly found in the swampy creeks of the Niger. A hunter in the creeks of the Niger studied this bird. He was so impressed with the subtle movements of its legs, neck, and head that he decided to encourage his male children to emulate them. To represent the legs, he cut stilts of the *ughovwe* (corkwood) tree. . . .

I glanced up from the booklet as someone entered my row and sat down next to me. (On my other side, the bench was littered with surplus record-

GENUINE IMPORTED HOLLAND CHEESE ®

CHEESE OF HOLLAND



Spear some. This is genuine imported Holland Gouda. Tangy... tender... deliciously Dutch. Know Holland Edam by the red jacket, Holland Gouda by the yellow, Baby Gouda by its crimson coat. Know them all by the Dutch Girl emblem. For our new recipe booklet, send 10c to: Holland Cheese Exporters Association, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

GLEN-MORAY-GLENLIVET DISTILLERY
TAIN, SCOTLAND
MARTIN'S
De Luxe
12
Blended Scotch Whisky
12 YEARS OLD

When the grand gesture is expected...
serve the scotch with the background

Martin's 12 Year Old Scotch

ALSO MARTIN'S FINE AND RARE (20 YEARS OLD). BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 4/5 QUARTS. 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK & R., 1960

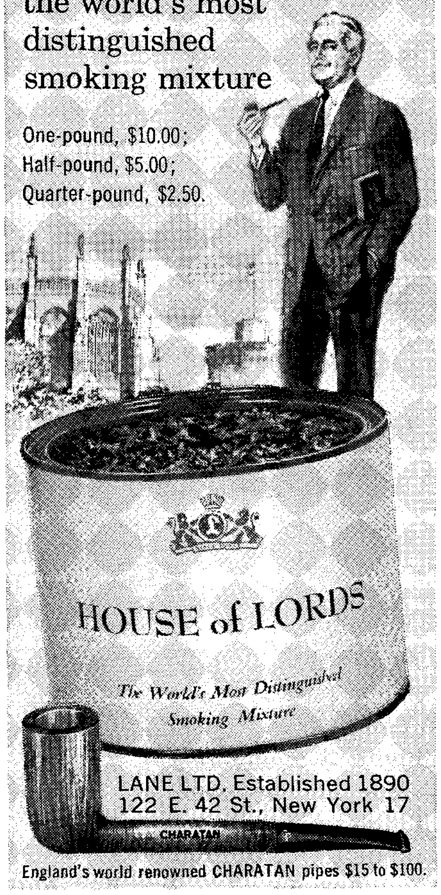
d'ORSAY®
finest achievement in STRETCH hose

You'll wear these handsomely ribbed socks everywhere and proudly so. d'ORSAY's velvety-feeling 100% Stretch Nylon "Super-Crepe 50" is easy to launder, dries quickly. One size fits all. In 7 fashionable colors. Anklet length – $2.00. Full-length hose – $2.50

FEATURED AT ALL **wallachs** STORES
Mail Orders MU 6-3400. 323 E. 44th St., N. Y.

acknowledgedly
the world's most distinguished smoking mixture

One-pound, $10.00;
Half-pound, $5.00;
Quarter-pound, $2.50.


HOUSE of LORDS
The World's Most Distinguished Smoking Mixture
CHARATAN

LANE LTD. Established 1890
122 E. 42 St., New York 17
England's world renowned CHARATAN pipes $15 to $100.

ing and photographing paraphernalia left behind by my companions, who were out on the field hard at work.) The newcomer was an elderly man in a white robe and a white hat shaped like a sailor's cap, which had "Nigeria Sweet Independence" painted on it in black letters and was further adorned with three long white feathers sticking straight up in the air. Without a moment's delay to settle himself comfortably, he began staring raptly at the field, where, just then, several women and little girls, with heads, hands, and feet painted red, were jumping about, their legs twinkling at a great rate. Impulsively, I exclaimed under my breath, "Oh, isn't that good!"

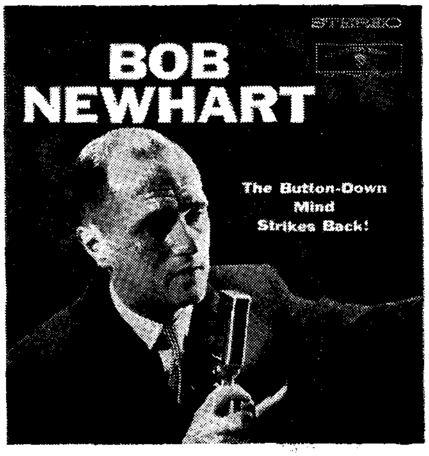
"Yes, very good," the man in the feathered hat responded heartily. "I know that dance. What else are they performing this evening—have you heard?"

I lent him my program, and he studied it briefly, then handed it back and introduced himself. He was the chief of some community on the mainland, and he had come to Lagos to see the Independence, which he was enjoying very much. He spoke warmly of Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, the distinguished head of the Nigerian Senate, who is now the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Federation. "We were taught at the same school," he said. "Though I now hold a government post, I used to be a teacher, and so did Zik." This reminded me that practically all the educated Nigerians I had met, in government or similar posts around the world, seemed to have taught school in the past, and I asked my neighbor whether my impression was sound. He nodded, and said, "Our boys are educated, usually, by their communities. Many bright boys come of fathers who couldn't afford to send them to school, so the community provides the money, and in return the boy, when he has graduated, teaches school for five years. We have long had a shortage of regular teachers—though it is getting better now—so most of us have taught school in our time."

Another dance began. My chief was able to identify it without referring to the program. "That's from near Ilorin," he said. "We often danced it at school."

The drums beat and beat, and dancers came and went. One of the dances, executed by women in crinolines, aroused particular enthusiasm among the Europeans, perhaps because the quaint costumes looked familiar to them. The dance originated in Calabar, a famous Nigerian slaving center, and

the gift of laughter
BOB NEWHART


STEREO
BOB NEWHART
The Button-Down Mind Strikes Back!

THE BUTTON-DOWN MIND W/WS 1379
THE BUTTON-DOWN MIND STRIKES BACK W/WS 1393
DE LUXE EDITION, TWO LONG PLAYING ALBUMS, ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, 2N/2NS 1399

the first name in sound
WARNER BROS. RECORDS
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

NOW..under the Hilton Banner
THE MAGNIFICENT
Virgin isle Hilton
ST. THOMAS • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Water sports? Golf and other sports? Pleasures of the table? Relaxation, plain and fancy? Be our guest—now with the magic touch of Hilton hospitality. See your travel agent or in New York call LOngacre 3-6900.

ROSLYN ROSIER'S
BOUTIQUE
40 EAST 57TH ST.
GIFTS $5.00 TO $3000.00

PINON AND CEDAR LOGS
- Wish friends a happy yuletide with boxes of these select, most romantic of fireplace logs. 6-8 logs.
- The scent of Early Indian Tribal Fires and Dances. Each log wrapped in tissues, pine sprigs and bows.
- Personal greetings included if sent. Direct mail USA. $10.00 ppd. Bar-Logie, 575 Euclid, Boulder, Colo.

NOEL
JOYEUX
JOYEUX

B AND B
B B
D.O.M.
BENEDICTINE

Gift of Gifts

B AND B®
The Drier Liqueur

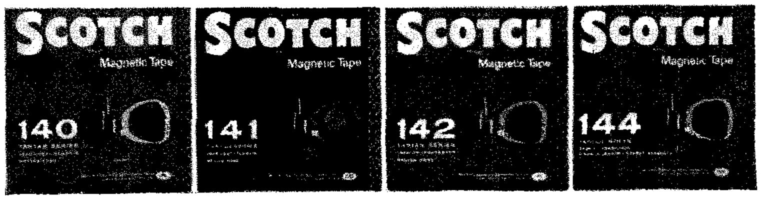
Bénédictine®
La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Let this seal be your guide to quality
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. • BOTH 86 PROOF

SCOTCH
BRAND
Magnetic Tape
144
TARTAN SERIES
2400 FT. TENSILIZED
DOUBLE LENGTH • DOUBLE STRENGTH
NO. 144 • 2400
TENSILIZED POLYESTER

THE "SOUNDEST" GIFT OF ALL...

for you and your recorder! With "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Magnetic Tapes you capture the traditional sounds of the season in true stereo quality . . . at a price so economical that you can tape a whole hour of sound for less than $3! This Christmas you'll want to record your children opening their presents . . . the beauty of caroller's songs . . . the gaiety and fun of holiday parties . . . maybe even send Living Letters and "talking Christmas cards" to faraway friends. New high potency oxides give Tartan Tapes a wide dynamic range—mountain high, valley low—for all recording situations . . . from fine monaural to 4-track stereo. And only "SCOTCH" BRAND features exclusive Silicone lubrication to reduce head wear and eliminate squeal. Ask for Tartan Tapes, in your choice of four different series, at your retail dealers.


SCOTCH
Magnetic Tape
140
SCOTCH
Magnetic Tape
141
SCOTCH
Magnetic Tape
142
SCOTCH
Magnetic Tape
144

No. 140, Extra Play—Plastic Backing, 900'—$2.50, 1800'—$4.25; No. 141, Standard Play—Plastic Backing, 600'—$1.75, 1200'—$2.95; No. 142, Extra Play—Polyester Super-Strength Backing, 900'—$2.85, 1800'—$4.95; No. 144, Double Play—Double Strength Tensilized Polyester Backing, 1200'—$4.50, 2400'—$7.95. **FREE! Packed in each box of Tartan Series Tape—A handy new end-of-reel tape clip that prevents spillage in mailing or storage!**

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW
3M COMPANY

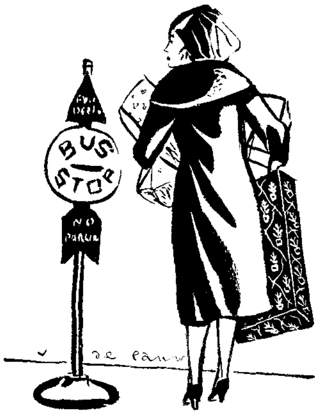
"SCOTCH" and the Plaid Design are Registered Trademarks of the 3M Company, © 1960 3M Co.

the program said that it symbolized "the end of a dark period in the history of the Efik people of the Eastern Region; the abolition of the slave trade." With this dance, a band of photographers who up to then had remained quietly off to one side came to life; one of them provided the highlight of the number for the crowd when, eager to get an expressive closeup of the chief dancer as she jumped up and down in time to the drumbeat, he sought to hold his camera almost in her face, and soon found himself jumping up and down, too.

"I wonder why they are so keen on this particular dance?" my new companion murmured, as if he didn't care much for it himself. (I later learned that a lot of Nigerians don't like it, because they don't like any reference to slavery.) I suggested that it might be because all the dancers were women, and he brightened, saying, "Yes, that subject has universal appeal."

The next number was slow to get started, and during the lull I asked the chief what he thought of Lumumba's recent shenanigans in the Belgian Congo. He pursed his lips and deliberated before replying. "A clever man, who may have gone to extremes, but I am not at all sure the United Nations was justified in what they did to him," he said at last. "Say what you will, *he* was elected. *He* was the elected Prime Minister. They should not have pushed him out by unparliamentary methods. I do not deny that he went to extremes. His judgment was not good, I admit that. But something else, something more constructive, should have been done."

Before I could ask what, the lull ended with the presentation of a number that seemed to be more of an act in mime than a dance. A lot of dancers straggled up to the flagpole carrying some sort of mat. Once there, they went into a huddle, and when they stepped back, the mat had been rolled into a large cylinder, standing on end. The



Who is "The Antiquary"?

He is a seeker of rare old treasures — and that is why he decorates the label of The "Antiquary" DeLuxe Scotch! For decades, this sublime whisky has had more customers throughout the world than it could supply. But now, happily, The "Antiquary" can be found in select restaurants and package stores. Search, and be richly rewarded!

The "Antiquary" DELUXE SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS: CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 86.8 PROOF
The "Antiquary"
DeLuxe
Blended Scotch Whisky
At last I have found it
EDINBURGH
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

IN CIRCLES
WHERE ONLY THE FINEST IS ACCEPTABLE

BESELER TOPCON

The intelligent buyer is entitled to know what a fine camera can do *before* he invests in it. Beseler C Topcon is the *only* 35mm single lens reflex camera built with such meticulous care that each camera is delivered with individual documented proof of *precision performance* —

A filmstrip of test exposures made in your camera, at every f stop, to prove lens quality; a shutter calibration chart to meet exacting requirements; free shutter recalibration, cleaning and check-up to maintain precision performance. With 58mm f1.8 or 35mm f2.8 lens $295.00.

See the new Topcon at select Beseler franchised photographic dealers . . . or write for informative brochure to the

CHARLES BESELER COMPANY, 240 S. 18th St., EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

will you get a Rolls Royce for Christmas?

Gift Certificates for Rolls Royce rentals start at $9. for one hour, including liveried chauffeur. The most elegant, yet inexpensive, gift you can give. Makes a memorable business remembrance, too! Buckingham Livery, 349 E. 76th St., New York 21, New York YUkon 8-2200

CHAMPAGNE Lanson

FRANCE'S FINEST SINCE 1760

There's only one question—can you afford it?

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., N.Y., N.Y.

mat moved, giving a little hop, and the audience screamed with delight. After a good deal of scampering about by everybody involved—with the children in the cast chasing one another, butting into things, and generally getting in the way, as children do—the mat began to move smoothly around in a circle. "Ooh!" cried the spectators. They sounded like youngsters scaring themselves on Halloween. My chief cried "Ooh!," too, and then laughed uncontrollably as the circulating mat tripped, stumbled, and revealed for just an instant a pair of human feet. Again and again, the chief nudged me and yelled through his laughter, "The feet! The feet!" Abruptly, the dance ended, and the performers shuffled off with their mat, empty and lifeless now.

It seemed hotter than before, and in the sky I saw a little flash of distant lightning. The chief saw it, too, and said, "We've been lucky in the weather, haven't we?"

I agreed with him. Jack had told me that ever since the celebrated storm on the day the Princess arrived, Lagos had enjoyed fine clear days.

The chief went on, in a tone that sounded somehow insinuating, "Have you paused to wonder why?"

"Actually, I haven't," I said. "I assumed that it was the end of the rainy season, *but I wouldn't know. Am I* wrong?"

"Oh, anything happens here, and there is no sharp end to the rainy season," said the chief. "I am going to tell you something, but you won't believe me." He leaned toward me and spoke softly. "In this country, we have ways and means. What would you say if I told you that we have people who know how to control the weather?" He paused to look at me triumphantly, and went on, "Have you anyone who can do that in your country? I will tell you about it. In the rainy season—and I admit that it must be during the rainy season, since even *their* powers are limited to a certain extent—one of those persons who know the secret can direct the rain. He could tell the rain to fall here, for example, instead of over there across the course. Many times a man with crops will want rain in one place especially, and this certain person can arrange it. That part of the work is comparatively easy. What is much more difficult, and needs more skill, is to keep the rain *off*. But even that can be done. You need a certain amount of notice for that branch of the art—two days' notice, at the very least, is necessary to guarantee that no rain will fall. But it

Marvelous! LA VILLE Crepes Suzette

SIMPLY HEAT AND SERVE

Attention!—lovers of Crepes Suzette! Now a fine French chef has prepared and packaged this delightful dessert for serving at home. M. Bertauche's tender **La Ville** brand Crepes Suzette come four, eight or twelve to a can, in a fabulous orange-flavored sauce rich in real brandy. No **grand chef** maneuvers needed—just heat and serve to the delight of your guests. Available at fine gourmet shops.

write M. Bertauche, San Anselmo, California
for name of dealer in your area

LaVille
French Foods and Sauces
made by Maurice Bertauche

KITCHEN CASUALTY?

"JULIAN HESS Can Make It A Showplace"

JULIAN HESS Engineered Kitchens®
Manhattan Showroom:
514 W. 181 St., N. Y. 33 • WAdsworth 8-6300

The Waikikian
HAWAII'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HOTEL
See your travel agent

Small Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

can be done. Most Nigerian towns have a few persons who can manage the rain. The ability runs in families. A father will tell his son or nephew how to do it, but the secret is not for everybody to know. People pay these persons, these special persons, for their services. Well, for this week of celebration, somebody has arranged in this manner to hold off the rain." He looked at me again. "Could you do that in your country?"

To keep matters simple, I said no, and the chief sat back with folded hands, looking smug.

At the end of the performance, when my three companions and I were faced with the problem of how to get back to the hotel, Gard simply commandeered the driver of somebody else's car, overriding his reasonably nervous objections, and we were soon safely home. I held out some money to the driver, saying, "May I pay you?"

He was flustered and shocked. "Oh, no, Madam," he said. "You must not pay me. But you can dash me."

And I did.

THE next night, for once, all the pretty green vans seemed in order, equipped with drivers, and ready to accept passengers. Loaded, they rolled in cavalcade across the bridge, across the glittering town, to the glittering racecourse. We were on our way to see the Tattoo and the flag-changing ceremony. The ships in the harbor were dressed in their finest bunting, and one, bearing on its visible side a huge emblem of the crossed flags of Nigeria and Britain, was floodlighted. Everything in town was so gaily illuminated with red and blue and green and yellow electric lights that I could have read a newspaper in the van the whole way to the racecourse. I was riding with three representatives of the American Negro press, a Nigerian from the Ministry of Information, and a woman from somewhere in Central Europe who had made her home in Africa for several years. The Nigerian and the European woman were evidently acquainted, and they plunged almost immediately into an argument concerning religion. I listened with interest, for I knew little more about religion in Nigeria than what I had read in the guidebooks; namely, that the faithful are either Christians or Moslems or adherents of one or another of the medley of aboriginal beliefs held by the people before Europe and Asia moved in on them—a medley that is called, by Europeans and Asians, "paganism." I now gathered from listening to the Nige-

A GIFT OF
Chartreuse
CHARTREUSE
1605

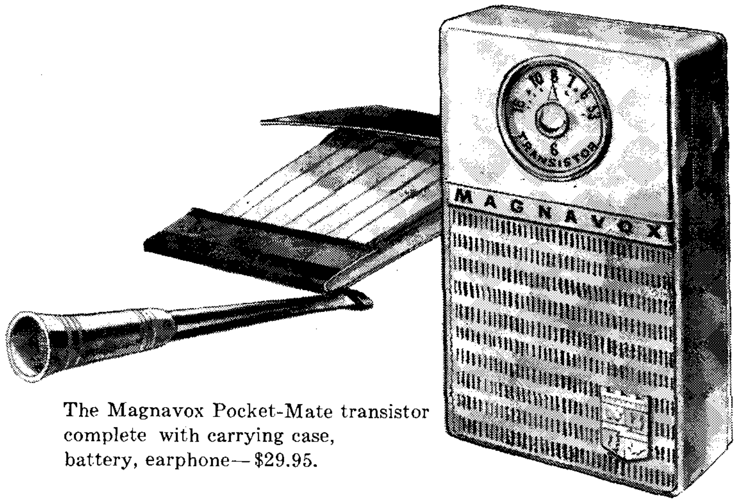
A gift of this fine liqueur not only expresses your own good taste—but pays a compliment to the taste of the recipient as well. This rare liqueur has a colorful history dating back to 1605. Chartreuse is delicious served straight, on the rocks or over ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin© & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N. Y., Dept. F

the magnificent **Magnavox**



The Magnavox Pocket-Mate transistor complete with carrying case, battery, earphone—$29.95.

Magnavox in performance, yet small enough for pocket or purse, this jewel-like Magnavox all-transistor radio provides entertaining company wherever you go. From Magnavox, world leader in sound, its clarity and tone rival larger "stay-at-home" sets. Tuning is precise over entire AM broadcast band. A superb gift, this Magnavox transistor comes with genuine topgrain leather carrying case, plug-in earphone for private listening. One low-cost battery lasts for months.

The Magnavox Company, precision electronic equipment for industry and defense, Fort Wayne, Indiana

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD
LONDON

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS MALLET-SHAPED BOTTLE

Consumer resale price in New York State $3.95

Importers:
Peerless Importers, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

U.S. Agent:
Robert F. Philipp, Wildwood Road, Stamford, Conn.

Gay island living . . . the sun smiling on a palm-fringed coral beach, a tropical moon inviting romance. Fabulous Food! Escape to these sixty lovely acres—only 3½ hours by jet from New York. 1½ hours from Miami.

See travel agent or Oliver Kermit Associates, Inc., 521 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Tel. YUkon 6-1800.

Half Moon

HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY • MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, W.I.

rian that the term "paganism" is a grossly misleading simplification, a blanket term, embracing ancestor worship, pantheism, and a bewildering variety of forms of idolatry. The Nigerian scorned all the manifestations of paganism, speaking of them as if they should be eradicated as soon as possible—an attitude that enraged the European woman. "I wish you people wouldn't be like that," she burst out irritably. "I can't understand people like you, who have been educated in the Western tradition. I don't like calling these cults paganism any more than you do, because it seems to me there is something unpleasantly condescending in the term, but why must you try to destroy something so ancient, so valuable in your culture?"

"Because most of it involves unpleasant practices," the Nigerian said, speaking as if with an effort.

"When it means so much to those poor people in the villages, too," the woman hurried on. "Can't you see what a pity it is to lose such a big part of your national heritage?"

"I take it that you'd like to preserve *the custom of human sacrifice?*" said the Nigerian softly. "That you want our people to go on burying children alive in the mud to propitiate a god?"

The woman muttered something about carrying things to extremes, and subsided into offended silence.

We arrived at the racecourse, where solemn Girl Guides were again handing out programs and shepherding people to their seats. I reflected as I leafed through my program, elegant with shiny paper and photographs, that wherever the British have made and left their mark, tattoos are much the same, following a pattern laid down at Aldershot and exported to Africa, to India, to other parts of Asia, and, last spring, even to Madison Square Garden. Yet, unchanging though the pattern may be, I admitted to myself, a tattoo is a stirring thing.

But not to everybody, I realized, recalling a Frenchwoman I had met at lunch that day. "All this Independence seems to me too English," she said. "I saw the ceremonies in Ghana when they had theirs, and those seemed better—more African, with everyone doing just as he liked. Why, even the people directing things here are English."

"Don't forget," an Englishwoman at the table retorted, "until midnight we're still in charge—at least nominally."

I looked around at the audience. It was huge. Every space was occupied, from the padded V.I.P. chairs in the grandstand—including the Princess's—

You can see the widest toy assortment in town at Rappaport's.

You can spend a little or a lot at Rappaport's.

You can shop from 9 to 9 at Rappaport's.

Of course, Rappaport's Toy Bazaar gift wraps and ships everywhere.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.

1381 Third Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
our address since 1892

Toy Headquarters for Smart New York

(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

1028 N. RUSH • CHICAGO
Mister Kelly's
WH 3-2233

Cocktails and dinner from 5 p.m.

Merry Christmas!

Happy BOB Newhart

and his bottoms up humor returning December 12th

plus songs by **SANDY STEWART**

Herb Shriner & George Alexander 'til Dec. 11

Embers
CHICAGO
PRIME RIB
STEAK EMBER

BASIE IS AT BIRDLAND

to my own hard bench. Of course, the crowd was predominantly African, but the British were out in force, the official contingent being headed by the retiring Governor-General, Sir James Wilson Robertson, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.B.E., and accompanied by a number of visitors from Britain who at one time or another had had a hand in managing Nigerian affairs. British teachers and missionaries had come to see the show, and so had British businessmen, with their wives. In fact—it dawned on me suddenly—the British were all there in perfectly ordinary, natural capacities; it was like the last day of school, or Parents' Day.

Turning back to the program, I read its outline of the midnight formalities that were to mark the mystic moment of changeover: "The Combined Guards of Honour . . . will salute in Farewell to THE UNION JACK OF GREAT BRITAIN and to honour THE FLAG OF THE FEDERATION OF NIGERIA." It would no doubt be an emotional moment, I thought; there would surely be tears in British eyes, and the Nigerians would probably whoop for joy as their banner began flapping at the top of the tall flagpole out there in the middle of the arena, where the Union Jack was now fluttering.

The Tattoo drummed along without novelty. We had a massed-bands display ("the first time that a British Band has performed here . . . with Nigerian Bands"), and it elicited a nostalgic response from the British sitting near me, especially when the players broke into a tune that is undoubtedly regimental, although I know it as "Early One Morning." The people around me hummed the melody in such numbers and with such happy fervency that the sound dissipated the noise from the brasses and hovered over us in the still night air. I recalled the words:

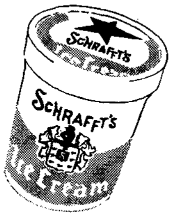
Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below;
"Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, never leave me!
How could you treat a poor maiden so?"

Next, or soon, came a motorcycle display, a physical-training display, and so on and on—all staged in the familiar half gloom provided by the inadequate searchlights. More to my liking was the musical ride, performed by mounted police from the north—the Arab-haunted north, where emirs in white headdresses keep their wives hidden away and are born to the saddle. The riders came from Kano and Katsina and Sokoto, and they looked the part, wearing brilliant uniforms, carry-

where in the world does SCHRAFFT'S get those flavors?

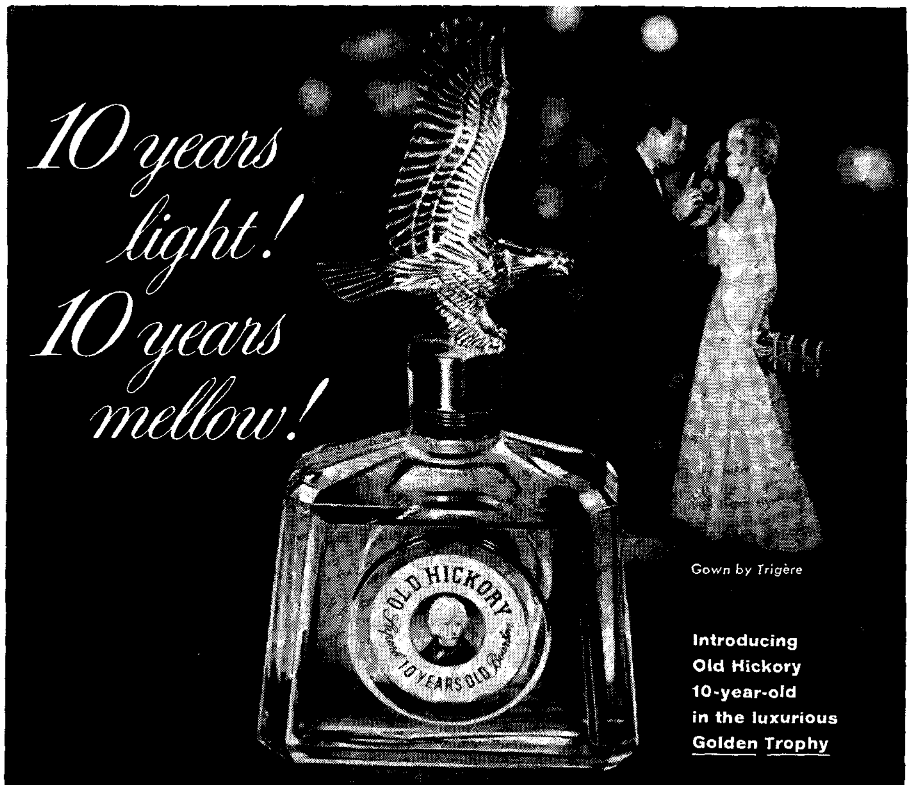
From the famous Carthusian monasteries near Grenoble, France, Schrafft's has imported real Chartreuse liqueur for Schrafft's exclusive, new Chartreuse Ice Cream. A combination of traditional old world inspiration and new world freshness. 135 herbs and spices give it its subtle, delicate flavor.

No wonder SCHRAFFT'S® ICE CREAM tastes so uncommonly good!



☆ Look for the famous Schrafft's round pint container with the distinctive Chartreuse Green Star on the lid.

They're so easy to find at Schrafft's restaurants, selected stores, supermarkets near you. Call OR 5-5400.



10 years light! 10 years mellow!

Gown by Trigère

Introducing Old Hickory 10-year-old in the luxurious Golden Trophy

OLD HICKORY

America's Most Magnificent Bourbon

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

OUTSTANDING
WINES from ITALY

BOLLA
BARDOLINO
in the famous Mandolin Flask

The most
versatile wine —
lively, dry,
ruby red.

BOLLA
BOLLA IN THE MANDOLIN FLASK
1959
BOLLA
BARDOLINO

U.S.A. DISTRIBUTORS
FONTANA-HOLLYWOOD CORP.
NEW YORK

Have fun
in the Snow and Sun
of La Province de Québec

Enjoy a ski vacation in French-Canada where the snow is deep, the air is dry, the sun is bright. You will be welcomed with real old-time hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

For free road map and booklet "SKI IN QUEBEC", send in coupon below, or apply to the Provincial Tourist Bureau, 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

Provincial Tourist Bureau,
710 Grande-Allée East, Dept. 78J,
Québec City, Canada.
Please send me FREE booklets to help plan *my winter vacation in La Province de Québec.*
My main interest is..........
Name..........
Street..........
City..........State..........

ing lances, and riding caparisoned steeds. As the climax of their display of skill, they thundered straight at us in a row, lifting their lances and screaming war cries. At that moment—light or no light—they really came alive.

The seamanship display, the modern battle, and at last, as smartly on the dot as any Englishman could desire, we reached the assembly and that page of history on which, with the changing of the flags, the rule of the Federation of Nigeria would begin. The massed bands marched on again, the guards of honor took their places. Two church dignitaries—one Anglican, the other Roman Catholic—walked out on the field shoulder to shoulder and mounted a rostrum that had been placed ready, and each in turn said a prayer. They were supplanted by the chief Imam of Lagos, a swathed figure who started out by praying in traditional Arabic; his syllables brought from many Nigerians in the audience an involuntary grunt of approval that seemed to roll all the way around the tiers of seats. The Imam then switched to Hausa, and again there was a rumble of response. He stopped praying. It was exactly midnight.

The bands began to play. "God Save the Queen," they played, and we all rose to our feet with an enormous rustle and looked up at the Union Jack, picked out of the darkness by one of the searchlights. But those who had tears in their eyes blinked them back instead of shedding them when, just as everybody's gaze focussed on the flag, rockets started shooting up into the air from the right of the racecourse and bursting overhead in phosphorescent green showers. At the same instant, the light trained on the flagstaff began to flutter off and on. Some people declared later that it went out entirely, but this is not true; it was snapped off and on, over and over again, so rapidly that one couldn't see a thing that was happening. Suddenly, as the last of the rockets died out, the light went on again clear and strong. The change had been made. Invisibly, the Union Jack had disappeared, and the flag of Nigeria now hung in its place. It did not actually flap in the breeze, because one end of it had been caught up in the rope in the hasty scramble to hoist it in the dark—a circumstance that worried some Nigerians a bit, I heard later, since they naturally thought of it as an omen. Still, there was the green-and-white flag, and I listened expectantly for the whoops of joy. There were none.

Oh, there was applause, all right, but

DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT at the
COLUMNS
Gunnar Hansen,
his magic violin and orchestra,
alternating with
CHARLES HOLDEN'S ORCH.
for dancing from 8:30 p.m.
Pre-Theatre Dinner $5.00
with concert music
OPEN FOR LUNCHEON
Hilton Carte Blanche welcome
Savoy Hilton
Home of
Savoy Room & Bar & Trader Vic's
EL 5-2600 • Fifth Ave. & 58th St.

SKI, SKI, SKI
Famous Name Brands

Skis Strolz, Rogg, Graup, Humanic and Haderer
Boots; Kneissel, Kaestle & Head Skis.
Steel, Aluminum and Tonkin Poles.
Bogner Parkas and Stretch Trousers
Variety of Imported Sweaters
Wide Assortment of Imported and Domestic
Men's, Women's, Children's Ski clothing.
Catalog On Request
SIG BUCHMAYR'S SPORT SHOPS
16 East 50th St., N.Y.C.
in Westchester N.Y. Cross County Shopping Center
also Essex Green Plaza, West Orange, N. J.

O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

THE OYSTER BAR...
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SEAFOOD RESTAURANT
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

only clapping of a polite sort—about as much as had been accorded the physical-training display. Then, with a bit of preliminary drumming, the bands started up again, and everyone remained standing to sing, in English, the Nigerian national anthem:

> Nigeria, we hail thee,
> Our own dear native land,
> Though tribe and tongue may differ,
> In brotherhood we stand,
> Nigerians all, and proud to serve
> Our sovereign Motherland.

All the Nigerians there—Hausa, Ibo, Nupe, Yoruba, and the rest, whether they came from the north, the east, or the west—sang these words, and perhaps they all meant them; it would be idle to speculate on that. Again I looked around for some sign that this was a deeply significant occasion. There was no such sign in the Nigerian faces nearest me, and the British faces all wore an expression of smiling rigidity. And then I saw one—just one. We were still standing and the last chord of the Nigerian anthem was slowly dying away when from a tier behind me came a single glad cry and a man's voice said loudly, "So we are free now! So we are free!" I stared in the direction of the voice and saw the man laugh in joy and raise clenched hands. The heavy white cloth of his sleeves slipped back and hung down from his thin black arms. That was all, but to me it was a spark that vied with the star-spreading rockets in the sky.

IN the days that followed, Europeans made many guesses as to why the Nigerians had taken the ceremony so calmly. I can bear witness that the Nigerians did, by and large, take it calmly—not only at the racecourse but afterward. An hour-long rocket display followed the flag changing, and I found that the first fifteen minutes of it were about all my enthusiasm could put up with, so I rose to leave. The last thing I heard before I departed was another exchange between the Nigerian official and the European woman from my van.

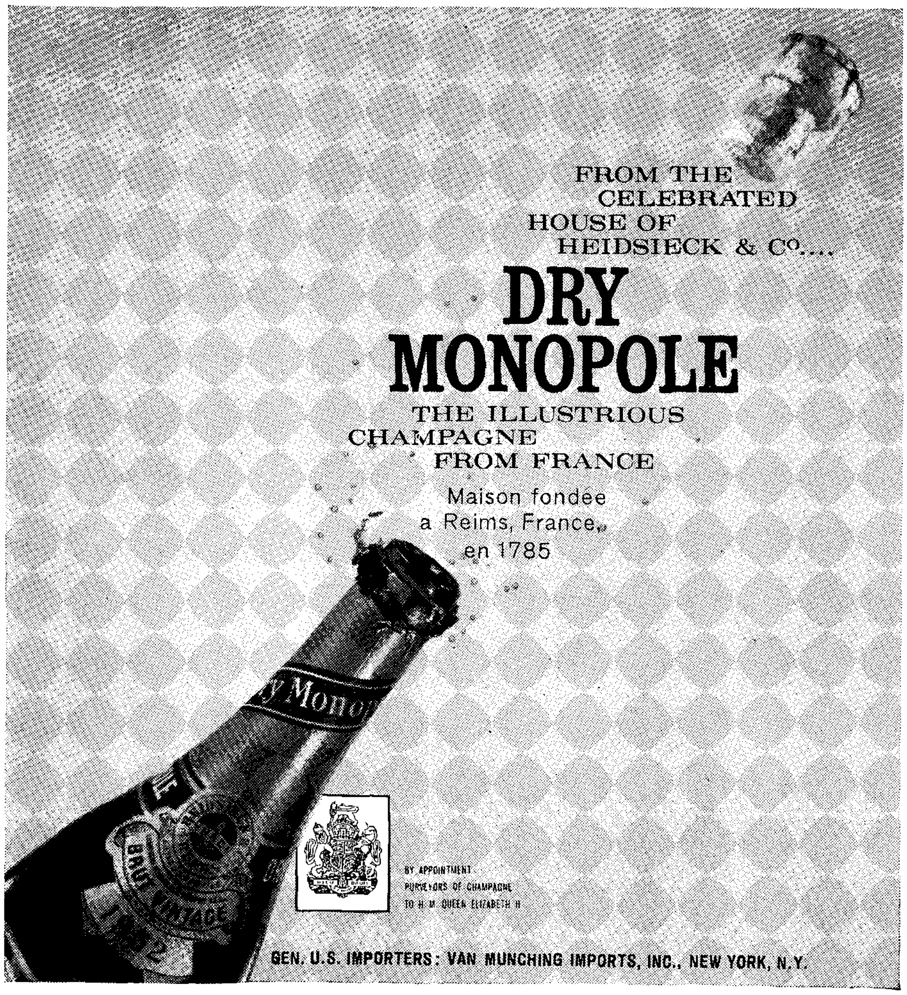
"Every time one of those rockets goes off, I shudder, thinking of what it's costing the people," the woman said. "It's all got to come out of the national exchequer."

"It is only for once in history, and they love fireworks," the Nigerian replied, and I thought that his tone had become definitely impatient.

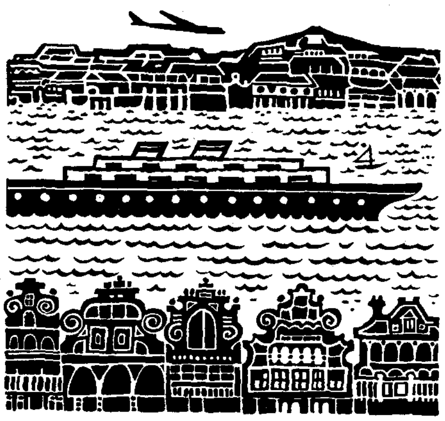
Jack saw me from his seat in the stands as I was going out, and came down to join me. Getting in his car, we drove into town to see what was going

The Elegant *Opening Monday, December 12*
EMPIRE ROOM
presents

DICK HAYMES & FRAN JEFFRIES
EMIL COLEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Theo Fanidi and his Orchestra / SHOWS 9:30 AND 12
Theatre Dinner $4.75 • no entertainment tax • served 6 to 8 p.m.
Have you made your New Year's Eve reservations?
WALDORF-ASTORIA
ELdorado 5-3000
Wherever you go, use *CARTE BLANCHE* the Hilton all-purpose credit card.


FROM THE CELEBRATED HOUSE OF HEIDSIECK & C^O....
DRY MONOPOLE
THE ILLUSTRIOUS CHAMPAGNE FROM FRANCE
Maison fondée a Reims, France, en 1785
BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE TO H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

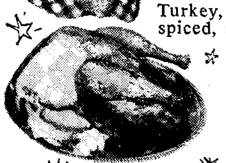
This Season, on your cruise,
THE PLACES TO GO ARE...
ARUBA and CURAÇAO
NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES



"Look for the building with the bells"..

SPRITZER & FUHRMANN
INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN JEWELERS... FEATURING THE LARGEST SELECTION OF FINE GIFTS, AT PRICES FAR BELOW THE U.S.

FORST "STAR" HITS
For Holiday GIFTING and Fabulous FEASTING
Shop from your armchair! For gifts or holiday feasting—Forst Smoked Turkey, succulent, aromatically spiced, applewood smoked, and Forst's rare-flavored, sugar-cured, hickory smoked hams. Ready to slice, serve and savour. These and other Forst delicacies are always in good taste. Order TODAY!



FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEY
Whole smoked Turkeys, ready to eat. 8 to 20 lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.75 lb.
6 to 7½ lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.90 lb.

FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED HAM
Bone in, ready to slice and serve! 10 to 18 lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.50 lb.
8 to 9½ lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.60 lb.

FORST BONELESS SMOKED HAM
All solid, delectable meat. 8 to 13 lb. range, *delivered price,* $1.80 lb.

ORDER TODAY—Enclose gift list, addresses, delivery dates with your check or M.O. All delicacies gift-wrapped with your card enclosed, shipped prepaid in U.S. proper (48 states). FREE on request: New Full Color Catalog.
THE FORSTS, Route 600, Kingston, New York
Important: All Forst Products are Gov't Inspected

on, and found almost nothing. In the streets there was peace, even lassitude. The biggest excitement was provided by a couple of white-robed drunks, helping each other across the street and shouting cheerily for Independa. We went to a place that Jack was sure would be lively—the popular Island Club. Though crowded and full of brilliant cotton prints and glittery evening gowns, it was not lively. A band was playing popular "high-life" music, but nobody was dancing. People came in, looked around, greeted friends and smiled, then sat down and lapsed into silence. Our table was on a balcony over the bandstand, and at the next table a man in rich draperies removed his sandals, propped his bare feet on the railing, slid comfortably down in his chair until he was balanced on his shoulder blades, and fell asleep.

"I think everybody's just shagged out, that's it," Jack said. "After all, they've been celebrating steadily for a whole week."

I said that I, too, was tired, and I went back to my hotel and to bed.

One other Nigerian's reaction to Independence comes to mind, as an Englishwoman related it to me on the day after the flag changing. "Our party was standing on a balcony of that scarcely finished new skyscraper next to the racecourse, and we had a splendid view," she said. "Some of the builders' workmen were still around, and they were standing near us. As the old flag was lowered—and that was beautifully arranged, don't you think, with the light going out and all?—I had a lump in my throat and tears in my eyes. I was expecting the workmen to behave in some wildly happy way, and I wasn't sure I could stand it without bursting into tears. But no. They did nothing. Only, I heard one say softly, 'Bye-bye.' "

—EMILY HAHN

•

The eight fishermen had a wonderful time except with the wind. Twelve kinds of fish were hooked, consisting of cabrillo, yellowtail, pinto, bass, trigger sea bass, barracuda, bonita, tortuava, and two of the famous big mouth bastards.—*Los Angeles (Calif.) Angeles Mesa News-Advertiser.*

Pinto? We never heard of that.

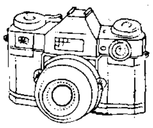
•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

SUPRA-VITE SALES INTERNATIONAL, INC.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

DEAR FRIEND:
Read each word of this letter with the utmost care. It . . .

MOST WANTED CAMERA
ZEISS IKON
CONTAFLEX Super



So universally approved that we are constantly in difficulty meeting the demand, while maintaining Zeiss Ikon incomparable workmanship. Contaflex Super, a world-famous 35mm precision instrument, made in Europe's greatest camera factory, sights through the Zeiss f/2.8 lens for brilliant full color image. Diaphragm coupled exposure meter prevents over—or under exposure. With accessories and lenses, does every photographic job. Easy to use, sure to perform. See it at your dealer's. Free booklet CY-51 on request.
CARL ZEISS INC.
485 Fifth Ave., New York 17
World Famous Zeiss Ikon Cameras are Precision-made in West Germany

In all the world—Only One
TIO PEPE
MOST EXQUISITE DRY SHERRY

TIO PEPE
GONZALEZ, BYASS & Co.
SHERRY

PRODUCED ONLY BY
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ - SPAIN
Imported by AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., New York, N. Y.

In Mexico City
HOTEL BAMER
the most distinguished hotel

HOTEL BAMER

Represented in U.S.A. and Canada by:
UTELL INTERNATIONAL New York Plaza 7-2981

'ROUND THE WORLD
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
94 PROOF
King's Ransom
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
William Whiteley & Co
DISTILLERS, LEITH
SCOTLAND

Which glass holds the Scotch?

SURPRISINGLY—all three glasses hold King's Ransom Scotch. But what is Scotch doing in a cordial glass and a brandy snifter? The answer should intrigue you.

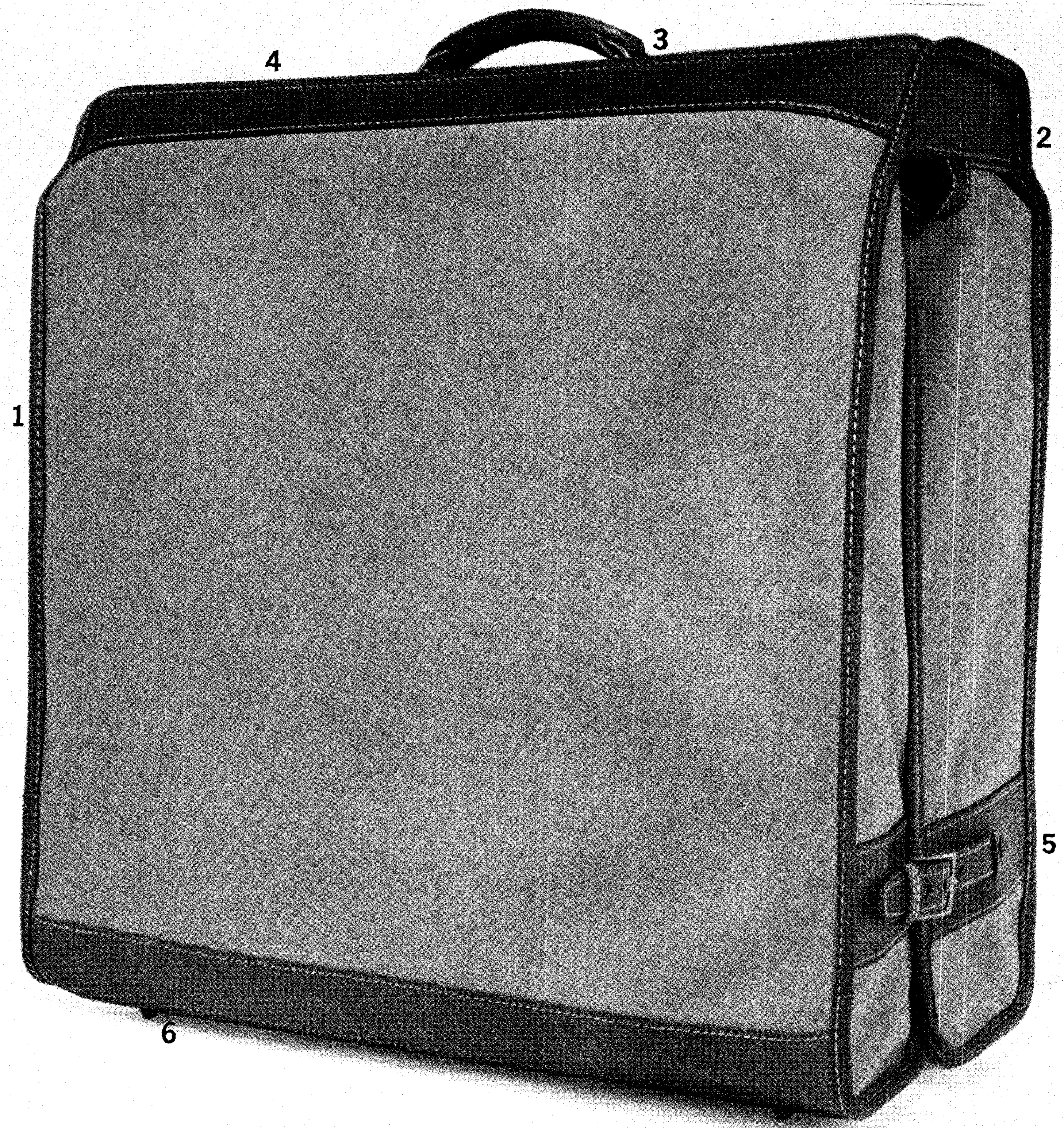
As you'd expect, Scotch fanciers for years have enjoyed King's Ransom in highballs and cocktails. But lately they've also begun serving it in a most imaginative way—*after dinner as a light liqueur.*

We warmly approve. King's Ransom has *mood.* Its classic bouquet and full body invite delicate savoring and sensuous sipping. Its flavour is fragrant with memories of peat fires, woody glens and burn water. Its rich Malt Whiskies from the Highlands are the very best of the basic types of Scotch.

Enjoy versatile King's Ransom—the "Round the World" Scotch—whenever, however you please. You'll discover that holding any glass that holds King's Ransom is a richly satisfying experience.

Imported solely by Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

©1960, HARTMANN LUGGAGE CO. *U.S. PAT. 2,702,105



Here's what makes the Hartmann Tally-Ho the best lightweight luggage in the world:

1. We build our luggage by hand at the craftsman's bench; a full day's work went into the Hartmann Tally-Ho®* you see above.

2. We add a roomy extension at the fold of the Tally-Ho and call it a "bustle." As you fold the Tally-Ho, the "bustle" lets your clothes expand (instead of being pinched) and holds them all gently in place. The Tally-Ho holds more—elegantly—than most people take around the world.

3. The leather handle is reinforced with steel, and riveted right through the case. Then stitched. Then double stitched. It is not impossible to remove the handle, but almost.

4. For the top, bottom and binding, we import belting leather from a small Canadian tannery. They steep premium steerhide in hemlock bark liquors and smooth it by hand to give it what they call "a kindly feel." No one else tans leather this way, and we buy all they make.

5. We fit each Tally-Ho with solid brass hardware; beautifully made and smooth working.

6. We bolt spun nylon runners (stronger than steel) to the bottom to prevent scuffing.

You can buy luggage for less money than we spend just doing things you can't even see. (Piano wire in the pockets in place of elastic. An invisible stain repellent for our fine, closely woven fabrics.)

Over the past 80 years, we have learned to do something special to every inch of Hartmann luggage. It makes it the best lightweight luggage in the world because, at the moment, there is no way we know of to make it any better.

The Tally-Ho illustrated costs $130. In other fabrics and full leathers, from $59.95 to $1,750. Plus tax.

There are 300 sizes and styles of Hartmann luggage available at fine stores. For the nearest, write: Hartmann Luggage Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Inside Track

TO me, there was a certain air of unreality about the Boston Symphony's performance of William Schuman's Seventh Symphony in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening last week. The ceremony was familiar enough—that of launching a new symphony (new, at least, to New York) by a well-known American composer. The audience applauded politely, and long enough to bring the composer to the stage, where he took a couple of bows. Some of the audience probably reflected that Mr. Schuman is the head of the Juilliard School of Music, which is an important institution of learning, and that therefore what he had to say, with the help of Charles Munch and a very large orchestra, should be considered worth listening to. The next day the critics of the daily press wrote respectfully about the symphony, though they were not moved to anything resembling outright enthusiasm. Doubtless other orchestras will now proceed to perform it, possibly because their conductors are genuinely interested in it, and possibly also because Mr. Schuman, as head of the Juilliard School, is inevitably a dispenser of patronage in the form of teaching jobs and scholarships, and a valuable man to be on good terms with. Nobody, as far as I could make out, approached the other night's performance expecting it to slake a deep thirst for emotional experience, and nobody left the hall with his heart aflame or with his brain set tingling by intellectual stimulation. The new symphony, like many of its kind, was not so much a work of art as what is nowadays called a status symbol. Not only are contemporary composers expected to compose symphonies in order to maintain their status but composers like Mr. Schuman are also themselves status symbols in a society that feels, perhaps rightly, that to be considered cultured it must have, and applaud the work of, a full complement of composers.

The element of unreality enters in when you note that nobody is getting a real bang out of the ceremony. The applause seems to be for the principle of

Finish dinner
with
the finest

IMPORTADO DE JEREZ ESPAÑA
Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR
BRANDY

Favor yourself with **Fundador** the classic brandy from Spain. Mellow, rich in flavor, full-bodied. Yet incomparably smooth. For two centuries, the world's most favored Spanish brandy. **Pedro Domecq** Spanish Brandies, 86 proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York.

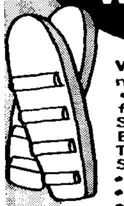
WATER SHOES
America's Newest Water Sport

Walking on Water adds new vistas to water fun.
- Wind Sailing • Bowfishing • Surfing • Water Skiing • Water Ball • Paddle Board • Flexible Flippers for Traction • Extra Safety with Snap Free Foot Harness
- Weighs 7 lbs. each
- Fiberglass
- Unsinkable
- $39.95 FOB Buffalo.

Test-proven over two years at Camps, Clubs, Resorts. If your dealer does not yet have them, use this coupon.

Water Shoes, Inc., Dept. NY1
1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Ship At Once! Check Color Preferred:
☐ Green ☐ Yellow ☐ Red
Enclosed Remittance of $______for___pr. of Water Shoes @ $39.95 per pair.
Name________________
Address________________
City____________State______

A LASTING HOLIDAY GIFT FOR YOUNG AND OLD



900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.
Reservations Suggested
CHICAGO
OPEN DAILY...11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.

EUROPE BY BIKE IN 1961?

Not all of it by bike, of course: only the sunny Black Forest and the more scenic parts of Switzerland. The rest, including SCANDINAVIA, AMSTERDAM, PARIS, the RHINE country, VENICE, FLORENCE, ROME, the RIVIERA and even CORSICA, and finally BRITAIN by air, rail, steamer and bus. With 10 years successful operation this trip represents a unique and truly wonderful experience in European travel. Designed especially for university and senior high school students but open to all the young in heart. Make your summer count with 55 days in Europe. By jet from New York 30 June and returning to New York 24 August. $1585 all inclusive. For full information, write

Gibb-Macfarlane
AURORA, Ontario, Canada.

Special arrangements made for students anxious
language study during month of June at the S
or any other European university.

You're Elegantly At Ease

At the incomparable Claridge, your tonic sea-change is refreshingly different. You'll find we're old-fashioned about comfort, service and cuisine.

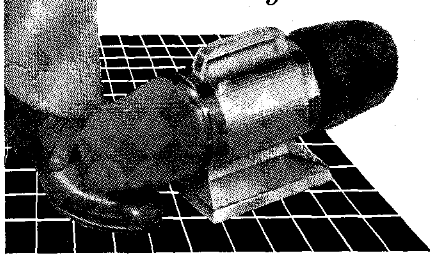
Come try The Claridge Touch. You'll go home relaxed, rested and a bit pampered. Such reasonable luxury—from $7 single and $11 double occupancy!

CLARIDGE

A MOST UNUSUAL HOTEL · ATLANTIC CITY

George B. Bruni, Vice-President and General Manager
For Direct Reservations in NYC call WAlker 5-2721
New York City, LO 5-1114 Philadelphia, Ki 6-1937
Baltimore, EN 9-3456 Washington, D.C., EN 1-3456
Atlantic City, 5-1271

Wonderful to Own...
Exciting to Give



Dremel **ELECTRIC SHOE POLISHER**

Now . . . an electric shoe polisher that eliminates the fuss and bother of hand polishing. Only daily care brings out the glowing luster and richness of fine leather, and it's so easy with the new Dremel. Just tap the foot switch and two polishing bonnets whirl into action (one for black shoes, one for brown). A quick daily buffing makes one shoe paste application last for weeks. It's a walk-up-to floor model —**no bending or stooping, no soiled hands.** Distinctively styled in gleaming chrome. Weighs 7½ lbs. Convenient carrying handle makes it easy to lift or carry about. A distinctive gift for home or office use.

Look for it at better stores. If not available, write for name of nearest dealer or order direct. Only $29.95. Fully guaranteed.

Talk about service . . . The Tuscany, "New York's Biggest Little Hotel," has just equipped every guest room with this Dremel Shoe Polisher!

DREMEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 240M Racine, Wis.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DEC. 6-31

PENN

S GALLERY ● 123 EAST 55

the thing rather than for the work itself. Not that Mr. Schuman's symphony is a particularly bad one, as contemporary American symphonies go. In an attempt to criticize it on a rational basis, I can say that it is a fairly expert fabrication, solemn and sententious enough to give an effect of seriousness, cacophonous enough to be fashionable, and nowhere exhibiting the quality of inspired lyricism that I regard as the fundamental talent of a really interesting composer. It does not seek—some doctrinaire thinkers would use the word "stoop"—to please its audience. This sort of seeking or stooping is something that has largely disappeared from music since the time of Richard Strauss and Jean Sibelius—composers who were more conscious of audience reaction—and today's listeners have ceased to expect it of today's composers. Why should they have ceased to expect it? The reason, I think, can be found in some current methods of commissioning and scheduling compositions for performance.

This particular symphony, according to a note in the program, was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation, in collaboration with the Boston Symphony. Now, it is common knowledge that the jury of advisers that recommends awards and commissions for the Koussevitzky Foundation consists of Gregor Piatigorsky, Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, Howard Hanson, *and* Mr. Schuman—all of them but the first being composers. Here we have a setup that is typical of what currently goes on in the granting of foundation awards. Much of the contemporary music we are obliged to hear is picked by composers who serve on the advisory boards of foundations, and much of it, therefore, is written not for audiences but for the composers who happen to be members of these boards. This process of composing for composers rather than for audiences is apparently a built-in feature of our system of foundation grants, and seems to me to be a major source of the stagnation and monotony in contemporary American music. The Koussevitzky Foundation is not alone in using the method, which is lending a sort of genteel Tammany Hall aroma to our musical life. Of all the foundations interested in music, only one, as far as I am aware, has avoided the difficulty, and it has done so with generally happy and constructive results. This is the Ford Foundation, which has done so much (especially in the field of opera) to inject a ray of excitement into the contemporary musical scene. Except in

When you
DINE *Italian,*
WINE *Italian with*
RUFFINO

Italy's Prize
CHIANTI
Red or White

Schieffelin® & Co.
New York
Importers
Since 1794

DORSET *Cafe*

LUNCHEON · DINNER
SUPPER

Gay, sparkling surroundings...
popular gathering place for Cocktails
and After-Theatre Suppers.

HOTEL *Dorset*

30 West 54th St.
Just off Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel · Member Diners' Club

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

LIVE IN NEW YORK...DINE IN HOLLAND!

Holland House Taverne

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
PRIVATE PARTIES

10 ROCKEFELLER PL.
AT 48th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CIRCLE 6-5800

connection with certain special grants at the high-school level, the Ford Foundation does not use composers as its advisers, preferring to get its advice from performing musicians, who are apt to be more impartial and who are certainly in more intimate touch with the concertgoing public.

AND now I pass on to George Frederic Handel, a composer who composed for audiences, and who, like virtually all the other great composers of the past, was not above turning an honest dollar with his music, the dollar being eagerly provided by a public that just couldn't wait to hear what the Master had to say next. What he said in his opera "Hercules," which was given its American première (at least, there is no record of a previous performance) by the American Opera Society in Town Hall on Friday evening, must have struck his contemporaries as very grand indeed. It is a little difficult for modern audiences to listen to "Hercules" with eighteenth-century ears. Its style is staid, formal, and florid in the manner of its period, and it lacks the dramatic impetus that we are accustomed to in later and more popular operas. Still, it contains a lot of noble counterpoint, some stunning choruses, and some opportunities for magnificent coloratura singing, which were grasped admirably, on the whole, by a distinguished cast last Friday. Among the principals, I found Elisabeth Schwarzkopf a little precious (though she sang everywhere with the greatest refinement), Christa Ludwig fairly impressive, Richard Verreau quite adequate, and Walter Berry (as Hercules) magnificent, with superb enunciation, a ringing voice, and an authoritative command of the Handelian idiom. Nicola Rescigno conducted with vigor, the chorus sang impeccably, and the performance in its entirety was decidedly of more than documentary interest.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

FOR RELEASE THURSDAY OCT. 27, 1960

"We can all be thankful, especially the women of our country, that we have had a President such as President Eisenhower to lead us in peace, prosperity and moral turpitude—putting the Presidency back on the high plane to which it belongs," Mrs. Evelyn Heberling, Republican state chairwoman, told a rally of Women's Republican Clubs of Beltrami County in Bemidji at noon today.—*News release from the Republican State Central Committee in St. Paul.*

For that matter, we can all be thankful for Mrs. Evelyn Heberling.

"Has zip, sparkle, an infectious score filled with new melodies"–AP
"Broadway's newest hit...a grand show"–Chapman, New York Daily News

TENDERLOIN
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
Capitol RECORDS
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST ALBUM
ROBERT E. GRIFFITH & HAROLD S. PRINCE
MAURICE EVANS
Book by GEORGE ABBOTT and JEROME WEIDMAN
Music by JERRY BOCK
Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK
Production Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT

© CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

HEAR IT ON...

NEWEST HIT BY THE MEN WHO CREATED PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING "FIORELLO!"

Capitol RECORDS

"Tenderloin"–naughty section of New York City devoted to vice and lawlessness

KRUG
The name of fame in French champagne

Sole U.S. Importers:
SEGGERMAN SLOCUM INC., N.Y.C.

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino ON THE Park
Designed by Raymond Loewy
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. Circle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

It's Show-Tune Time
with Tommy Hughes
at the Organ and Piano
AT THE Ritz Bar
at Carlton House
NIGHTLY FROM 5:30 TILL CLOSING
MADISON AVE. and SIXTY-FIRST S
TE 8-3000

BOOKS

A Pair of Social Documents

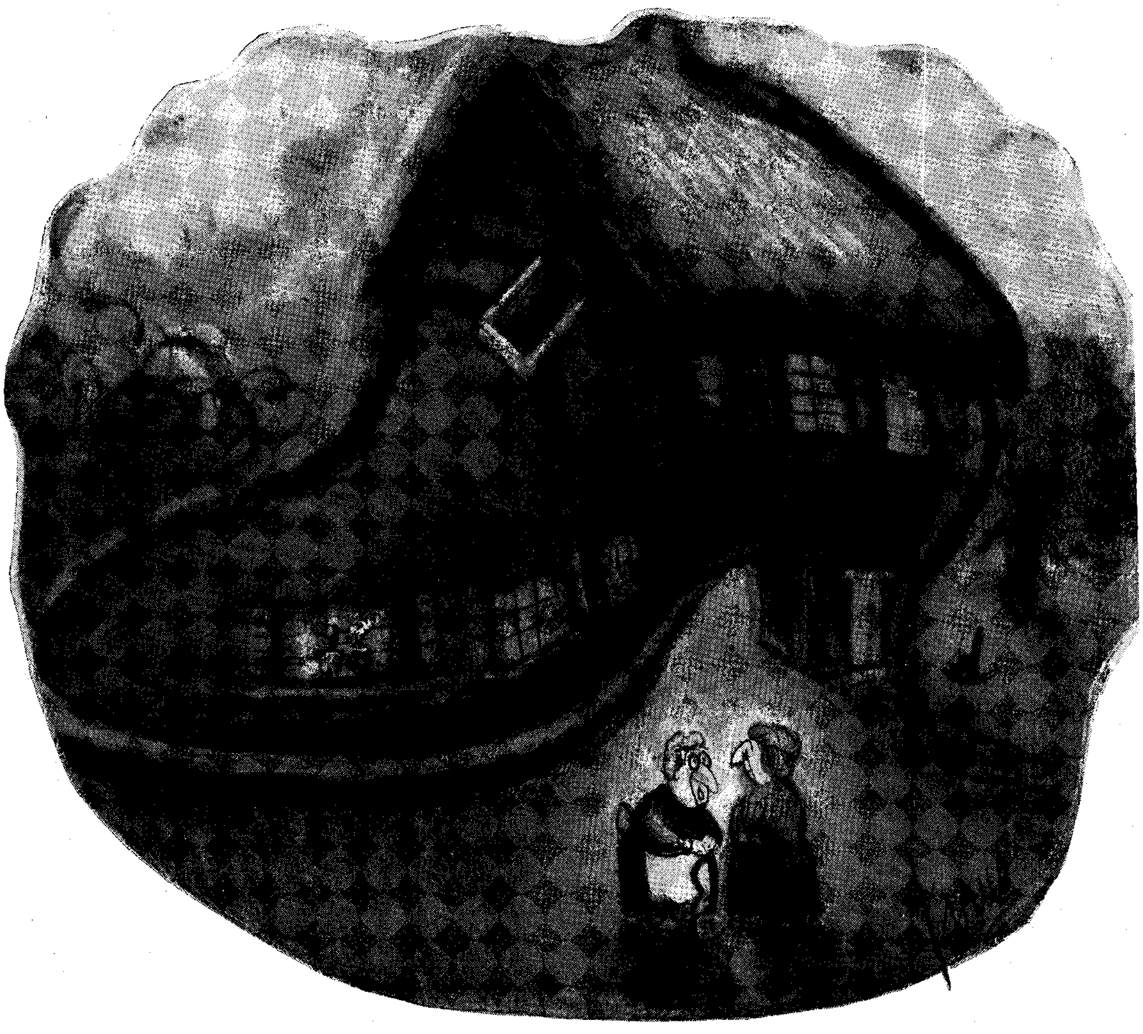
FOR considerably more than a century, it has been the conviction of writers—who have commonly been in no position to know—that the life of the rich and wellborn is one of misery. Novels abound in which it is made clear that the possession of wealth shuts one off from the hearty, simple pleasures of the poor. Wherever the great assemble, we are told, the flow of human sympathy is stifled by the rituals of decorum. Worse still, the rich man's contact with us humbler folk, who might teach him so much about the enjoyment of life, is everywhere tainted with suspicion. He must look with narrowed eyes upon everyone he meets. This man who professes to be his friend—is he perhaps merely seeking social advancement? That lissome young lady who deeply admires his seat on a polo pony—is she merely trying to negotiate a profitable marriage? At every turn, his life is thus poisoned by his wealth and standing. With such suppositions as these, entire generations of us who cut small figures in the world have heartened and sustained ourselves.

It is rather unsettling to think that these suppositions may, after all, be perfectly correct. Long shelves of corroborative novels do not entirely prepare one for the disclosure, coolly and unemphatically delivered by Mrs. Lucy Kavaler in "The Private World of High Society" (McKay), that the life of the rich is indeed a bed of cinders. Yet one can hardly doubt her testimony. Hers is not a work of the imagination but a description of society's upper strata that appears to be based on innumerable interviews and much diligent research. Nor can one suppose [illegible] observations are [illegible] by any sort of egalitarian bias, since she seems to have a profound, if incomprehensible, admiration for the world she describes. Indeed, with its helpful lists of "right" schools and "select" organizations, her book seems to be intended chiefly for readers who wish to gain entrance to that world and share its seclusive pleasures. It is a manual of instruction for the person who has scraped together eight or ten million dollars and now wants to better himself.

The first thing such a person must learn is that "Society rules by conformity." And when Mrs. Kavaler says conformity, she means conformity. "The socialite at a New York ball could close her eyes and dream that she is dancing in Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington, or Boston. It is not that the music is similar; it is precisely the same." And so, it appears, is the food. "The house may be different; the company may be different . . . the menu is the same. One is expected to groan about the number of times he has been served Rock Cornish game hen." Wherever the rich man turns, he finds his life thus constricted:

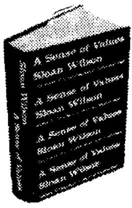
> Society is not tolerant of individualists. Address? There are only three or four possible locations. Style of home? It can vary within narrow limits. Decorations? Interiors should be based on the work of a few big-name designers. Vacations? There are barely a handful of places to go.

It seems almost inconceivable that a healthy, grown-up millionaire would submit to so sterile an existence, and yet, according to the author, the country teems with newly fledged tycoons who fairly yearn to make the sacrifice. They scheme to place their children in the right schools and dancing classes. They hire publicity agents, on whose advice they become active in their churches, since, as one agent put it, "in today's resurgence of religion, the churches are more important to the rising socialite than ever before." They exercise great personal ingenuity. We hear of an aspiring executive who checks



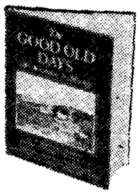
"The old shoe hasn't been the same since the kids grew up."

WHO KILLED SOCIETY? is Cleveland Amory's story of the war between celebrity and aristocracy in America — from the first families through the "Four Hundred" to today's "Publi-ciety." By the author of *The Proper Bostonians* and *The Last Resorts.* 576 pages; 48 pages of photographs. $6.50

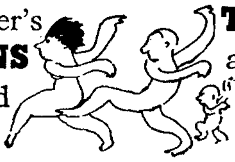


In **A SENSE OF VALUES,** Sloan Wilson movingly captures the aspirations and anguish of a "success story" and a marriage. By the author of *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit.* 604 pages. $4.95

AMERICAN NATIVES by Erich Sokol brings you "... sixty specimens of *Homo sapiens Americanus,* circa 1960, encountered by a visiting Viennese artist. Mr. Sokol has a remarkable eye for the truly indigenous ... A masterly job. Introduction by Steve Allen." —*The New Yorker.* $4.95



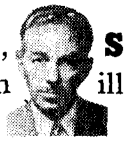
A magical re-creation of the vanished era of family farm and nearby village — **THE GOOD OLD DAYS:** AN INVITATION TO MEMORY, edited by R. J. McGinnis with the staff of *The Farm Quarterly.* A beautiful book, with more than 200 illustrations, including 14 pages in full color. $10.00



James Thurber's **THE THURBER CARNIVAL** and **ALARMS AND DIVERSIONS** are available as a handsomely boxed set. Who could ask for anything more? $8.50 the set.

KING OF ROME is a biography of Napoleon's ill-fated son. ANTHONY WEST in *The New Yorker* praises it as "... a coherent account of a tragic entanglement of greatness with mediocrity ..." written by André Castelot in "... a light and readable style ..." Illustrated. $5.95

GARDEN IN YOUR HOUSE by Ernesta Drinker Ballard is "... the best book on house plants I've ever come across ..." — KATHARINE S. WHITE, *The New Yorker.* Illustrated. $5.95

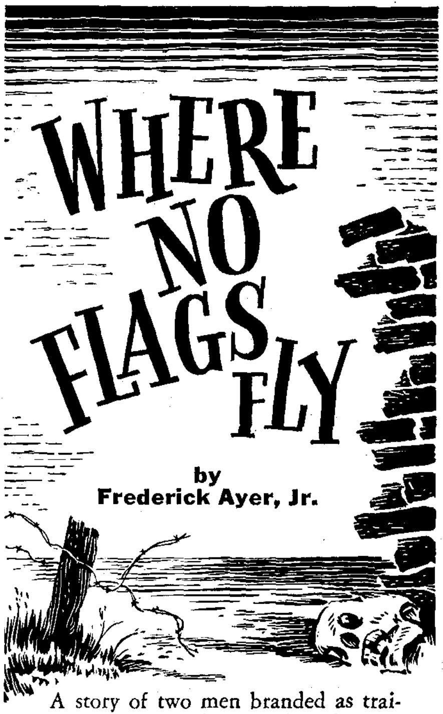


For children of all ages — E. B. White's classics, **STUART LITTLE** ($2.50) and **CHARLOTTE'S WEB** ($2.75) Both illustrated by Garth Williams.

A robust and rollicking gift from the master of laughter — **OUT ON A LIMERICK,** Bennett Cerf's collection of the world's best printable limericks. Illustrated by Saxon. $2.95

THE NEW YORKER ALBUM OF SPORTS AND GAMES ($5.00)
THE NEW YORKER 1950-1955 ALBUM ($5.00)
THE NEW YORKER TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ALBUM: 1925-1950 ($6.50) — who wouldn't like to receive any or all of these incomparable collections of cartoons and drawings!

AT ALL BOOKSTORES Harper & Brothers



WHERE NO FLAGS FLY

by
Frederick Ayer, Jr.

A story of two men branded as traitors . . . one Russian, one American . . . who know the date set for the end of the world and face dishonor, torture and death so this end does not come. Half fact, half fiction, you'll thrill to the cloak and dagger realities of this fascinating, romantic novel that has the Kremlin guessing.

At all bookstores . . . $4.95

Henry REGNERY Company
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

A new hit from the author of
THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON

THE KING FROM ASHTABULA

VERN SNEIDER'S irresistible new novel in which East meets West – and both are happier for it. $3.95

G. P. Putnam's Sons

Dear Santa, Please bring me NINETY DOZEN GLASSES by Marguerite Cullman

$3.95 • NORTON

all the businessmen he meets against the *Social Register*, and gives more favorable terms to those who are included, in the hope of being recommended to the list himself. We hear also of a matron who arrived early at a ball and switched the place cards in order to seat herself next to an important personage. Another woman made her entrance into society with almost ridiculous ease by volunteering to work for a philanthropic organization where many of New York's inner circle passed their time. "They're delighted to have me," she assured Mrs. Kavaler. "I'm the only volunteer who knows how to type." And particularly resourceful, I think, was the socialite who found herself unwelcome at the country club after divorcing her husband. Her riposte was nothing short of masterly. She contrived to get the divorce set aside on a legal technicality, and while this was distinctly hard on her husband, who had already remarried and hence was guilty of bigamy, the lady apparently did succeed in having her club privileges restored.

But the very number of inspiring anecdotes that Mrs. Kavaler furnishes to cheer the would-be socialite makes it evident that anyone with sufficient money and determination can enter the "charmed circle." And this raises the question of whether high society really means anything these days. I beg the reader to look deep into his heart and ask himself whether high society means anything to him. I trust that after a prolonged scrutiny he will answer, wistfully, that it does not. The plain fact is that money is no longer a secure basis for snobbery. Having become relatively plentiful and widely distributed, it cannot infallibly serve to distinguish one man from another. Well, then, are we to have no Society? We need not, I think, absolutely despair. After all, it is not actually money that is essential to the creation of an élite but snobbery itself. We require, that is, a system that permits us to consider one superior to another without—and this is vital—raising troublesome questions as to the real merits of either. Just such a system lies ready to hand in the phenomenon that, for want of a better name, we may call bohemianism. Consider the matter philosophically and without prejudice. Don't bohemians regard the middle classes with a contempt more withering than any a socialite dare allow himself? Don't they tend to cluster in neighborhoods of their own? Aren't they, generally speaking, more decorative than useful? Don't they

A handsome and inspiring gift. . . .

In a book for all ages to cherish, the story of the first Christmas is told in the simple and moving words of Saint Matthew and Saint Luke. The book is illuminated throughout in full color etchings reminiscent of medieval manuscripts. It is bound in cloth of heavenly blue with a delightful airborne angel stamped in gold on the cover. A treasure for only $2.75

THE First Christmas

Illustrated by BARBARA NEUSTADT

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
Established 1834 New York 16

Be Sure—It's Dandy!
ALEXANDER'S
DANDIE DINMONT
LIGHT BODIED

Blended Scotch Whisky

Prized by the world's connoisseurs as a premium quality, light bodied Scotch . . . moderately priced.
86 PROOF

Another fine import of
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

CAFE RENAISSANCE
INTIMATE

MANHATTAN SUNDAYS, TOO!

CASA DE PIEDRA
CUERNAVACA, MEXICO
Small luxurious resort hotel. Spacious grounds. Famous cuisine. Fresh-water swimming pool. Golf, riding, water skiing nearby. Travel Agents or write Mrs. Rosa T. de Haden, Owner-Mgr.

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Bottom of the Harbor, by Joseph Mitchell (*Little, Brown, $3.95*).

A collection of six pieces about the waterfront of this city, as it is and as it used to be, and about the lives (private and professional) and the ideas (on change and permanence and other matters) of a number of humorous, contemplative men whom Mr. Mitchell has met on his rounds. They include Ellery Thompson, a dragger captain from Stonington, Connecticut; Harry Lyons, a shad fisherman from Edgewater, New Jersey; and Louis Morino, the proprietor of Sloppy Louie's, at the Fulton Fish Market.

Summoned by Bells, by John Betjeman (*Houghton Mifflin, $3*).

Recollections, in blank verse, of a middle-class Englishman's youth. The Englishman is also a poet, with the result that this autobiography is not only shorter but spiritually and emotionally more communicative than blank-prose memoirs are apt to be.

A Winter Come, a Summer Gone, by Howard Moss (*Scribners, $3.50*).

Poems, both old and new (1946 to 1960), suitable for being sung to the lyre. In the absence of a lyre, they can be read, without any loss of tone.

The Big Drink, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Random House, $3.50*).

The big drink is Coca-Cola. Mr. Kahn charts its progress over the seventy-four years since it was first concocted in an iron tub in an Atlanta back yard, and the progress, as well, of the Coca-Cola Company—syrup-makers, bottlers, distributors—under whose tender promotional care the big drink has all but saturated the earth.

The Pattern of Perfection, by Nancy Hale (*Little, Brown, $4*).

Short stories that, in essence, are simply about people who are trying to be perfect and who are gummed up by perfectionism.

Apologies to the Iroquois, by Edmund Wilson, together with a study of the Mohawks in High Steel, by Joseph Mitchell (*Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.95*).

Mr. Wilson, making amends for his previous ignorance about the Indians of New York, investigates their ceremonies and traditions and their present-day lives on several reservations throughout the state, and (pointing the way to further amends by federal and local authorities) records their continuing struggle to hang on to the lands they have been granted by treaty. Mr. Mitchell, for his part, reports on gangs of riveters from a Mohawk reservation in Quebec who have worked on many local skyscrapers and bridges and who spend much of their time off the job in the North Gowanus section of Brooklyn.

Sermons and Soda-Water, by John O'Hara (*Random House, $5.95*).

Three novellas bound separately but with certain characters in common. "We're Friends Again" and "The Girl on the Baggage Truck" have to do with Hollywood or Broadway people moving in Long Island society. In "Imagine Kissing Pete" Mr. O'Hara returns, lovingly, to the Gibbsville, Pa., of "Appointment in Samarra."

Oh, Happy, Happy, Happy!, by Charles Saxon (*Golden Press, $3.95*).

An album of more than a hundred and fifty cartoons in which Mr. Saxon's success-oriented American natives can be seen coping with the problems that arise wherever they happen to be. More often than not, they happen to be at the other end of the 5:24.

Walking the Indian Streets, by Ved Mehta (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.50*).

After his graduation from Oxford and an absence of ten years, Mr. Mehta returned to India. This book is a record of his impressions of people and places. It is also a record of the feelings, among them that of being a stranger in his own country, that kept intruding on his high vacation spirits.

The View from Here, by Robert M. Coates (*Harcourt, Brace, $3.95*).

Some events in the peripatetic life of the author and of the cars that got him around—certain significant events that would never appear in a *Who's Who* biography but that shed more light on why who is who.

The Neutral Spirit, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $3.50*).

An examination of alcohol. Mr. Roueché outlines its history, uses, and abuses, and, remaining entirely nonpartisan, sorts out its actual powers from among the powers that have been falsely attributed to it by those who condemn it or recommend it or simply claim it cures a cold.

All the Emperor's Horses, by David Kidd (*Macmillan, $3.50*).

An account of the year that the author and his Chinese wife spent in her huge family's hundred-room mansion in Peking, shortly after the Communists took over in 1949. While the new regime huffed and puffed at the front gate, the family used the back gate in a hopeless effort to be inconspicuous, for their house, alas, was not built of bricks.

Stanley's Way, by Thomas Sterling (*Atheneum, $4*).

A biography of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, which is combined with a first-hand report on the author's exploration of the places that Stanley discovered some ninety years ago. Mr. Sterling, whose attitude toward the people of Africa differs considerably from Stanley's, made a few discoveries of his own, along more human lines.

Kiss Kiss, by Roald Dahl (*Knopf, $3.95*).

Eleven stories by the master of the silent scream.

No Room in the Ark, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper, $5*).

Mr. Moorehead, whose boots were swiped by a hyena in Kenya and who met a gorilla at the summit of a mountain there, brings news of the wild animals and birds of Africa. His report on a journey through game preserves and primitive villages is compounded of observation, adventure, and affection in roughly equal proportions.

Times Three, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $5*).

Selected verse of three decades, commenting on the social scene, with a foreword by W. H. Auden.

Portrait of Max, by S. N. Behrman (*Random House, $6*).

A Profile of Sir Max Beerbohm (1872-1956), much of it based on his brilliant, gossipy conversations with Mr. Behrman at Rapallo during the last few summers of his life. Together, author and subject re-created an ageless Max, surrounded by his friends, in the lovely world of Edwardian and early Georgian London, where he flourished as a dandy, a humorist, a drama critic, and a caricaturist, and where, in a sense, he always remained. Mr. Behrman has rounded out this portrait of two eras with many selections from Beerbohm's writings and with many of his drawings.

The Light in the Piazza, by Elizabeth Spencer (*McGraw-Hill, $3*).

A novel with a plausible complication that will leave readers with enough ambivalent feelings about the characters to fuel some lengthy arguments.

Our Last Family Countess and Related Stories, by Antonio Barolini (*Harper, $3.75*).

Recollections of the author's Italian past which have the coziness of favorite bedtime stories and none of the nostalgia that suggests the old days were the best.

Kreuger, by Robert Shaplen (*Knopf, $4.50*).

The life and crimes of the Swedish match king and deadpan embezzler whose hand (in any number of international tills) was quicker than the eye of even the wariest of international financiers. Mr. Shaplen has added a great deal of material to his dossier on the late Ivar Kreuger as it first appeared in this magazine. Introduction by John Kenneth Galbraith.

Black Maria, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

Mr. Addams' ghouls rush in, and appear quite at home in places where, by tradition, angels have been treading for years.

A Quota of Seaweed, by Hamilton Basso (*Doubleday, $3.95*).

Reports on a scattering of places where the pressures of life are slight and the temperature rarely drops below balmy, and on the pleasures of getting to them slowly by boat.

Stories from the New Yorker (*Simon & Schuster, $7.50*).

Forty-seven stories published in thi zine since 1950.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST FIND THAT THE NEW CAFÉ LOUIS XIV INTERESTS THEM. OPEN TO SERVE YOU UNTIL 1 A.M.,7 DAYS A WEEK. RESERVATIONS: CIRCLE 6-5800

CAFÉ LOUIS XIV

15 W. 49 ST. AT ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

"a most intriguing and distinctive shop for PERSONALIZED GIFTS"

Here one can discover, in the form of Ancient coins and Antique medals, allegorical figures and portraits suitable to almost any vocation, sentiment, hobby or birth month.

There are appropriate subjects for Doctors, Lawyers, Writers, Musicians, Teachers, Scientists, Wives and Sweethearts, and so on.

for example: LOVE—2000 year old coins showing VENUS, Goddess of Love, earrings or cuff links..........$27.50.

LUCK in Business—Ancient coins showing MERCURY, as cuff links or bracelet dangle $18.70.

W. KENDALL-SMITH

JEWELER • ANCIENT MEDALS & COINS

65 East 54th St., N. Y. C.

Mario's VILLA D'ESTE

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
INNER

Northern and Southern Italian Cucina

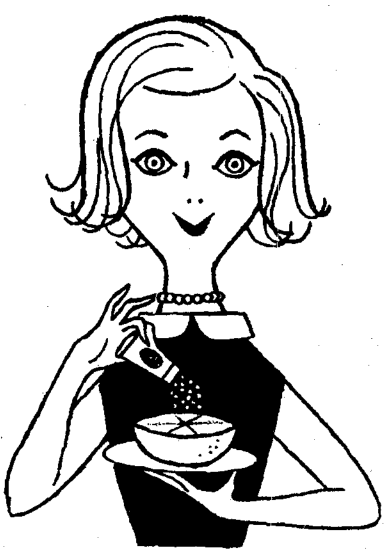
ST 56TH STREET • PL 9-4026

share the socialite's aversion to commerce and his appetite for parties? Aren't they more influential than the rich in setting artistic fashions? When it comes to that, aren't they generally, if only tacitly, accepted as social leaders? It must be conceded, I think, that few young men in college these days nurse the gaudy dreams of social advancement that afflicted F. Scott Fitzgerald's heroes. Far more are apt to dream of cultivating beards and discovering a vision of America of such compelling grandeur as to send them into ecstasies of bad grammar.

To support the argument, let us scrutinize "Saloon Society" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), a collection of lively sketches of life in Greenwich Village that has been assembled from Bill Manville's contributions to the *Village Voice*. In his very title, Mr. Manville implicitly acknowledges the fact that bohemianism is no longer an offshoot of the arts but, rather, a way of life, a kind of Low Society. His engaging characters are bohemians purely by virtue of living in the Village, going to parties, and despising the suburbs:

> You go out to Queens, a Saturday afternoon, you make it to the supermarket, watch the scene there. Here comes some poor cat, he's caught, he's got his wife with the list walking in front of him, he's pushing the little wagon and he's got his rotten kid in the basket, and he's pushing it. I mean, at least the wife's got the wall-to-wall, the kid's got a lollipop and a dirty face; what's *he* got, man? He's got the job to push the wagon. Later, they're going to have the married couple from across the hall over for dinner, and after, maybe they'll take in a movie, and a Queens pizza parlor after *that*. I mean, that's his life, people live like that, you know. So this guy, he meets his friend, he's also pushing the wagon in the supermarket, and they say how are things, Harry, and the other one says, "Yeah, like cool, man." Of course he's cool: he's dead.

Here is snobbery of a very high order. Even a man who *likes* pushing supermarket carts must admit himself to be one down. It may be worth noting, however, that Mr. Manville's indictments of the suburbs generally revolve around matters of the utmost triviality. In another vignette, one of the Village bohemians incautiously accepts an invitation to dine in Forest Hills. To his dismay, his hostess "comes out in the toreador pants and the blouse and the Mr. John apron." He further notices that "she's got on *all* her beads, and there are candles on the table." In the kitchen, he observes "the standard wedding-present Waring Goddam Blendor," which his host employs in the



DIETING?

Discover this new sugar substitute!

There's only *one* that is *granulated* like sugar. Looks, sprinkles, and sweetens like sugar! It's ADOLPH'S Sugar Substitute, now at grocery stores. Costs a little more, but it's worth it. FOR FREE SAMPLE write Dept.G-12, Adolph's Ltd., Burbank, Calif.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Adolph's SUGAR SUBSTITUTE

Another fine product from Adolph's Research Kitchens

WINNIE ILLE PU

A Latin version of
A. A. Milne's magnum opus WINNIE-THE-POOH
by ALEXANDER LENARD

Veni,
Vidi,
Vici!

$3.00
at all
bookstores

DUTTON

"WE'VE BEEN here in the Grand Central area for 3 decades and many original members are still members today. You've often heard about the Health Roof Club but have you ever seen it? Be my guest. Call me at YU 6-4747 or visit me atop 480 Lexington." WM. DORRIS BENDER.
Pres.

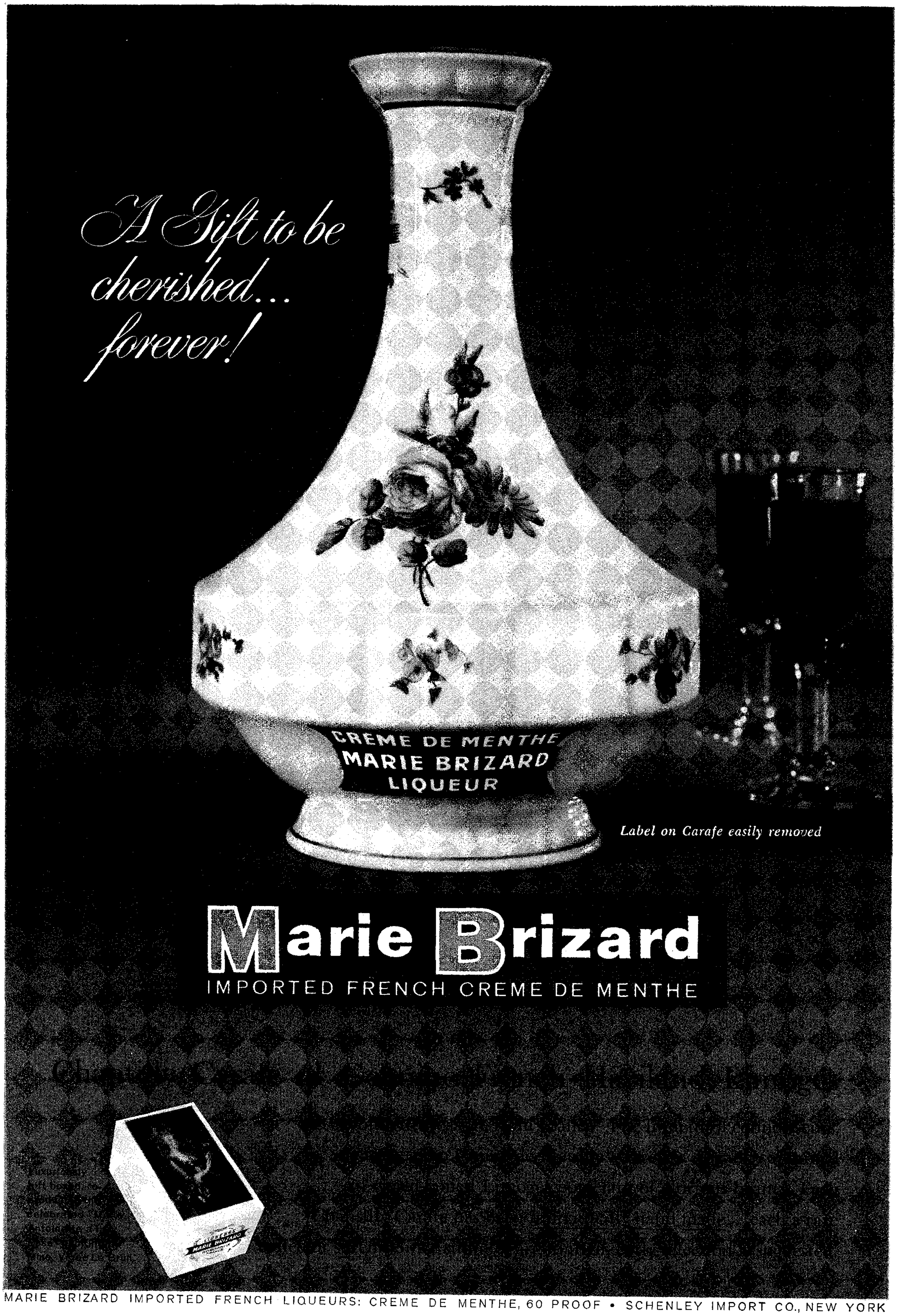
Exotic Latin Cuisine Perez Blanco's

LIBORIO

West Side's Smartest Restaurant

Welcomes you to its larger, more luxurious quarters.

150 West 47th Street JU 2-6188


A Gift to be cherished... forever!
CREME DE MENTHE
MARIE BRIZARD
LIQUEUR
Label on Carafe easily removed
Marie Brizard
IMPORTED FRENCH CREME DE MENTHE

MARIE BRIZARD IMPORTED FRENCH LIQUEURS: CREME DE MENTHE, 60 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., NEW YORK

What, no sports car cap?

You don't *need* a little cap with a belt in the back, or knowledge of some esoteric automotive jargon to enjoy a Corvette. All you need is a desire to own a car that is designed for your use *personally*. This is no station wagon, no family sedan, this is *your* car and nobody else's. It is the ultimate development of a fine car that has known five years of unparalleled success in the maelstrom of sports car competition, and yet it can be tailored to your personal tastes—even if you don't know a tappet from a teapot. Push-button door handles, inside door locks and a side-view mirror are some of the Corvette conveniences you don't get on most other sports cars. You also have a wide choice of power teams—ranging from the standard 230-horsepower engine (which can be matched with Powerglide* to delight the boulevardier) to the swashbuckling Fuel Injection* V8 with four-speed close-ratio transmission.* Talk it over with your dealer. Whatever version you decide on, you're in for the greatest adventure of your driving career!

Corvette by Chevrolet

*Optional at extra cost

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan construction of a sickening variant of the Daiquiri while the bohemian sits with his hostess listening to "the commercial for the Ritz Thrift Shop Gently Used Furs on QXR." As one reads, one's conviction grows that Mr. Manville objects to these trifles not because he sees them as the trappings of a deadening conventionality or as hindrances to the life of the mind but simply because they are popular and commonplace. To Mrs. Kavaler's parishioners, they might be marks of vulgarity. To Mr. Manville, they are the stigmata of the "square." To both, they provide a way of dividing the world into the two great categories of Them and Us.

And, in its own way, Saloon Society is quite as exclusive as its lofty uptown counterpart. Mr. Manville cuts up touches in a passage deriding a moody, silent member of the Beat Movement whom he discovers among some friends at the Remo.

> "Can't he talk?" I asked.
>
> "He can't make that scene, man. He don't make small talk. He's too busy digging everything. It's a paradox. He's so intimately, *fiercely* related to everything in the world—the cosmos, dig?—that he's *unrelated* to any one specific thing. It's a paradox, like in any other religion, dig? . . ."
>
> Lou was getting mad. "Well, if he digs everything, why don't he dig everything in a bar in the Bronx? Why does he have to check in here, right away he comes to New York? Why don't he dig everything in Bad Breath, Ohio? *Anybody* can dig everything here. Ask him if he's waiting for *Life* magazine to come take a picture of him being 'Way Out.' "

It appears that the proper old Village society, for which Mr. Manville speaks, looks upon the new Beat Movement in much the same cold fashion that an established socialite might look upon a *nouveau riche* who had acquired his fortune in the production of stag movies.

At the same time, it is not altogether clear from what superior qualities the

NEW ✻ DIFFERENT ✻ BETTER

Voigtländer
LANTHAR 2.8/50
PRONTOR-MATIC

. . . *with exclusive 3-cell light meter*

DYNAMATIC II

The 3-cell light meter is in the lens barrel. Each cell meters the light in its own sector; together the three balance the light. The camera sets its own lens opening for any pre-selected shutter speed. Filter-factor compensation is provided automatically. No other automatic has this advanced, improved design. The new Gauthier Prontormatic shutter introduced on the Dynamatic II with speeds from 1/30 to 1/500 is marked with Voigtlander's script "V" because it is adapted to Voigtlander's own standards and requirements.

Unlike earlier automatics, the *new* Dynamatic II not only offers great results in fully automatic use, but also has the full range of performance and manual controls you would expect from a fine 35mm camera.

The Dynamatic II comes with the famous Voigtlander f/2.8 rare earth Lanthar lens, fully corrected for color.

Add it up:
- Fully automatic.
- Full range manual control.
- Coupled rangefinder.
- 1-to-1 viewfinder with f-stops visible in it.
- Exclusive 3-cell light metering system.

See it at your dealer today—$139.50.

VOIGTLANDER
Since 1756

Sole American Importer, H. A. Bohm & Co., 2814 W. Peterson Ave., Chicago, Illinois

PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS
CRACKLING WINE
CARBONATED
J. M. DA FONSECA, SUCC.
LISBON, PORTUGAL
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants

Sea-Fare
1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
44 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village
Diners' Club American Exp.

BE A WINTER WINNER

Show your favorite date (or loving mate) what a smart man about town you are! Take her to DANCE CITY and revel in the warmth of America's most beautiful ballroom. Two great bands, smart setting, fine refreshment (sensibly priced!) and that spacious, gracious floor will win you lasting laurels as a winter wonder man!

DON GLASSER ORCH.
ARGUESO
& His Latin Rhythms

Roseland
DANCE CITY

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS
EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY • MATINEES
THUR & SAT • SUN CONT. FROM 3.30

TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR
52nd ST., WEST OF BROADWAY

Winners of the Newbery Medal
"for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children"
•
...And Now Miguel
The story of a young boy in a sheep ranch in New Mexico.
Ages 11 and up
Onion John
The story of a small-town boy and an old village character.
Ages 10 and up
both by Joseph Krumgold
$3.50 each
from your bookseller
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
Established 1834 New York 16

ECCO
for the eternal woman
by PRINCESS MARCELLA BORGHESE

PROFUMO CLASSICO BOTTLED AND SEALED IN ITALY

Teen-Age SKI CENTER
IN THE BERKSHIRES
Skiing for Teen-agers exclusively—with a co-ed group of their own age! Expert instruction. Mature staff. Equipment rentals. Social program.
Shaker Village Ski Group
Box 1149-N, Pittsfield, Mass.
N.Y. Phone: LO 4-5850

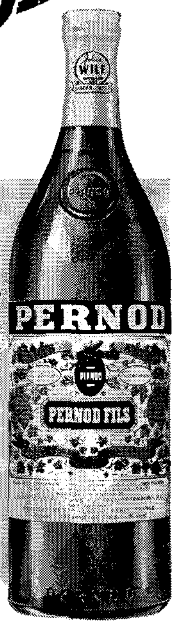
bohemians derive the assurance to sit in easy and confident judgment on their countrymen. To be sure, the author claims that they "live three Martinis closer to the moon" than the rest of humanity, but that is hardly a secure social advantage, since a little gin would doubtless close the gap. Perhaps their advantage lies merely in their residence in the Village, where the fundamental realities of life, as is well known, lie near the surface. One rainy night, for example, a pair of Mr. Manville's bohemians come upon an unconscious drunk under the West Side Highway. Beside him is a gigantic valentine chalked in the gutter.

> Curlicued with both chalk colors, beribboned, belaced, elaborated, worked with enormous goofy love and devotion, the heart was too carefully done, too strangely passionate, too filled with some meaning unknown perhaps even to that soaked brain for us to understand.
>
> Jack read aloud the words he had written, words drawn in letters almost two feet high, blue and white words buried in the center of the heart, words that said: "MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, MERCY."

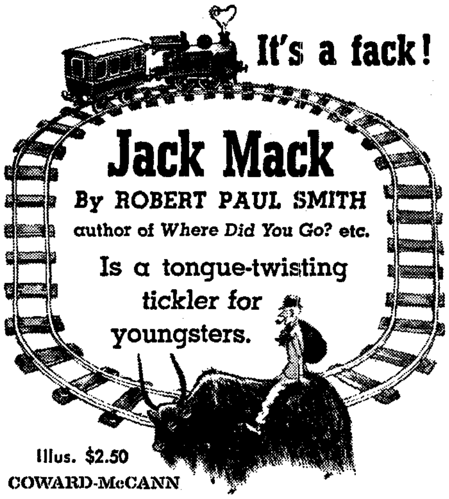
One sees at once that the entire effect of this *cri de cœur* depends on its utterance by a drunk. If the same motif had been doodled in the margin of an examination paper by a student at St. Joseph's Seminary, it would move us not at all. From this we may conclude that the bohemian, without effort and by the very nature of his life, penetrates closer than we can to the sources of tragic and ultimate truth.

Let us concede, then, that the bohemians have the necessary qualifications for replacing the languishing aristocracy of wealth. The day may not be far off when the limousines of the rich will arrive at the Metropolitan Opera all unobserved by an indifferent city. Great crowds will assemble, instead, outside some prominent pad on Little West Twelfth Street, where a Bongo Festival is to be celebrated. The bohemians arrive in battered cars, the more decrepit of which elicit gasps of admiration from the spectators. Nudges are exchanged at the arrival of bohemia's reigning beauty, a girl whose uncombed black hair falls in tangles over a pale and sullen face. It is well known that her brilliant first marriage to a leading drug addict ended in disaster, and her subsequent affairs have filled the gossip columns. And now a commotion stirs the arrivals. A young man is halted on the dingy staircase. Suspicion has been aroused by the neat crease of his trousers. A firm tug at his beard proves

le bon mot est PERNOD®



ENJOY PERNOD IN MANY WAYS!
Pernod "On the Rocks"
Pernod "Highball"
Pernod "Frappe"
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
Let this seal be your guide to quality.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. MADE IN U. S. A. FROM GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, ANISE, AND OTHER FLAVORS, SUGAR, AND COLORED WITH U. S. CERTIFIED COLORS, 90 AND 100 PROOF.



It's a fack!
Jack Mack
By ROBERT PAUL SMITH
author of Where Did You Go? etc.
Is a tongue-twisting tickler for youngsters.
Illus. $2.50
COWARD-McCANN

RESTAURANT
MAYAN
INTERNATIONAL CUISINE
FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL DISHES
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS · DINNER
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • 16 W. 51st STREET, N. Y. C. • Circle 6-5800

HARPSICHORD
In walnut $750
Custom built in New York
Write or call for brochure
Also available in kit form for home workshop assembly $150
ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.
WAtkins 9-1838

it to be false, and the unfortunate youth is seized and thrust into the street. The watchers eye him with sympathy. They, too, would like to penetrate those sagging doors, to glimpse with their own eyes the bare mattresses on unscrubbed floors, to share the private pleasures of the inner circle. But now the cavalcade has dwindled, the doors are closed, and faintly, faintly there emerges the compelling rhythm of the bongo drum. Tantalized by the fleeting vision, the spectators turn wistfully home, to midtown apartments and Scarsdale houses upon whose hopelessly polished floors, alas, are carpets.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DO NOT GO GENTLE, by David MacCuish (Doubleday). Mr. MacCuish's first novel gives promise of great things to come. The work divides itself easily into two sections. The second, and longer, section is devoted to a description of the war waged by the Marine Corps in the Pacific in the early days of the Second World War, and, in particular, to an account of the experiences of Norman McLeod, who joins the Marines in 1941 at the age of seventeen and returns to the United States on leave in 1943, a sergeant at the age of nineteen. Mr. MacCuish writes admirably of Marine warfare, but nothing in the second section of his book approaches the intensity and pathos of his first pages, which deal with McLeod's childhood and boyhood in a poverty-stricken copper-mining district of Montana. McLeod, an awkward, likable boy, develops rapidly as a personality while he is on his home ground. Later, when he becomes absorbed into the Marine Corps, his essential self, which has been so open to the reader, gradually disappears and at last becomes hidden under the hard shell created by the toughening process that is part of his Marine discipline. Another memorable and touching character in this book is Tango, McLeod's earliest friend.

THE GRACE DIVORCE, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). A quiet English family novel that would be more interesting if the "good" characters were not quite as high-minded as they are, and if the "bad" characters were less obviously shoddy. The time is 1937. Mary Grace, a widow at fifty-two, is planning to marry her

BORIS PASTERNAK wrote shortly before his death:
"All that was mysterious in my book... Alexeïeff has marvelously grasped and conceived in his illustrations."

A stunning and dramatic new edition of
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO
By BORIS PASTERNAK
With over 200 full-page illustrations by ALEXANDER ALEXEÏEFF
De luxe binding and slip-case.
$12.50, at your bookstore PANTHEON BOOKS

WINNER OF THE FIRST McGRAW-HILL $10,000 FICTION AWARD

"One of the four or five best novels of 1960 ... a gem ... subtle, suggestive, ironic."
—NEW YORK TIMES

Much of this book was originally printed in *The New Yorker* in somewhat different form.

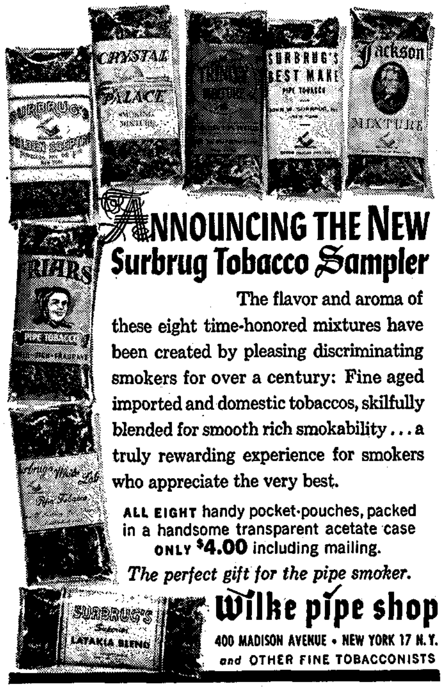
THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA
By Elizabeth Spencer
Author of *The Voice at the Back Door*
$3.00, now at your bookstore. McGRAW-HILL

Intriguing Wines from Wente

The Livermore Valley is known among vintners as the Vale of Gold. Rare soil, hot sun and cool winds make it one of the fine wine regions of North America. Here, on the Wente estate, nine distinctive wines are produced with traditional craftsmanship. Each is mellowed in the cellars, then in the bottle: Dry Semillon, Semillon, Sauvignon Blanc, Grey Riesling, Chablis, Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc, Vin Rose, Burgundy. At fine wine dealers. For a wine guide and booklet of rare recipes write Dept. B, Wente Bros., Livermore, California.

WENTE WINE

Since 1883



ANNOUNCING THE NEW

Surbrug Tobacco Sampler

The flavor and aroma of these eight time-honored mixtures have been created by pleasing discriminating smokers for over a century: Fine aged imported and domestic tobaccos, skilfully blended for smooth rich smokability . . . a truly rewarding experience for smokers who appreciate the very best.

ALL EIGHT handy pocket-pouches, packed in a handsome transparent acetate case ONLY $4.00 including mailing.

The perfect gift for the pipe smoker.

Wilke pipe shop

400 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK 17 N.Y.
and OTHER FINE TOBACCONISTS

SHANGHAI EAST
1059 3rd Ave.
(62-63 Sts.)
Open Noon till 1:30 AM
Private Parties to 60
SHANGHAI • MANDARIN • SZECHUAN
and CANTONESE DISHES
res: TE 8-0850

girlhood admirer, Tom Tamplin. Mary's daughter Jane, a beautiful and successful dress designer whose heart is something less than romantic, becomes involved with an amorous and charming Frenchman, the principal investor in her dressmaking establishment. Raymond, Mary's son, a self-centered painter whose success has been as meagre as his talent, impetuously marries a would-be actress who has neither breeding nor scruples and who detests his family on first sight. All these complications get straightened out in one way or another after a good deal of action and decision, none of which has much dramatic impact.

IN THE LABYRINTH, by Alain Robbe-Grillet, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Evergreen). In this novel by one of the most *avant* members of the French *avant-garde*, a soldier—a straggler from a defeated army—wanders through a strange, snowy city trying to deliver a mysterious package. He knows that it is dangerous to linger behind his own forces, but he persists in his mission. Eventually he is shot by an enemy patrol, and after his death the package is opened by civilians who have tried to rescue him. The mystery is only banality—the package contains dull letters and ordinary souvenirs belonging to a soldier who has died earlier. M. Robbe-Grillet takes his soldier and the reader through a series of scenes in which physical reality—houses, chairs, staircases, and faces—is so meticulously described that it becomes hallucinatory. The novel, in fact, struggles to achieve the truth of nightmare, but it fails; M. Robbe-Grillet's excessively deadpan style—his characters have neither names nor motives—is too willfully desperate, and his book is more like a trick than a dream.

GENERAL

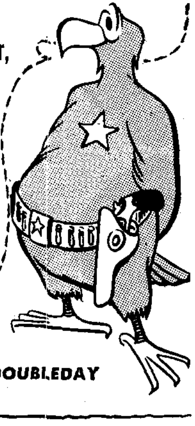
CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON OF NEW YORK: 1746-1813, by George Dangerfield (Harcourt, Brace). The subject of this able, sympathetic biography was a member of a New York family that began amassing acreage in the seventeenth century and owned the equivalent of several counties by the time of the Revolution. As the Livingstons prospered, they quarrelled with the Colonial governors and protested any kind of English interference, whether royal or Parliamentary. Robert R. arrived at manhood during the strug-

The most complete,
most hilarious collection
of parodies in years,
with victims ranging from
William Wordsworth to
William Faulkner,
from Kipling to Kerouac,
from John Milton to
Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Anthology OF Parodies

Edited by Dwight MacDonald

$7.50, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE



Who ben nicht knowing
DAVE MORRAH
creator of
Cinderella Hassenpfeffer,
Fraulein Bo-Peepen
and now,
WHO BEN KAPUTEN DER ROBIN?

Hilarious grossfader's rhymers and fable tellen.
Ferduddled but funny.
$1.95 (mit drawings yet) DOUBLEDAY

Aboard and Abroad by Harvey S. Olson
NEW! AUTHENTIC
COMPREHENSIVE • ACCURATE
OLSON'S EUROPE
Complete Travel Guidebook
1961 Edition • 1006 Pages • $5.95
J. B. LIPPINCOTT, PUBLISHERS

THE MAGIC YARN by Jane Trahey

the best substitute for a real, live puppy. 3.95
at Doubleday and finest book stores everywhere.

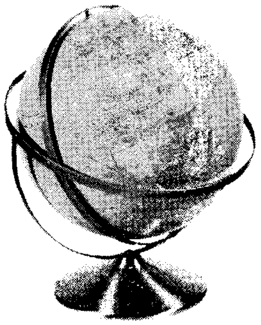
gle for independence; like nearly all his kin, he supported the Revolution, yet—and this particular fix is what most interests Mr. Dangerfield—he was not at home in the comparatively democratic New York and United States that emerged from it. He failed as a politician because he could not learn to treat smallholders and artisans as the equals of Livingstons. But (as Mr. Dangerfield's fans recall, he has a taste for irony) Livingston's respect for his own ancestry helped make him a resounding success as an ambassador. When Jefferson sent him to Napoleon's court, Livingston received snubs that would have broken the spirit of a Smith or a Jones, but he never noticed them, because it never crossed his mind that anybody would attempt to upstage a Livingston. He went right ahead and negotiated for the purchase of Louisiana with a pertinacity that led to success. Since landed aristocrats never became very influential in the Northern states, Livingston is more remote to twentieth-century readers than some of his New York contemporaries—Aaron Burr, for instance, who founded Tammany Hall. Nonetheless, Mr. Dangerfield, who writes impeccably, has the empathy to make his rural magnate perfectly comprehensible.

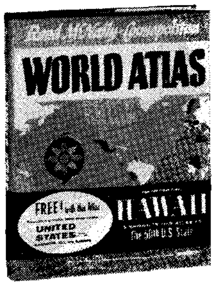
THE RELUCTANT AFRICAN, by Louis E. Lomax (Harper). The title refers to the author, an American Negro journalist who recently spent two months in black Africa—Ethiopia, Kenya, Southern Rhodesia, and (for only a day, because of visa trouble) the Union of South Africa. Mr. Lomax, like every man of good will or good sense, is sympathetic to the African's desire for independence, but he refuses to accept the racism that the African increasingly embraces. "They [the African nationalist leaders] really believe they can whip their mass followers to a frenzy against the white man," he unhappily reports, "then make a U-turn and establish a state where all races can live together in harmony. I don't believe it." He does believe that "the fate of civilization as we know it will be determined in South Africa," adding, "If conditions there remain as they are, then I see no alternative to a bloody race war that will in some measure affect every nation in which both white and non-white people live." A brief but highly instructive report.

THE SKY SUSPENDED, by Drew Middleton (Longmans, Green). A mov-

RAND McNALLY

Atlases and Globes





make flattering gifts for all ages . . .
useful, decorative for home or office

THE SPACE AGE GLOBE features an outer orbit ring that lets you track any earth satellite. Other exclusive features: 1) full meridian ring to measure air distances anywhere on globe. 2) horizon ring calibrated to compare time. 3) easy-to-read meridian to determine latitude of any place on earth.

"The Satellite" in full-color, 12″ globe, 16″ stand................ $14.95*

THE COSMOPOLITAN WORLD ATLAS introduced a new idea in atlas making, and set new standards of beauty, color, and readability, equalled by no other atlas in its price range. It contains 408 pages, including 155 pages of full-color maps with a new 16-page section of full-color relief maps.

11x14 inches—bound in handsome, durable buckram........... $14.95*

*All shipments prepaid. In New York City add 3% sales tax.

RAND McNALLY MAP STORE

7 West 48th Street, Dept. 1, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

The Romance of Heidelberg The Spirit of Vienna

THE NEW

Walldorfkeller

A FINE SPECIALTY RESTAURANT

At this colorful new restaurant,* ladies and gentlemen of discerning tastes will find a festive setting for the enjoyment of unusual regional dishes.

101 EAST 49th STREET • PLaza 2-2223

*the latest specialty restaurant at The Waldorf-Astoria

JOHN UPDIKE'S

astonishing new novel

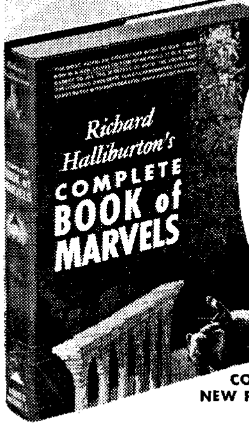
RABBIT, RUN

"Tender, discerning study
of the life of a young man
trapped by wife, baby and job."
—*New York Times Book Review*

$4.00 at better bookstores everywhere

ALFRED A. KNOPF *Publisher*

from Bobbs-Merrill



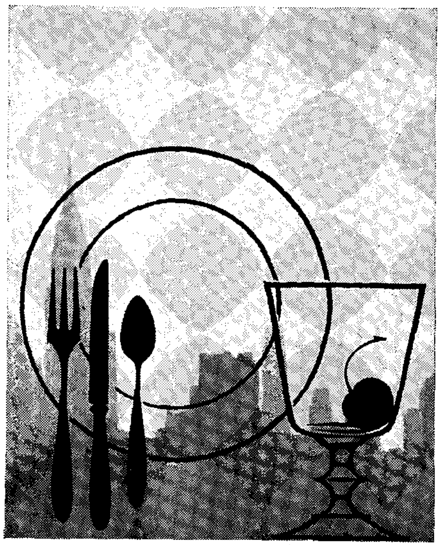
A magnificent de luxe NEW EDITION of an all-time favorite for young and old

BROUGHT COMPLETELY UP TO DATE
COMPLETELY RESET
NEW PHOTOS • 640 PAGES
ONLY $5.95

ing history of the Battle of Britain by a New York *Times* correspondent who covered it. Mr. Middleton unobtrusively clarifies some of the technical aspects of the air war—the English use of radar, the exceptional qualities of their fighter planes, and the tactical pliancy of their commanders—thus making sure that the reader understands the military ingenuity that made the thrilling victory possible. He also fits in a concise historical setting, and explains why he considers the Battle the decisive action of the Second World War. Mr. Middleton is impressed—and impresses his audience—with the grandeur of his subject, but what he remembers and describes best are small-scale episodes that demonstrate the gallantry of British fighter pilots, the doggedness of their leaders, and the unassuming courage of British civilians as they withstood the novel horror of mass bombing raids.

A VOICE FROM THE ATTIC, by Robertson Davies (Knopf). A book about reading by a Canadian writer (the title derives from an allusion to Canada as "America's attic") who would like to see the return to influence of an *élite* capable of evaluating books without the premasticating help of professional reviewers and critics. Such readers, he suggests, read for delight—not to kill time, and certainly not "to have read." In the course of developing this admirable proposal, Mr. Davies rambles engagingly among such curiosities as self-help books ("These are stirring times for the ambitious, the hypochondriac, and the unsure"), marriage manuals ("When a marriage counselor says of a woman who is behaving badly that 'the deep fountains of her nature have never been unsealed,' I do not see why I should take such writing any more seriously than I would if I met with it in a bad novel"), and James Jones and Norman Mailer ("Their chief defect seems to be that they are desperately badly educated"). A book to read.

PROSPERO'S CELL AND REFLECTIONS ON A MARINE VENUS, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton). The two memoirs that make up this volume are companion pieces to "Bitter Lemons," the author's recent account of a postwar sojourn on Cyprus, and continue his recollections of the Greek islands. "Prospero's Cell" takes us to Corfu, where he lived from 1937 to 1939. Rhodes, where he was stationed as a British information offi-



ENJOY DINNER
...WITH A VIEW

Dinner (Entrees from $3.75)
Cocktails and Hot Hors D'Oeuvres
from 4:30 P.M. • Music • Closed Sundays
Reservations: Circle 6-5800

Rainbow Room

65th Floor • RCA Building • Rockefeller Center

Mercedes-Benz of
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

The nation's largest Mercedes dealer

Cars ordered now will be available for European delivery in 1961. All models available at Bryn Mawr. Prompt delivery, including the new Mercedes Station Wagon.

Service, by factory trained personnel, as fine as the car itself.

Warrington Imports Inc.
701 Lancaster Ave. LA 5-5550
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

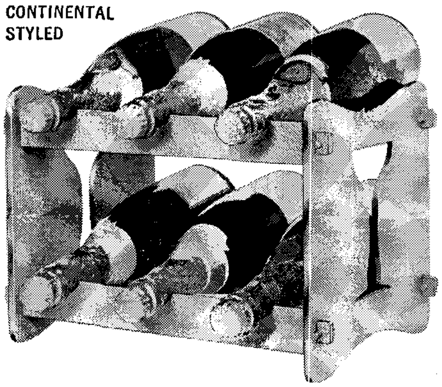
Also on display . . .
the NEW V-8
ROLLS-ROYCE

HOW TO SOLVE YOUR "HOLIDAZE"

Relax on the banks of the Shrewsbury River—just 48 miles from New York. A charming, Colonial Inn! 100 beautifully furnished modern, fireproof rooms, golf and tennis privileges. Fishing and boating. Cocktail Lounge, Colonial dining room. Excellent food. Perfect for a week or weekend. Write Miss Smith for booklet and rates.

MOLLY PITCHER HOTEL, Red Bank, N.J.

the Connoisseur
CHAMPAGNE/WINE RACK



ENJOY champagne or wine "on the racks." Authentically styled hammered wrought iron effect. Adds note of old world charm to home or business. Tilted to bring out the sparkle and preserve the bouquet of your finest vintages.

Crafted of rugged polystyrene. Holds six bottles. Assembles in seconds with eight, self-tightening tapered pins. No tools required! Available in coppertone, black or white. Only $3.98 each, shipped PPD.

M • R PRODUCTS INC.
21000 Coolidge Highway • Oak Park 37, Michigan

THE FASHIONABLE
Drake Room
presents
CY WALTER
at the piano
during cocktails, dinner and supper.

THE Drake
PARK AVENUE AT 56TH STREET
PL 5-0600 • A ZECKENDORF HOTEL

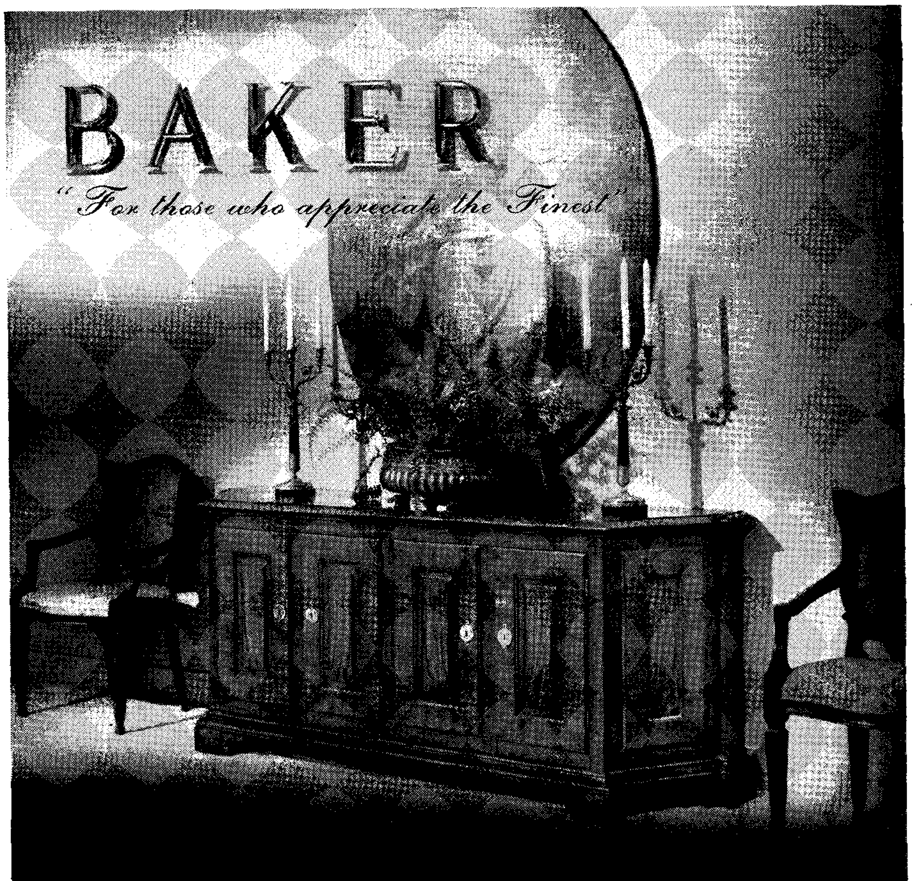
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

EUROPE
We'll see the usual, plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia and N. Africa. A different trip—for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around.
Also shorter trips
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box Y Pasadena, California

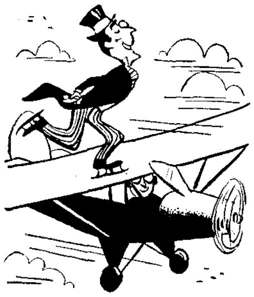
cer for several months in 1945, is the scene of "Reflections on a Marine Venus." Both memoirs are largely composed of heavily tapestried vignettes (a midnight fishing jaunt, a visit to a folk play, a glimpse of a grape harvest, a religious festival), evocative descriptions (weather, historic places, native costumes), and essays on history and myth (the good works of St. Spiridion, the siege of Rhodes in 305 B.C., the debasement of the Order of the Knights of St. John). The writing, compared to that unleashed by Mr. Durrell in his fiction, is almost spare, and at moments it is splendidly effective. On the whole, however, the pictures he gives us of himself, his friends, and the two delightful islands are curiously unilluminating. Illustrated with old maps and drawings.

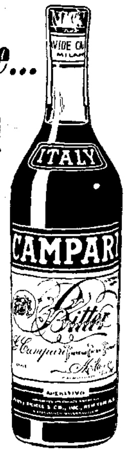
SCHOOL OF PARIS: THE PAINTERS AND THE ARTISTIC CLIMATE OF PARIS SINCE 1910, by Raymond Nacenta (New York Graphic Society). About the only criticism that can be made of this large, densely detailed book is itself a form of praise—that it is a shade too encyclopedic. No fewer than four hundred and seventy-seven artists who have worked in Paris during the last fifty years or are working there now are listed, each with a brief biography, a photograph, and at least one reproduction, and the list, which ranges alphabetically from Agostino, Tony ("born in Bastia, Corsica, April 29, 1916"), to Zingg, Jean-Pierre ("born at Montrouge, France, May 9, 1925"), includes not only every artist of prominence you are likely to think of but also an enormous accumulation of such relatively obscure figures as—well, the two just mentioned. There are also a hundred and three full-page color plates, not to mention a number of charts and diagrams depicting the development of the various schools and movements that have appeared in the period covered. In its effort to encompass and integrate all this, the text tends to the didactic, and there are a few serious errors and omissions. Still, in view of the size of the undertaking, one can only sympathize and forgive. Twenty-five dollars.

UTRILLO, by Waldemar George (New York Graphic Society). A great deal has already been written about the details of Utrillo's unfortunate, almost unhinged life, and Mr. George has wisely kept biographical material to a minimum, concentrating instead on the paintings. Of these, thirty-five



BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 25 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
DALLAS • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • CLEVELAND • MINNEAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • GRAND RAPIDS
THE BAKER FURNITURE LIBRARY, AN INSPIRATION OF IDEAS, $1.00





Skating on a Plane Wing—
Like Campari, an Acquired Taste...
You Could Learn to Love IT!
BITTER
CAMPARI
THE INTERNATIONAL APERITIF
IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK
Campari is wonderful on the rocks! Additional recipes for sophisticates in the gold booklet attached to each bottle. 48 Proof.

THE CAMPARI COCKTAIL
(also called NEGRONI)
⅓ Campari
⅓ Sweet Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
Stir with ice

SEE OUR FAMOUS CHRISTMAS TREE
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

SKYTOP CLUB
"Secluded in the Poconos"
For a week or a weekend of healthful rest . . . lovely level walks, hayrides, cook-outs, music, entertainment, all activities if you choose . . . everything for children . . . and those delicious Skytop meals! In N. Y. Phone MU 6-8648.
SKYTOP CLUB
Box 1, SKYTOP, PA.
"IDEAL FOR HONEYMOONS" WRITE TODAY
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., General Manager

STREET TALK

Every business has its own special lingo. Printers talk of ghosts and bleeds, architects of lintels and cantilevers. Wall Street, too, has a language of its own, and some of the terms are surprisingly vivid.

For instance, the privilege of buying and selling securities for oneself or one's customers on the New York Stock Exchange is called a *seat,* even though the only seats on the floor of the Exchange are some uncomfortable shelves that pull out of the trading posts.

In Wall Street, nothing is ever sent by messenger, always by *runner.* The runner is rarely called upon to run, and that's just as well, since he'd have a hard time of it in the heavy traffic of downtown Manhattan.

When the terms of any securities distribution are made more attractive, the deal is never said to be improved. It is *sweetened,* as if everyone in Wall Street had a congenital sweet tooth.

And in Wall Street, a *convertible* is not a sports car but a bond or preferred stock that can be exchanged under certain conditions for another security, usually the common stock, of the same company.

But don't let this little dissertation discourage you from seeking investment information because you're afraid you won't understand the terms. We speak your language—never fear. In fact, we've put the story of stocks and bonds into simple language in booklet form, and we'll be glad to send you a copy, free, if you'll just say the word. The word is WEOTK, and it's our nickname for *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business."*

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
132 offices in U. S., Canada and abroad

are reproduced as full-page color plates, and there are forty-five smaller illustrations—usually details—in halftone. There was a deep strain of religiosity in Utrillo's nature, which is what gives even his simplest paintings of churches their poignance, and a satisfactory selection from this side of his work is included, along with a number of his curiously lonely-looking studies of houses and empty or half-empty streets in Paris. Each plate is accompanied by a brief but to-the-point interpretive commentary by Mr. George. Taken together, they often give the reader sudden insights into the artist's nature that are as illuminating, in their way, as the most exhaustive discussion might be. Ten dollars.

MOMENTS PRESERVED, by Irving Penn (Simon & Schuster). Those who like handsome books of photographs will find this one, assembled from the pages of *Vogue*, especially enticing. Mr. Penn is, of course, one of the great modern virtuosos of portrait photography, and his subjects—ranging through an enormous assemblage of celebrated people, from T. S. Eliot to Marlene Dietrich, and including his memorable and not at all celebrated workmen and scrubwomen—are all touched with the distinctive, dramatic air that is characteristic of his work. The book also contains two sequences of photographs, products of Mr. Penn's visits to Morocco and Peru, that might be considered somewhat unusual for a *Vogue* photographer. The Moroccan sequence includes his famous, and truly remarkable, picture of a desert cavalry charge, and the Peruvian one is a rather touching series of portraits of the solemn, barrel-chested little Quechuan Indians, who inhabit the highlands of the Andes and are the unspoiled remnant of the once proud Inca empire. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

•

Mr. Del Vecchio, a purchasing agent for the Benjamin Eastwood Company, a Paterson foundry and machine shop, comes by his interest in things astronomical, naturally.—*The Times.*

Naturally.

•

Ask a dog how often he should be bathed, and he'll probably give you a loud "Never!"—*Adv. in the Reader's Digest.*

That's why we keep a basenji—no back talk.

Only 80 miles north of Montreal

Mont Tremblant Lodge club and cottages

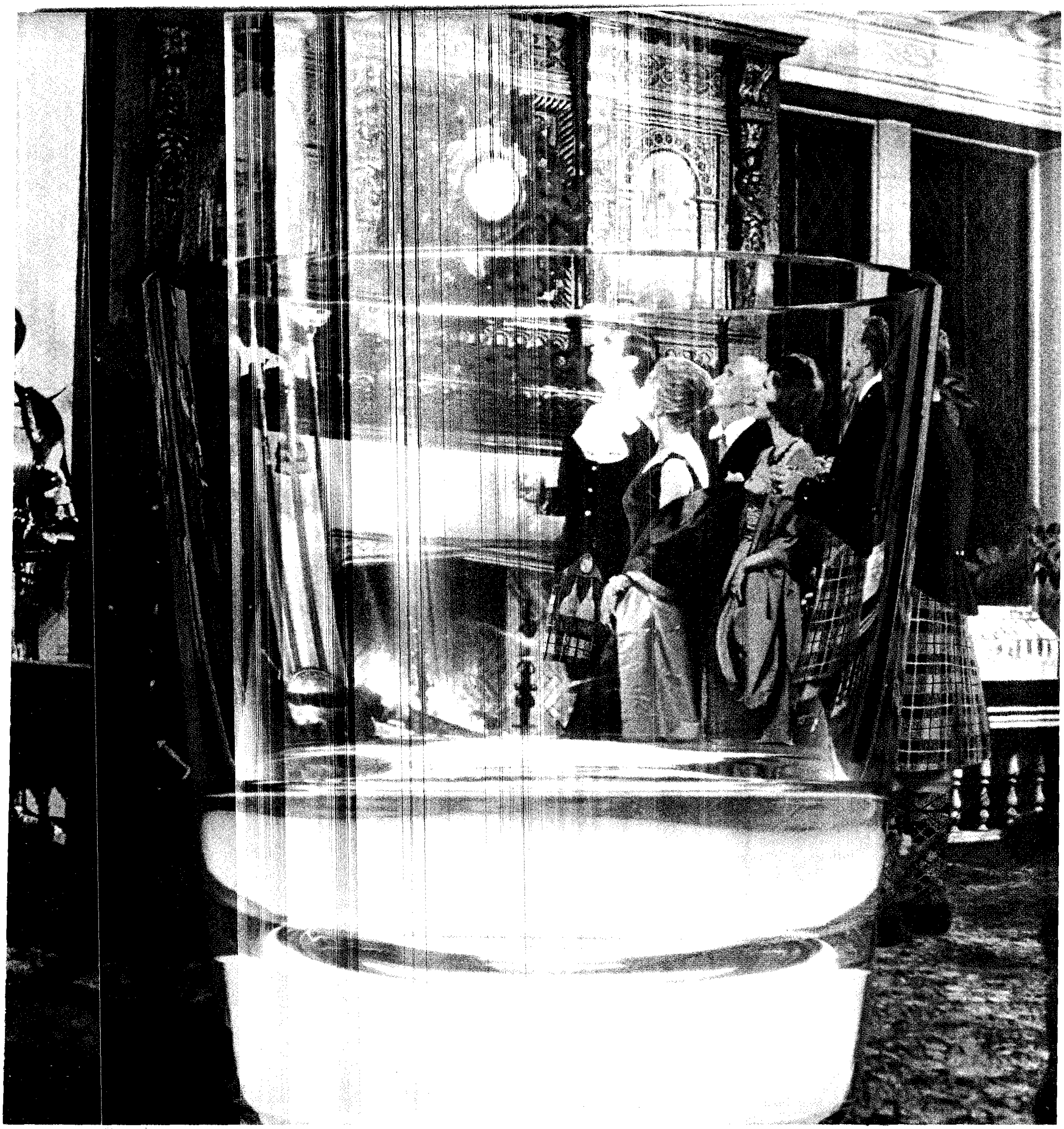
Here is a complete ski-village at the Laurentians' highest peak. Chair lifts and T-bars at your door . . . 24 instructors . . . over 50 miles of downhill trails for novice or expert. Accommodations in Lodge, Inn or your own private chalet. Ski Weeks from $105 including Ski School, all lift tickets, meals, lodging. Famous French-Canadian cuisine. Write today for colour brochure!

Mont Tremblant, P. Q., Canada
Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan, *President and Managing Director*

METROPOLE CAFE
48th Street at 7th Avenue Circle 5-0088
HENRY "RED" ALLEN
AND
HIS METROPOLE DIXIELANDERS
SOL YAGED QUINTET

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN
Enjoy good food and drink
in a magnificent setting
Presenting the DICK HANDEL TRIO in the Lounge
Friday nights • ELmwood 7-1500
Also THE MOTEL ON THE MOUNTAIN for overnight or longer
SUFFERN, N. Y. Exit 15 N. Y. State Thruway

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



Hogmanay—when the clan gathers around the clock at midnight on New Year's Eve and toasts the coming year.

My name is Chivas Regal

...what is my secret?

We asked Mr. Crichton about it as we walked with him through the highland glens where *Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky* is made. He told us that perhaps the secret dwells in the Scots' great respect for customs and tradition.

For instance, the *Chivas Regal* people insist on storage casks that have aged Spain's finest sherries. Mr. Crichton, who selects casks for *Chivas Regal,* believes these sherry-touched casks gentle the whisky as it ages 12 full years.

Do these casks truly round the taste of premium *Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky?* Nobody is sure. But some such thing accounts for the fact that *Chivas Regal,* Scotland's Prince of Whiskies, is the land's most wanted Scotch.

12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen,
Purveyors of Provisions
and Scotch whisky,
CHIVAS BROS. LTD.,
of Aberdeen, Scotland.
Established since 1801.

12
Years Old

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N. Y.

WHY PARLIAMENT'S 1/4 INCH RECESS IS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU
5
4
3
2
1
tobacco tastes best when the filter's recessed
Parliament
Parliament
RECESSED FILTER
CIGARETTES

With recessed filter Parliament, there's no taste of filter feedback because your lips and tongue never touch, never taste the filter. What you *do* taste is the pure, true flavor of the best tobaccos in the business.

Hi-Fi Filter Parliament

Parliament—with its famous Hi-Fi* recessed filter—is continually tested for uniformity by the United States Testing Company, independent private testing laboratories.

*Registered U. S. Trademark

Popular Price—King-Size Soft Pack or Flip-Top Box